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FINLAND.

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NOTHING strikes one more forcibly in reading the lives of some of the world's greatest artists than the difficulty they experienced in obtaining suitable materials in which to embody their immortal creations. What strenuous and painful efforts Benvenuto Cellini, for instance, was forced to make to induce even his most generous patrons to dole him out a little gold and silver to coin in the mint of his genius! Plated bronze, magniloquently termed "silver," was the most precious metal they cared to part with for the purpose; and even the historic block of marble over which Bandinelli broke his heart, and which Cellini's hands would have fashioned into such a Neptune as the world has never yet beheld, was denied him, and given to a mere architect.

Nature, in her dealings with heroic peoples, seems as close-fisted as royal patrons were wont to be toward their favorite

artists; and the noblest deeds in the world's history were performed upon barren hills, by the banks of tiny rivulets, and on Liliputian plains that would scarcely be missed out of the vast estate of a modern American corn-grower or Russian noble. It is thus that the malarial swamps, dreary wastes, and snow-clad mountains of ancient Media were metamorphosed, by the energetic tribe that once dwelt there and produced Zarathustra, into a country of ideal order, the source of the brightest and purest religious light that ever burned in Pagan antiquity; it is thus that in more modern times the Dutch have worked out their political and religious ideals under most adverse conditions, stamping the indelible mark of order upon a heap of mud snatched from the ocean's embrace; it is thus that the English have engraved many a thrilling page of the world's history and their own upon a haze-enveloped island of

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ooze. The Finns of Suomi* have been in this respect to the full as unfortunate as more celebrated peoples; and dreary endless tundras, lonely lakes, rocky islands, immense pine forests and Serbonian bogs constitute the unpromising materials out of which they have had to fashion and shape the prosperous country to which they have given infinitely more than its name.

Finland is one of the most singular countries in Europe, a place scarcely yet quite ready for human habitation. It was covered once—geologists say eighty thousand years ago—by an immense ice-cap which scattered drift and boulders and glaciated stones throughout the length and breadth of the land, and these souvenirs of that dreary epoch are still painfully visible on the hills, in the woods, and on the well-tilled fields of stunted corn. After the Glacial Period the land again subsided, its lower levels remaining a considerable time under water, from which it is now emerging at the rate, in some places, of over a yard a century. Hence it is that the numberless stacks and skerries and islets that bestrew the gulfs and channels, hundreds of which are sometimes clustered together over an area of five or six miles, are gradually diminishing in number. Finland is still, therefore, in process of formation—a province of the lately Unshapen Land; its hills are frequently mere granite rocks, its valleys lonely lakes, its rivers sluggish sheets of water with a scarcely perceptible motion; its lakes flow gently, communicating with each other, and might be aptly called rivers. Even the simple elements there have a tendency to commingle and combine in chaotic confusion; and as the water is continually yielding up its land, so the land is, to a very great extent, saturated with water. A tenth part of all Finland is completely under water; and about a quarter of the land is composed of morasses and bogs.

Yet, for all this, the country has a charm and beauty peculiarly its own, not to be matched in Europe, nor to be painted in language. The majestic waterfall of Imatra, the picturesque banks of the river Vuoksen, the great lake Saima with its thousands of nestling green islets, once seen are never to be forgotten; for they range themselves under no categories of

sights and sounds of common experience. A Finnish landscape is stamped with its own peculiar *cachet*, as different from all that we are accustomed to as a rustic scene on the planet Mars. You move closely forward in a Finnish forest, wrapped in a profound silence unbroken by aught save the sighing of the wind in the topmost branches of the pines or firs, when you suddenly catch a glimpse of a lake, set like a huge sapphire in the dark green of the dense foliage; it looks like an orifice that leads straight down to hell; its waters have never been caressed by the wanton breeze, its mirror-like surface has never been ruffled but by the rare gambols of the playful perch or the rapid movements of the solitary plungeon swimming about in search of his prey. The murmur of running water next strikes your ear, and wending your way to the spot whence it proceeds, which you fancy close by, you see but the soft soil carpeted with moss and purple heather. All at once, between the trunks of the pines, at a stone's-throw from where you are walking, you descry the birches that line the opposite bank. You are on the edge of a slope, and far down below you the seething water is darting little arrows of dazzling light through the dense foliage above. You descend the incline holding on with one hand to the trunks and with the other to the branches of the trees, and, standing at last on the brink of the torrent, you perceive high above your head a thin strip of ethereal blue, and on both sides an impenetrable wall of foliage interlaced with trunks of trees. Pushing on for a considerable distance farther between the serried rows of trees, you at length reach the fringe of the forest, on leaving which the scene is metamorphosed as by the touch of a magic wand, and a most varied and wonderful landscape opens out before you—numberless lakes studded with tufted islets, promontories, rapids, green fields, and crested hills. At a single glance your eye takes in immense masses of light and shade: the sombre hue of the firs in the marshy valley, the dark green of the pine forest, and, high above all, encircling the base of the hill as with a leafy crown, the tender foliage of the birches.*

But one misses something in Finnish scenery—it would be difficult to define

* The Finnish name of the country usually called Finland.

* Cf. Runeberg in an interesting paper published in the *Helsingfors Morgonblad*, 1832.

what—the absence of which intensifies the feeling of utter loneliness that comes over the solitary traveller there. It sometimes seems to be that harmonious confusion of vague sounds which captivates the senses, changes all mental faculties for the moment into a sole organ of receptivity, and makes you part and parcel of inarticulate nature. A Finnish forest seems devoid of these magic sounds, its silence is sadness, its solemnity overpowering. This solitude is the result not merely of impressions of the present, but also of the lack of memories of the past. There is absolutely nothing in Finland to remind you of the history of humanity; no ancient monuments or hallowed ruins, no footsteps of an extinct race or faint traces of a forgotten civilization. An autumnal night spent in a Finnish forest, the Arctic winds attuning the trees to dismal moaning, would endow a person of ordinary imaginative powers with a sixth sense, and enable him to feel the presence of those evil spirits whom the Finns were once wont to fear and worship. The spell would be strengthened rather than broken by the half-human note of a solitary bird, once perhaps a love-sick maiden metamorphosed by a maleficent old sorceress. Nor does the forest need the aid of the eerie northern twilight, or of the ghostly mists that clog the evening air, to let loose strange shadowy shapes—

"That shift and vanish, change and interchange
Like spectres."

Nature in Finland would seem to have been much more chary of the useful than the beautiful, and the material resources of the country are to a far greater extent than elsewhere the work of the hands of man. Abundance of fish in the rivers, gulfs and lakes, and of pastures in many of the islands, plenty of game in several districts of the interior, extensive forests of stately pines and graceful larches, quantities of iron ore deposited at the bottom of lakes, a soil that with the utmost care of the husbandman will at the best of times but barely repay the money and labor expended in tilling it, and a treacherous climate that very often destroys in a night the produce of a year*—these are the

scanty materials out of which the Finns have built up one of the most thriving countries in the world.

The Finn is as interesting a specimen of humanity as his country is of inanimate Nature. He belongs to a race which was active and civilized before the Greek or the Indian, the Jew or the Persian was heard of; a race, one of the branches of which worked in metals, built Babylon, practised the arts of magic there, and enacted laws in favor of women's rights long before the first Semitic king took his seat on the throne of that historic city.*

I confess I never see an individual of the Basque people—who are supposed to be the sole remnant of a Neolithic race of

* This comparison will seem paradoxical only to those who have never made a special study of the subject. In reality it is the commonly accepted theory of authoritative philologists, founded on a careful study of the Accadian, of the Cuneiform Inscriptions, and Finnish languages and civilizations. Thus the grammatical structure of the two languages is identical and the lexicographical points of resemblance are also numerous and striking. The names of the ancient tribes *Akkadi* (literally mountaineers) and *Sumeri* (dwellers on the river banks) at once remind one of the Finnish tribal names, *Akkarak* and *Suomi* (which have the same meanings). The old Accadian word *urud* (copper) is radically identical with the Finnish *rauta* (iron). Accad. *ma* (country) is the Finnish *maa* (country); Accad. *sa* (a field) is the same as Finn. *sia* (a space); Accad. *til* (to complete, fill) is identical with the Magyar *tele* (full); Accad. *uzu* (flesh) has the same origin and the same meaning as the Magyar word *hus*; Accad. *nab* (light) is at bottom the same word as Magyar *nap* (day); Accad. *mar* (a road) = Magyar *mor* (a road); Accad. *ar* (a nose) = Magyar *orr* (a nose), etc., etc. Among all the languages of the Touranian family the Finnish and Magyar, or Hungarian, are the two that exhibit the most striking resemblance to ancient Accadian. If we take the personal pronouns, v. g., we find that the first person singular in Accad. is *mu*, in Finnish *ma*; the second person in Accad. *zu*, in Finn. *sa*; the third person in Accad. *na*, *ni*, in Finn. *ne*; the first person plural Accad. *me*, Finn. *me*, etc., etc. The religious system of the Accadians seems, so far as it is known to us, in all essential points identical with that of the Pagan Finns; the same charms, spells, and incantations practised under exactly the same circumstances, the same worship of spirits, and the same demonological naturalism. From the fragments of imperfectly understood laws that have come down to us from pre-Semitic Babylon, it seems clear that the ancient Accadians, like the Pagan Finns accorded the mother a more important rôle in the domestic rites than the father.

* Two nights' premature frost are enough to destroy the crops completely and bring about a famine.

men—without feeling the same reverent curiosity that animates me when I view the remains of a plesiosaurus or a megatherium. I have a feeling that the vicissitudes of his ancient race, though they do not touch his consciousness, must in some mysterious way help to modify his character and psychological condition. Something of the same feeling is awakened within me when I meet a Finn; it is difficult to shake off the notion that his character and habits of thought are in some undefinable manner affected by the sad fate of his people. His dreary natural surroundings have likewise left their mark upon him; and this twofold influence seems distinctly visible in his pensive features, knitted brows, inflexible facial muscles, his introspective gaze, taciturnity, and lack of common curiosity. The Finns, after having cleared forests, worked mines, created religions and composed epic poems in Asia, wandered into Russia, and settled in the country watered by the Volga, whence in time they were driven to the desolate fastnesses of the north, where frost gods and the spirits of strange diseases wandered about and had power over men.

Constant communion with Nature tends to make men democratic, and no people in the old world or the new—not excepting the sturdy Norwegians—are more frankly democratic than the Finns. The constitution of their country, which they, unfortunately, did not frame, and which they are powerless to alter, recognizes a class of nobles, the great majority of whom are untitled; but the proudest nobleman of them all is as democratic as the shoemaker of Helsingfors or the fisherman of Åland. Nor is this the result of agitation or “educational suggestion,” or of other artificial measures; it is the outcome of the history and character of the people. Even their literature, which is very far from barren, knows none of those great master-minds whom one might call the tyrants of a period of poetry, philosophy, or art, and whose dazzling genius eclipses that of less distinguished men. And the moral and mental gifts that would have been needed to equip such heroes seem to have been fairly distributed among the crowd.

One of the most instructive sights of the country is an ordinary Finnish farm in the interior, say in Satakunta or Savolaks, or

in Ostrobothnia, on the verge of the dreary country of the Lapps, which is in truth—

“A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy.”

It is generally a spacious oblong building, one story high, resting on a foundation of unhewn stones, frequently on a rock of solid granite. Round about are grouped the outhouses, which are of the essence of all Finnish farms; the cowhouse, the forge, the stable, the pigsty, the granary, the little house for artificially drying the corn, and the bathhouse (for the Finn's notions of cleanliness are extremely advanced, and in summer even the poorest peasant takes a “Turkish” bath about six times a week, in winter once or twice). The cornfields, which are not divided by fence, ditch, or hedgerow from the wide plain of rolling fern that stretches away to the forest, are studded over with stones and boulders that look, at a distance, like petrified sheep and oxen. The house is divided into three or four rooms always kept scrupulously clean, from the rafters of which the winter's provision of bread is hung up to dry. This bread consists of round flat cakes more easily broken with an axe than with human teeth, with a hole in the centre of each through which a thong or cord on which they hang is passed. These cakes are generally made of barley flour, but they sometimes contain an admixture of Iceland moss or the powdered bark of the pine. Among the other staple articles of consumption are dried salt fish, herrings, and cheese. Whenever meat is to be found on a Finnish farm, it generally assumes the form of mutton which has been parboiled, salted, and smoked, and which, if appearances are grossly deceptive, may prove a toothsome viand. No house is without a few books and newspapers, among which you can always find a Bible, or at least a New Testament and a hymn-book. But besides these farmhouses, which are tenanted by middle-class farmers, the traveller occasionally comes across a solitary wooden cabin standing in the dreary plain scores of miles away from the next house, like a frail boat on a storm-tossed ocean. For the Finn has no aversion to solitude; he likes to be alone with nature and his conscience. Like Thoreau he feels that, our planet being still in the Milky Way, it would be folly to complain of loneliness. And this love of peace and quiet is no less

characteristic of the nation than of the individual. Moreover, it has been strengthened by bitter experience of the results of launching out into the ocean of politics—sanguinary wars, famine, and pestilence, which have often reduced the population of Finland to a couple of hundred thousand souls. This experience lies at the root of the desire which they have always manifested to keep aloof from wars, rebellions, and political intrigues which were the main elements of the history of northern countries in the Middle Ages.

Christianity was grafted upon Finnish Paganism by English bishops from Sweden; "civilization" was forced upon the people by Swedish Karls, and for several centuries afterward Sweden and Russia made Finland the battle-ground on which they fought out the momentous question which of them should have the privilege of misruling a people who only asked to be let alone. Finland remained for many centuries politically united to Sweden, until, in 1729, Russia annexed the province of Wyborg, transferred the land-owners there into tenants, and parcelled out the land among a few Russian nobles, who worked uncommonly hard to deserve that peculiar species of renown which Professor Teufelsdröckh so lavishly decreed to Zaehdarm.

Sweden could no more reconcile herself to the loss of a Finnish province than France can brook the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. Hostilities therefore broke out again and again, and the final war of revenge was still undecided in 1808, when the Russian Emperor Alexander I. issued a proclamation to the Finns calling upon them to recognize the protectorate of Russia and to send a deputation of the four orders of the population* to St. Petersburg to discuss the lines on which the country should be governed in future.

The conviction that Sweden's part in European politics was played out disposed the Finns to close with this offer, while their misgivings that Russia might afterward avail herself of the precedent to abolish the Diet or transfer the sittings to St. Petersburg, caused them to hesitate to fulfil the conditions. It was only when the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Army had given them repeated and official assurances that their fears were unfound-

ed, that the deputation repaired to the Russian capital. The Emperor acted upon the advice they offered and convened the Finnish Diet, which, in his capacity of Grand Duke, he solemnly opened in 1809 in the little town of Borga, a few miles from Helsingfors. Here the elected representatives of the Finnish people took the oath of allegiance to Alexander, who, on his side, issued the following manifesto:

"Having, by the will of the Most High, taken possession of the Grand Duchy of Finland, it has seemed good to us to confirm and ratify the religion, fundamental laws, and the rights and privileges heretofore possessed, conformably to the Constitution, by each and every one of the Estates of this Grand Duchy, and in particular by each of the inhabitants thereof, great and small, promising to maintain them intact and inviolable and in full force and operation, in faith of which it has pleased us to give this document signed by our own hand. Given in the town of Borga, 15/27 March, 1809."

The controversy which is now being carried on between Finnish juriconsults and Russian fire-eaters of the Komaroff type turns upon the question whether Alexander, as autocratic master of Finland, spontaneously granted the nation their present constitution, or whether his solemn confirmation of Finland's ancient privileges was the result of some such agreement between him and the Finnish nation as was made between the English people and the House of Hanover. If the former supposition is correct, then the Emperor's promise, which has been solemnly renewed by all succeeding Tsars, is, it is contended by Russian patriots, no more binding than the bond of an infant of twenty years would be in an English law court. The desire to put the British public in possession of sufficient data to enable them to form an opinion on the merits of the case is my excuse for quoting from one or two other documents similar to the above.

In his speech from the throne, delivered in French at the opening of the Diet in 1809, the Emperor said:—"It was my wish to meet you in order to give you a new proof that I am truly solicitous for the welfare of your country. I have promised to maintain your constitution, your fundamental laws: your assembling here is a guarantee of my promise."* This is

* Nobility, clergy, burghers and peasants.

* The original text is as follows—"J'ai désiré vous voir pour vous donner une nouvelle preuve de Mes intentions pour le bien

scarcely the language of an autocrat spontaneously conferring privileges upon a people toward whom his relations were but those of a victor to the vanquished. At the same time it must be admitted that his language was occasionally more sentimental than precise, as for instance when, thanking the Estates for taking the oath of allegiance to himself, he made use of the following expressions:—"In promising the inhabitants of Finland to maintain their religion and their fundamental laws, I was desirous of showing them the value I attach to their sentiments of trust and affection."*

The Diet duly discussed the questions submitted to its consideration by the Emperor—viz., the organization of the army, the customs, the monetary system, and the creation of a governing council, which was to serve as connecting link between the Grand Duke and the Finnish nation. Its labors terminated, the Grand Duke prorogued the Diet in person with a speech, in which the following passage occurs:—"This brave and loyal people will bless Providence, who has brought about the present state of things. Placed henceforward in the rank of nations under the empire of its own laws, it will remember its past rulers only to cultivate relations of friendship as soon as they are re-established by peace." On the 27th March, 1810, the Emperor and Grand Duke issued a manifesto concerning the Finnish Army, in which we find the following passage:—"From the moment that the destiny of Finland was confided to us by Providence, We resolved to govern that country as a *free nation*, in the enjoyment of the rights which its constitution guarantees."†

But the political union of the Grand Duchy of Finland with the Empire of Russia was far from putting an end to Alexander's cares and anxiety. The invasion of his own realm by Napoleon left him little leisure to devote to Finnish affairs; but

that he did not wholly neglect that country is evident, among other indications, from a manifesto published in 1816, in which he declares that—"the constitution and laws which underlie the customs, education and spirit of the Finnish nation could not be restricted or abolished without undermining these," and adds that he has "ratified and confirmed that constitution and these laws in the most solemn manner."

The Diet was not convened any more by Alexander I. nor by his successor Nicholas, who, however, made the same solemn promise to maintain the Finnish Constitution intact. Still, the country was not governed from St. Petersburg by Russians, who, as a rule, knew much more about the laws and institutions of Great Britain and France than about those of the Grand Duchy, but by the Finnish Senate consisting of native Finns, and the department of the Secretary of State for Finland.* But the power of the Senate was too limited, and its knowledge of the needs of the nation too meagre, to allow it to work with success for the public welfare, without the co-operation of the representatives of the people. A period of agricultural and commercial stagnation, or rather retrogression, set in which lasted until the Diet met again in 1863; bad harvests became frequent, famine decimated the population, and the financial condition of the country, whose monetary unit was still the silver rouble, became alarming.

Alexander II. inaugurated a new and more prosperous era for the Grand Duchy. In 1863 he summoned the Diet to meet him in Helsingfors, the new Finnish capital, whither the University of Abo had been lately transferred, and in a speech from the throne gave the people to understand that the unconstitutional procedure that had been adopted occasionally in the past would not be repeated in future, and expressly promised that no loans should ever again be negotiated without the consent of the four Estates, unless a foreign invasion or some other national calamity rendered it impossible for them to assemble. "In maintaining intact," he continued,

de votre patrie. J'ai promis de maintenir votre constitution, vos lois fondamentales; votre réunion ici vous garantit ma promesse."

* "En leur promettant de maintenir leur religion, leurs lois fondamentales, J'ai voulu leur montrer le prix que J'attache aux sentiments de la confiance et de l'amour."

† "Du moment que la Providence nous a remis le sort de la Finlande, Nous résolûmes de gouverner ce pays comme une nation libre et jouissant des droits que sa constitution lui garantit."

* This department is exactly the same kind of institution as the Norwegian Ministry at Stockholm.

"The principle of a constitutional monarchy which is inherent in the habits of the Finnish people, and of which all their laws and institutions bear the impress, I desire to introduce into a new bill, a right more extensive than the Estates at present enjoy in reference to the raising of taxes, and also a right of motion such as they possessed in ancient times, reserving to myself the right of taking the initiative in all matters that have to do with changes in the fundamental law."*

The present Tsar,† on the death of his father, solemnly confirmed all these rights and privileges of the Grand Duchy, and on the 24th January, 1882, conferred upon the Estates the new right of initiative in all legislative questions which they were competent to discuss, with a few inconsiderable exceptions.‡

The immediate and palpable results of this frank adoption of the principle of constitutional monarchy were numerous and beneficial. In 1860 Finnish silver and copper coins had been struck for the first time, silver remaining, as before, the sole standard of value, until 1879, when the Grand Duke gave his assent to a bill establishing a gold basis, and in the following year the first gold coins issued from the Finnish mint. The Diet voted large sums of money for the construction of a network of railways to be exploited by the Finnish Government. The benefits of education were put within the reach of the poorest citizen of the Grand Duchy. The possession of the land was, without fuss or bustle, or judicial robbery, transferred to the peasants who were able and willing to

till it; a new impetus was given to agricultural pursuits by the foundation of technical schools throughout the country: schools of agriculture, schools of forestry, schools of engineering, etc., etc.; enterprise and industry on the part of the peasantry were encouraged by valuable prizes given for progress; a new penal code was drawn up, the prisons were reformed, in a word the land and the people were materially and morally regenerated.

It is difficult for one who has never been to Finland to realize even approximately the wonderful comparative prosperity that has resulted from that quarter of a century of constitutional self-government. Having resided in the country on two different occasions, and paid several shorter visits to it before and since, I have had a very favorable opportunity of gauging the progress made; and taking into consideration the measures introduced and passed by the Finnish Diet, excluding those which were forced upon the country by Russia (censure, passport system, etc.) one might, without exaggeration, assert that if Birmingham be the best governed city in the United Kingdom, Finland is assuredly the best-governed country in Europe. It would be impossible, within the limits of a review article, to bring forward in detail even the salient facts on which this assertion is based, but I shall endeavor to describe a few of them.

Drunkenness was, during that half century, the bane of Finland, as it was and still is the ruin of Russia. But it had always been looked upon as a necessary evil engendered by climatic conditions, and which no amount of legislation or voluntary effort could ever completely uproot. Stimulants, people maintained, were absolutely indispensable to the inhabitants of northern countries, and it would be as bootless to endeavor to suppress drunkenness as to try to abolish huge stoves and warm fur clothing in winter. The Finnish Diet, however, fearlessly tackled the Hydra with very simple weapons: local option for the country districts, control and restrictive measures for the cities, encouragement offered to all societies doing battle with intemperance; and the rapid spread of education and instruction. The country communes used the power vested in them to forbid absolutely the sale of alcoholic liquor in the rural districts, the first and second transgressions being punished

* "En maintenant le principe Monarchique constitutionnel inhérent aux mœurs du peuple Finlandais, et dont toutes ses lois et ses institutions portent le caractère, je veux faire admettre dans ce projet un droit plus étendu que celui que possèdent déjà les Etats quant au règlement de l'assiette des impôts, ainsi que le droit de motion qu'ils ont anciennement possédé. Me réservant toutefois celui de prendre l'initiative dans toutes les questions qui touchent au changement de la loi fondamentale." This was the last time that the Diet was opened by the Grand Duke in person, and the last occasion on which the French tongue was employed in official communications.

† On the 14th March, 1881. The formula is almost identical with that used by Alexander I.

‡ In his speech from the throne, read on the 24th January, 1882. It was the first speech from the throne in Russian. Cf. Documents illustrating the political position of the Grand Duchy of Finland, page 54. Helsingfors, 1890. These Documents are published *in extenso* in the languages in which they were originally written or spoken.

by fines and the following by imprisonment. The result is the nearest approach to total abstinence that has ever yet been made by any country of ancient or modern times. You might now travel on foot from Terrioki to Tornea, from Repola to Geta, without once meeting with or hearing of a single drunken man, and, if you were dying of exhaustion the chances are that you could not purchase a thimbleful of what one of our own intemperate temperance preachers once called liquid fire and distilled damnation. At weddings and burials alcohol is still served to the guests, but the peasants are now accustomed to sobriety and keenly conscious of the results of intemperance, and they generally act upon the principle embodied in their own proverb, that he who does not look ahead will soon have to look backward. In nothing is the difference between the Finnish and Russian character so distinctly visible as in the matter of self-restraint tested by these liquor laws. I once paid a protracted visit to the eastern province of Finland, in which there are some colonies of Russian peasants, and was highly amused at their restiveness under the temperance *régime*; they were perpetually lamenting their sad fate, and had made frequent efforts to induce the Russian government to interfere on their behalf to relax the rigor of the liquor laws; but the only result they obtained was permission to open a beer-shop in which the sale of spirits was forbidden.

In the eight towns in which the sale of alcohol is not prohibited the governors are invested with the right of according licenses to keepers of public-houses, but the total number of such houses and the maximum of spirits which the distilleries are allowed to put upon the market are fixed by the Diet. Thus the maximum output of a distillery must not exceed 150,000 cans (about 82,000 gallons). These licenses are sold by auction, the highest bidder, *cæteris paribus*, receiving the license. Of course, in addition to this premium, the ordinary excise duty must be paid, which amounts to about 1s. 8d. a gallon. The sale of liquor being thus localized in the thinly populated cities of the Grand Duchy, drunkenness is comparatively easy to deal with; the Government, however, not content with punitive, has also recourse to preventive measures, among which I may mention the obligatory clos-

ing of all public-houses on fair and market days and popular holidays.*

Several private societies take the matter up where legislation and the Government are forced to leave it, some endeavoring to bring about total and universal abstinence in the cities as well as in the country, among factory hands as well as among peasants; others content with the less ambitious aim of extracting from what they regard as an evil the greatest possible amount of good. Of the temperance societies little need be said, except that they are distinguished by the traits that characterize the Finnish people generally, and make much less fuss, and do far more lasting work, than similar societies in other countries. "A good bell," says the Finnish proverb, "is heard afar, but a bad one is heard still farther." They endeavor by means of cheap restaurants, attractive refreshment-rooms, cosy coffee-houses, well-lighted reading-rooms, and well-stocked libraries, to keep the tempted in the path of duty and self-interest; they appeal, however, in all cases to the reason rather than to the emotions, and their success is proportionately lasting.

The other societies deserve a detailed description, but want of space prevents me from doing more than giving a concise account of one, the members of which do excellent work in the cause of temperance without precisely preaching total abstinence. They started with a capital of 30,000 Finnish marks (about £1250), with which they purchased several public-houses in the poorest quarters of the city, where poverty, cold, and other hardships intensify the force of ordinary temptations to intemperance. Without making these houses a whit more attractive than they were before, they kept them scrupulously clean and neat, guaranteed the absolute purity of the liquor sold, and supplemented the glass of spirits with bread-and-butter, appetizing slices of smoked salmon, ham and tongue, cheese, boiled eggs, apples, etc. They next made arrangements with the city authorities for the services of a staff of policemen, one of whom is always present to maintain order and decorum. The liquor and eatables are served by women, whose courtesy and self-respect would do credit to the first lady in the

* For instance, in Helsingfors all dram-shops are closed on the 30th September and 1st October, the days of the annual fair.

land. I should not venture to enter a public-house of this category in any of the big cities of Russia without first providing myself with a loaded revolver, and even then I should not be free from serious misgivings as to what might befall me before I came out. I visited several of these Finnish dram-shops in Helsingfors at night when they were crowded with laborers, who had come in after their day's work was done, and stood and sat in their soiled smocks eating and drinking; and I felt as safe there as in the arm-chair of my study. The self-respect and dignity of these typical specimens of the lowest class of Finnish society struck me as admirable. Taking my stand behind the counter, I noticed a workman approaching the woman and offering the price of a glass of spirits, which he held out his hand to receive, and I was astonished to see her smile a courteous refusal. He reappeared, however, in a few minutes along with a new batch of visitors, but, seeing that she recognized him, he slowly walked out. In reply to my inquiry, she told me that she could detect by his look, the moment he entered, that he had had quite enough liquor already. I confess I had carefully observed the individual on both occasions, but could not perceive the faintest indications of incipient inebriety; her eyes, however, were sharpened by the knowledge that a single glass of spirits served to a man who had already had enough would be followed by instant dismissal. The society's inspectors visit every one of these shops three or four times a day, and not at stated hours.

This society is not a purely benevolent body; that is to say, it is not supported by voluntary subscriptions, does not squander large sums of money on an army of officials, nor imitate the angels in the effusive joy with which it hails the repentance of a solitary sinner. It is in the first place a business concern, each shareholder receiving exactly six per cent. on his share, but never a fraction more of the seven hundred per cent. which the capital yearly brings in, and which is all spent in bettering the condition of the poorer classes of the population. Observing that the workmen of Helsingfors were wont to spend their Sundays in drink purchased on the Saturday night, the society in order to provide them with genuine but innocent amusement, obtained possession of a

rocky island called Högholm, situated at about a quarter of an hour's row from the city, which exhibited no more hopeful signs of vegetation than the moss that grew between the fissures. Rich soil was conveyed thither from other distant islands, and a quarter of a million of Finnish marks judiciously expended, with the result that Högholm is now a fine park with scores of landing-places for the workmen's boats, charming walks, beds of flowers, artificial grottoes, and a zoological garden. Thousands of workmen come hither of a Sunday in their own boats, taking their wives and children with them to spend the day in innocent amusement. Here they cook or heat their dinner at one of the primitive little fireplaces in the ground provided for this purpose, eating it on the grass in the pleasant shade of the tall trees. Another island with abundant vegetation—Fölisö—was also purchased by the society, and transformed in a comparatively short time into a magnificent pleasure-garden for the workmen and their families.

The society next opened a palatial people's library with well-ventilated reading-rooms, whither the workmen flock in thousands in autumn and winter to read journals, reviews, and books. The librarians—mostly females—are always ready to assist the visitors with advice as to the best works to be read on a given subject. I always saw numbers of men and boys reading here, and frequently domestic servants taking home books to peruse after their day's work was over. The society also gives an annual subscription to an excellent institution known as Mary's Asylum, which from 8 A.M. and 6 P.M. receives little children of the poor between the ages of four and seven, provides them with food and lodging and teaches them to read, write, and mend their clothes. Another annual subscription is paid to a night refuge for the homeless, and another to purchase prizes for the pupils of elementary schools. The society also supports a "Household School," in which young girls are lodged, and taught to sew, to mend clothes, to wash, cook, and generally to keep house; besides which it supports, at its own expense, two other schools for poor children, older than those who are received into Mary's Asylum. Another sum is set apart to defray the travelling expenses of such workmen as would be likely to profit by a visit to the

various international and industrial exhibitions of the world, and another for the support of a most useful school in which the children of the poorest members of the population are taught trades as well as the ordinary branches of elementary instruction, and are kept there from about six o'clock in the morning until seven or eight in the evening. In this way numbers of boys, who in other European cities imperceptibly or rapidly drift into vice and crime, are moulded into useful members of the community. The society also contributes a large sum, more than the whole of the original capital (forty thousand Finnish marks a year) to the support of a reformatory for children of criminal propensities. These are some of the forms assumed by the good which this organization extracts every year from what it considers the evil of moderate drinking. And with all this, there seems to be an acknowledged fact that no country in Europe or America has approached nearer the goal of total abstinence than Finland.

The noble sacrifices which the Diet has made in order to educate all classes of the population up to a comparatively high standard have met with the success they deserved. During the fifty-four years that the country was governed without the co-operation of the Diet, elementary instruction was caviare to the million in Finland. At the present moment there are probably not five thousand persons in the Grand Duchy unable to read and to write, and a large percentage of those who are inscribed in that category are not Finns. Russia, as is well known, also made considerable strides in the same direction during the late Emperor's reign, but many of the primary schools then opened have since been abolished by his more logical successor. And yet were the number as large now as it was a few years back, it would require to be increased fivefold before the proportion of primary schools to the population would be as considerable as in Finland. Another interesting difference between the two countries lies in the circumstance that whereas scores of educational establishments exist only on paper in Russia, there are numerous agencies at work in Finland, educating and instructing the children of the poorer classes of the population, which are passed over in silence in the official statistics of education. Among these I may mention an in-

teresting body of men, whom one might describe as wandering schoolmasters, in some respects akin to the Irish hedge-schoolmaster of sixty years ago, but infinitely superior to that pedagogue, inasmuch as they have all been properly trained and their qualifications duly tested. The wandering schoolmaster is still indispensable in Finland, where a single parish is sometimes scattered over a dozen islands. Another category of useful men who silently render enormous service in the work of educating the people are the clergy, who never admit boys or girls to Confirmation without first assuring themselves that they can read and write, and, when necessary, teaching them.

The Finns have a way when they undertake a work of any kind, important or the reverse, of carrying it through with a thoroughness that to an Englishman is positively refreshing; and their elementary schools bear witness to this trait as loudly as any other institution of the country. The course of instruction and the method of imparting it to children is most carefully thought out and brought into harmony with the latest dictum of pedagogical science. This is true of all the primary schools, rural or urban, although their external appearance, like their annual budgets, differ considerably, seeing that the schools are maintained by the commune, not by the State. Those I visited in Helsingfors were model buildings with vast corridors, spacious and well-ventilated class-rooms lighted by electricity, extensive playgrounds, an immense hall for gymnastic exercises in winter, and all the orthodox paraphernalia of modern pedagogy. The masters whom I saw (and I never visited the schools with the inspector or any other official who might naturally be prejudiced in favor of the establishment) were among the most intelligent and kind-hearted instructors of youth I have ever met. One of them, M. D., whose class I heard examined, is a graduate of the University of Helsingfors, and studied for several years afterward at German universities. He converses fluently in the principal languages of Europe, elegantly in Finnish, and yet he is cheerfully devoting his labors and his life to the important but modest work of educating children from off the street for a pittance of probably £100 or £150 a year. He left his class to its own devices once for a quarter of an

hour to test the discipline of the boys, many of whom were barefooted lads from off the streets, no one remaining to keep them in order during his absence. I was astonished to find that those boys who, seen half an hour previously in the playground, were as wild and disorderly as the French *Chambre des Députés* during a ministerial crisis, were now as grave, self-possessed, and dignified as Red Indians smoking the calumet of peace. "Do you employ corporal punishment?" I inquired of the master. "No," he replied; "we find that it answers better to appeal to the boys' honor and to rely on their sense of responsibility." And if what I saw that evening may be taken as a fair test of the results, the system has very much to recommend it. On the whole it is no exaggeration to say that the primary schools of Finland—certainly those of Helsingfors—would lose nothing, and might possibly gain by comparison with the corresponding educational establishments in England and the United States.

The knotty problem of the land, which, in Finland as elsewhere, bristled with difficulties of a formidable character, was tackled in the same spirit and solved in the same quiet way in harmony with what seems just and reasonable in the tendency of the age. Ever since the union with Sweden the Finnish nobility had enjoyed privileges which practically amounted to an exclusive right to possess land, and so handicapped the peasants that it was treated as a prohibition to them to purchase it. Moreover, since the annexation of the eastern province of Finland to Russia, the land there had been divided among a few Russian nobles who rarely visited or cultivated their estates. The Diet began by levelling upward, conferring upon the peasantry the privileges possessed by the nobles, which was merely another way of abolishing them. The next step was to facilitate the purchase of small estates by advancing loans to the peasants at a low rate of interest. These measures were followed up by a financial operation, the mere possibility of which was the result of protracted negotiations: the purchase of the land possessed by Russian nobles, and the sale of it by the Government to peasants willing to purchase.* The result

of these measures—which to many persons may possibly seem half-hearted—was highly gratifying. There are now only 1,148 estates of over 200 acres in Finland; while there are 11,039 of from 50 to 200 acres, 56,468 of from 11 to 50 acres, and 44,941 of less than 11 acres. The proportion of rich landlords to peasant proprietors is considerably under one per cent.

The redistribution of the land, however, was but a condition *sine quâ non* of progress, the first step toward national prosperity. Economically the Grand Duchy was still on the very verge of ruin; the most primitive methods of agriculture were in vogue throughout the country, trees and rubbish being burned on the land as a substitute for manure, and the peasant at first could scarcely obtain as much as one per cent. on the money and labor he expended. Education is the panacea to which the Finnish Diet invariably has recourse against all the evils that afflict the land; and in this case technical education was the form in which it was prescribed. So rapidly was the remedy applied that Finland, whose population is smaller than that of many a Russian government and less dense than European Russia, actually possesses more agricultural schools than European and Asiatic Russia combined; and agricultural schools constitute but one of the numerous categories of technical schools opened since 1863. There are thus sixteen agricultural schools, one of which belongs to the higher type of educational establishments, what in Russia is termed an academy, and eighteen dairy-farming schools, of which one bears the same relation to the other seventeen that a university bears to a grammar-school. Among the other special educational establishments, the object of which is to enable the people to turn the meagre gifts of nature to the best account, one should not forget the School of Forestry with a very efficient staff of teachers, the Institute of Forestry, which receives the pupils who have passed through the school, the Grooms' School, in which those who intend to devote themselves to improving the breed of horses receive theoretical and practical instruction in all mat-

* The price paid by the Finnish Government was 17,000,000 of Finnish marks. The peasants paid 6½ per cent. a year, of which one

per cent. went to pay off the capital, remainder being interest. Later on the Government paid one per cent. out of the Treasury, so that the annual charge on the peasants is now but 5½ per cent., of which 4 per cent. is interest.

ters bearing upon this calling; the cattle-breeders' school, two schools of horticulture and two farriers' schools.*

It would be a grave mistake to consider these measures as the results of grandmotherly legislation; the people themselves take as lively an interest in the improvement of agriculture as their representatives in the Diet, and have done much more to help themselves than the Government has ever been able to do for them. No Government institution has conferred more solid benefits on the peasant population than the Agricultural Institute, a powerful organization consisting of a number of specialists experienced in all branches of agricultural lore, whose knowledge is ever at the service of the peasant, the forester, the dairyman, the gardener. The advice of the institute is eagerly sought and gladly given on every possible subject that has even a remote bearing upon agriculture: the choice and purchase of agricultural machines, the site and style of farm buildings, outhouses, etc., all plans and estimates for draining marshes and reclaiming waste land: improved methods of making butter and cheese, the advisability of cultivating some foreign plant, or shrub, or flower. But a better idea may be formed of the scope and resources of the institute from a simple classification of its members than from the most detailed description of the duties it is called upon to perform. It is at present composed of one agricultural engineer, one Governmental agronomist, eight provincial agronomists, ten assistant agronomists; one expert to give instructions in flax growing and flax scutching, two Governmental and two provincial (male) teachers of dairy-farming, and eleven provincial (female) teachers of the same subject; two masters of forestry, one lecturer on arboriculture, six teachers of horticulture, two controllers of grain and seed, three instructors in the art of ploughing and one inspector of the fisheries. This body, which exists and works continually, not

merely on paper, renders inestimable service to the population, replying to thousands of questions, and diffusing that precise kind of knowledge of agricultural and other cognate matters which is chiefly wanted in the country. Nor does it confine itself to answering questions; courses of popular lectures on agricultural subjects are organized on the rocky islands of the west, on the hyperborean plains of the north, where a Russian or a German would no more think of ploughing than of planting vines. Moreover, there are five central agriculturo-chemical and seed stations in various parts of the country, where, for a nominal sum, the peasants and farmers can have trustworthy analyses made of the composition and agricultural value of the soils they till, of the manure they employ, of the fodder they give their cattle, etc., etc. Here also they can have their seeds analyzed and weighed, and their purity and money value determined; here also they may watch practical experiments in gardening, forestry, dairy-farming, etc. Moreover, as the Finnish peasant is everywhere both able and willing to read, the Government subsidizes two agricultural journals, which are thus circulated throughout the length and breadth of the country, and in both of which special attention is devoted to the peculiar needs of the poorer class of peasants, who also receive gratis numerous little pamphlets on the current questions of practical agriculture, printed at the cost of the Government. The degree to which these efforts of the Government are appreciated by the people is evident from the way in which they are seconded and supplemented by private enterprise, which has founded several agricultural societies with ramifications throughout Finland, and thousands of energetic and zealous members. These bodies are in daily contact with the agricultural schools on the one hand, and in constant touch with the peasantry on the other; so that the Government frequently learns from them the pressing needs of the population, and employs them as channels for such assistance as it considers advisable to offer.

These private bodies support a number of trades' schools, and pay the services of teachers of trades in many of the ordinary schools; they also maintain ambulatory instructors, who travel about from district to district, from island to island, visiting

* It is instructive to compare this abundance of technical schools in Finland with the paucity of such establishments in Russia, where, according to the latest statistics, published a few days ago in the *Novoye Vremya*, among all the directors and controllers of factories, works, etc., in the Russian Empire, ninety-six per cent. have received no technical instruction whatever.

the sparse population of secluded and almost inaccessible country places, and teaching them carpentering, smithcraft, fish-curing, horticulture, etc. These societies are also continually distributing leaflets and arranging for lectures on all agricultural questions likely to interest the peasants; they organize periodical exhibitions of dairy and garden produce, etc., distribute improved seeds and fruit-trees, improved breeds of cattle, exhibit and test new agricultural machines, offer prizes for progress, study the question of domestic industry, and introduce such new forms of it as seem likely to give profitable occupation to the peasant in his home during the long night of northern winter. These societies make it a point to contribute, as far as possible, to the reclaiming of waste land; they therefore examine marshes and shallow lakes, give gratuitous estimates of the cost, and frequently advance loans for the work.

The Government, besides doing the same things on a larger scale on its own account, offering prizes for success in pisciculture, keeping eighty stallions in various parts of the country for the improvement of the breed of Finnish horses, etc., etc., has devised several ingenious ways of financially helping the peasants without demoralizing them. Thus two capital sums have been set aside, amounting to about £32,000—a large sum for a little country like Finland—one of which is employed in assisting dairy farmers, the other in helping agricultural farmers. The loans in the former case are usually advanced to three or four dairy farmers, who form an association and convert the milk of one or two parishes into butter and cheese, allowing all the peasants who contribute the milk to receive a proportionate share of the profits. The result of this measure is extremely gratifying to the Government, for Finland now exports large quantities of butter and cheese to Russia and to England. Finnish butter is annually exported to the value of about fourteen millions of Finnish marks; and their excellent imitations of Cheshire and Gruyère cheese are driving the genuine kinds out of the Russian markets.

The loans for purely agricultural purposes are advanced in sums varying from £60 to £400, to private individuals as well as to associations of farms. The terms are repayment in fifteen years of the capital and four per cent. interest, the amortization not to begin until the sixth year,

when the improvement effected usually manifests itself in an increase of income. The plans and estimates of the work are always made by the Government agronomist, and at first only half of the loan is advanced, the remainder being given as soon as it appears from the report of the Government agent that the first half has really been expended in the work of improvement.

Besides this there is a special fund of two millions marks (£80,000) which the Government employs in order to assist in forming an agricultural capital in the various communes. Every commune can receive a loan of not more than 15,000 marks for twenty years without interest, all the peasants of the commune jointly guaranteeing the repayment of the loan, which takes place during the last five years in five equal instalments. The commune, on receiving the money, usually advances it in the form of small loans to individual peasants for the purpose of effecting improvements, no one peasant ever receiving more than four hundred marks unless the Government agronomist approves the projected improvement, and then the maximum amount is one thousand marks. The term of the loan is seven years, the rate of interest being $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., of which $2\frac{1}{2}$ go to form a commercial agricultural fund, and the remainder to defray the expenses of overseeing and directing the work of improvement.

The circumstance that Finland cannot seriously lay claim to be regarded as an industrial country will seem to many persons a sufficient reason why she should refuse to invest any money or labor in the attempt to become one. But on the other hand, she was scarcely destined by Nature to score any great success in agriculture, and if she is nevertheless succeeding in spite of considerable odds, she is surely justified in making an attempt, in spite of similar odds, to create native manufactures and industries. This, of course, implies protection; and protection to that extent has been adopted by the Government, whose natural predilections lie rather in the direction of fair trade. The satisfactory result of this policy may mean absolutely nothing as argument against the principle of free trade, but as a practical encouragement to the Government to persevere it has had considerable weight. Thus the linen industry is in a very flour-

ishing condition, the linen of Tammerfors being deservedly celebrated throughout Eastern Europe ; Finnish paper is exported to Russia and abroad, and hundreds of Finnish steamers have been built of late in the old capital of the Grand Duchy. Four years ago there were 4500 factories and works in the country, with an annual output of 109 millions of Finnish marks.

One of the questions likely to prove in the near future a fertile source of misunderstanding between Finland and Russia is that of the customs. Both countries were fairly satisfied with the agreement in force from 1858 till 1885, which allowed Finnish raw materials to enter Russia duty free, in return for which Russian goods were, with one or two exceptions (such as sugar, tobacco, and alcohol), allowed free entry into Finland. On the 13th September, 1885, however, an imperial ukase suddenly appeared, like a bolt from the blue, imposing very heavy duties on Finland's twelve staple exports to Russia, thus ruining several nascent industries,* and leaving the privileges enjoyed by Russia in Finland unchanged. As the law now stands, with the exception of one or two articles on which the duty is extremely light,† Russia can export anything and everything duty free to Finland, whereas the Grand Duchy can export nothing duty free to Russia, for its twelve chief exports are subjected to the operation of the new law.

This sounds extremely unfair, and it is certainly not what one would have expected from Russia, whose apparently chivalrous treatment of Finland for seventy-five years, might have served as an example to countries far more liberal and enlightened than either Spain or Austria. On the other hand, one should not, in common justice, lose sight of Russia's point of view. In former years she was in a position to admit this free interchange of commodities without apprehending any serious material loss, seeing that the import duties levied upon foreign goods in Russian ports were

practically as low as those imposed in Finnish ports. Since that time, however, Russia has gone on increasing those duties, many of which are actually one hundred and some one hundred and fifty per cent. higher than then, while in Finland they are still as low as ever.

The Russian Government is now determined to abolish the custom *cordon* that exists between the two countries as a step in the direction of their ultimate assimilation, or "closer union," as patriotic Russians ironically term it. This would mean the total destruction of the chief manufactures of Finland, which depend upon foreign countries for their raw material ; but it would also involve the utter ruin of Finnish agriculture, and of all those admirable institutions which have made Finland what it is. Agricultural machines, etc., without which the land would not be worth a fraction of its present value, would immediately rise in price, and become wholly inaccessible to the farmer, who would be completely ruined in consequence.* The Russian peasantry, with their rich black loam soil, that often yields two harvests in a year, is suffering untold hardships owing to the cost of living, which has been so enormously increased by the protectionist policy of the Government. It may well be doubted whether the country will ever recover from the effects of this suicidal policy. But even if it does, that is no reason why Finland should be ruined in like manner. An unwieldy giant like Og, King of Bashan, might with a light heart ford a broad river eight or nine feet deep ; but it would savor rather strongly of murder if he forced an ordinary mortal to do likewise.

The Finnish Government, spurred on by the Diet, has also exerted itself to its utmost to encourage the foreign trade of the country by judicious applications of the principle of reciprocity. Thus, as late as 1887, a commercial treaty was concluded between Finland (represented by the Russian Ambassador and a Finnish Senator) and Spain, lowering the duties on

* Thus the immense iron works of Dahlsbruk, in the government of Abo, had to close, and the linen industry was severely crippled.

† To give an idea of the great difference made by Finland between Russian and foreign dutiable goods, I may instance tobacco, which pays in Finland a duty of £4 per 100 kilogrammes (1 cwt. 3 qrs. and 21 lbs.) if it comes from any country but Russia, and only £1 7s. if it is of Russian origin.

* To give an idea of what this would mean to Finnish agriculture, which is so extremely sensitive to the most moderate fluctuations of prices, I may say that the peasants of European Russia alone pay an annual tax merely on their scythes of about £300,000, which it is now proposed to increase by fifty or even a hundred per cent.

Spanish wines in Finland and on Finnish timber and other commodities in Spanish ports. Another treaty was concluded on similar lines between Sweden and Finland. As an indication of the progress of Finland's foreign trade, it may be mentioned that in 1868 the duties on foreign goods amounted to five and a half millions of Finnish marks, whereas now they are about sixteen millions. Twenty-three years ago the foreign trade of Finland amounted to two and a half millions of pounds sterling; now it is twelve millions. Most of this trade is carried in Finnish bottoms, the commercial fleet, which in 1863 was ridiculously small, now consisting of 2130 vessels, of 270,000 tons, many of which were built in the country.

This progress is due in great measure to the increased facilities of communication in the country itself, to effect which the Diet grudged no sacrifices. The network of railways may seem very inconsiderable to an Englishman or an American, but it is in reality very large for a country like Finland, where the population is so extremely sparse that the inhabitants of the thirty-six cities taken together do not amount to a quarter of a million. In 1868 there were but sixty-eight miles of railway in the Grand Duchy; at present there are one thousand and thirty-five miles, and three hundred and twenty-five miles more in process of construction. In Russia, with its big cities and large export trade, many of the railways are worked at a loss. In Finland, where they are exploited by the State, they bring in a yearly profit of two millions of Finnish marks. With the extension of railways, the importance of the canals is rapidly decreasing. The canal of Saima—a wonderful construction, that would have done honor to an Egyptian Pharaoh—is of itself worthy of a visit from England.

The public credit of the country is excellent. Last year a foreign loan bearing interest at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was without difficulty converted into a $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loan. The Government, which in 1868 had but sixteen millions (Finnish marks) to spend on the needs of the country, disposes of fifty millions in 1890; and during the past ten years the deposits in the savings banks have increased by three hundred per cent.

Thus from whatever point of view we study the institutions of the country, how-

ever rigorous the test we apply, Finland, in spite of its barren soil and adverse climate, is still fully abreast of the most civilized countries of the world. If the general diffusion of knowledge be accepted as a criterion of moral progress—and few will maintain that it is not—in no other country are the teachings of the university and the discoveries of the laboratory and observatory more rapidly or more effectually brought within the reach of the fisherman and the ploughboy than in Finland, where the bulk of the population seems to be leagued together for that special purpose. The poorest rustic in Savolaks or Ostrobothnia reads his daily paper and takes an intelligent interest in literature, an interest which has been manifested on occasion by large pecuniary sacrifices cheerfully made for its encouragement and endowment. The rough, hardy peasant who visits Helsingfors or Abo in his picturesque boat, to dispose of his fish, fruit and dairy produce, may be daily seen reading his newspaper, review or book, after his morning's work is done and before beginning to ply his subsidiary calling of smith, tailor or shoemaker, and the questions which those rustics sometimes discuss among themselves would prove to be beyond the comprehension of many a well-to-do French or English farmer.

It might be rash perhaps to assert that among the criteria of a nation's civilization, security of life and property deserves a prominent place; but it is certainly quite safe to affirm that in no other European State, not even in Sweden and Norway, are life and property so secure as in Finland. The confident matter-of-fact way in which trunks, parcels and portmanteaus are left for hours in the public streets of cities without any one to look after them, could not fail to edify an Englishman or a Belgian, whose portable property often seems to disappear by magic. On arriving at Helsingfors or Abo, by sea, I have myself occasionally left my trunk on the quay for a couple of hours till the departure of the next train, meanwhile taking a drive in the country around; and although on one occasion my portmanteau was not even locked, I never lost anything. In the country districts the houses are for the most part unbolted, unbarred and unlocked. More than once in my excursions I have come up to a house, the occupants of which were miles away at the time, and

yet not a door of it was bolted or barred. Then again it is no uncommon thing for a blooming girl of seventeen, or a young married woman to drive alone in her cart a distance of fifty or sixty miles through dense forests and by the shores of gloomy lakes, conveying the family's butter, cheese and eggs to market, in town, and then to return home alone with the proceeds.

Finnish honesty is proverbial. In trade, the Finns, as a rule, are not only scrupulously honest, they are heroically, quixotically so. A tradesman will tell you the whole truth about his wares, even when he knows perfectly well that by doing so he loses a customer whom the partial truth, a slight *suppressio veri*, would have secured him. "This seems exactly the kind of apparatus I am looking for," I said to a merchant in Helsingfors some months ago, in reference to an article that cost about £15, "and I will buy it at once if, knowing what I want it for, you can honestly recommend me to take it." "No, sir, I do not recommend you to take it, nor have I anything in stock just now that would suit you." And I left the shop and purchased what I wanted elsewhere. "Here's your fare," I said to a peasant in the interior who had driven me for three hours through the woods on his droschky, handing him four shillings. "No, sir, that's double my fare," he replied, returning me half the money. And when I told him he might keep it for his honesty, he slightly nodded his thanks with the dignity of one of nature's gentlemen, from which defiant pride and cringing obsequiousness were equally absent.

Tried by that crucial test, the position of women, Finland deserves a place among the foremost nations of the world. Women are looked upon not as terrestrial houris created to minister to man's pleasures, but as his companions, friends, fellow soldiers in the battle of life, and they are treated with all the respect, and allowed all the liberty, consonant with this view of their mission. The schools, technical and other, the university, the Government offices, the railways, post and telegraph offices, are thrown open to them; women who are *femmes soles* possess and exercise the right of voting for members of the municipal councils, and public opinion in Finland is very strongly in favor of according them a voice in the election of representatives to the Diet, and the Diet itself is only kept from

giving effect to the general desire by the knowledge that Russia would never tolerate the innovation. The old respect for woman which inspired the laws of the Accadians of Babylon, and characterized the Finns of Pagan times, still manifests itself in the conceptions and institutions of modern Finland.

Humanity is an indispensable element in all true progress, and it would be difficult to suggest a less fallible test of this quality than the manner in which a country treats its criminal classes. Judged by the Penal Code still in existence rather than in force, and which may be described as a disgraceful relic of the barbarity of the Dark Ages, with its maxim of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, Finland would, indeed, stand condemned. But the responsibility is by no means hers. During the half-century that the Finnish Diet was prevented from assembling to legislate for the country, there was no body competent to amend the old code or frame a new one. As soon as the representatives of the people met together in Helsingfors, a committee was formed to draw up a new penal code in harmony with the humane views of the nation. A new code, however, entailed the necessity of constructing new prisons, the cost of which would prove a very serious item in the national budget. The Diet unhesitatingly accorded the necessary sums, and the members of the late Prison Congress who visited the prisons of Finland, know that no better institutions of the kind are to be found in Europe. That of Sörnääs, near Helsingfors, cost eight millions (Finnish marks). I have had a fair opportunity of seeing it work, and my impression is that in all material respects it is equal to the famous model prison of Louvain in Belgium.*

Meanwhile the labors of the committee were brought to a successful issue, and a new penal code was framed which has much in common with the late Italian

* I never experienced the slightest difficulty about visiting Finnish prisons; there are no formalities to be observed, no previous notice, no written orders. I simply presented myself at the gate, asked to see the Director, and was at once shown all over the place. The prison of Sörnääs has at present a most humane and enlightened Director in the person of M. Leisten, a gentleman who might be described in Carlyle's words as possessed of an iron hand in a velvet glove.

code. It is less sentimental, however, based much more on recognized principles and less on probable theory. It was approved and signed by the Viceroy of Finland, Count Heyden, and the Emperor, as Grand Duke, ordered it to be published and promulgated, and to come into force on the 1st January next year. Thereupon the ultra-patriotic press of St. Petersburg and Moscow, which, hundreds of times before, had reproached the Finns with the barbarity of their laws, now coolly declared that they saw no reason why Finland should not wait until Russia had completed her code—an event which may possibly take place twenty or thirty years hence. They also picked out a few paragraphs of the laws touching upon high treason, criticised and grossly misinterpreted them, and condemned them as subversive of all law and order. Their attacks were so virulent and persevering that the Emperor's advisers, to avoid being accused of a lack of combative patriotism, obtained a ukase, which was published a few days ago, to the effect that the new Finnish penal code should not come into operation until it had been thoroughly examined and amended by a mixed commission of Russian and Finnish jurists.

But far more precious than the most humane penal code ever yet framed is that sincere respect for justice and fair play which is the most solid ground of all social institutions; and in this the Finns are in nowise behind the Teutonic nations. The Russians are blessed or cursed with a whole library of hopelessly contradictory criminal and civil laws, not one of which has ever yet been consistently enforced. In France laws are tempered by the code of "honor," and by juries who conscientiously acquit a notorious murderer, an example which certain organs of *New Journalism* would like to see imitated by English juries. In Finland law is law. It may be unjust, but until repealed it has to be observed, and is observed accordingly. "Can I have a shot at an elk?" I asked a Finnish peasant who lived on the fringe of a forest well stocked with this noble game. "No, sir, it's against the law." "What is the penalty?" I asked. "Two hundred Finnish marks," he answered. "All right; will you come along with me if I agree to pay the fine?" "No, I won't; it's against the law, and I am not going to break it."

NEW SERIES.—VOL. LIII., No. 3.

Is cleanliness a sign of moral progress? If so, Finnish civilization must in truth be of a very refined kind. Russians can scarcely be accused of too pronounced a partiality for Finland, and yet this is what a Russian journalist, M. Janshieff, says about the cleanliness of the Finns:—

"From morning till night they are continually washing and scrubbing. I am told that in the country districts there is an official who at a stated hour every day goes about from farmstead to farmstead beating a drum and seeing that the pigs are washed. This statement I had no opportunity of verifying, but what I did see and can bear witness to is that every day, without exception, the floors, stairs, and window-sills were washed, and the tea and dinner service washed with soap. And as for the quantity of water used by a Finn to wash his sinful body, it surpasses the bounds of the credible."*

Another fair test of a people's moral advancement is the greater or less purity and simplicity of their religious conceptions. Bossuet once maliciously said of Malebranche, who suffered from a physical defect that was painfully visible, that he was called to the priesthood alike by nature and by grace. It may, without any malice, be asserted of the Finns that they were predestined to become members of the Lutheran Church by their character and natural surroundings. Their conception of life is that of most northern peoples, who regard it as an unceasing struggle. They are perpetually at war with the elements, and are as frequently vanquished as victors. Their powers of endurance are taxed to the utmost, their combative energy continually called into play, their self-reliance developed to its furthest limits. "He who endures, wins everything," is a popular Finnish proverb. And the end of all this silent suffering and self-sacrifice is but the preservation of life and strength to go on toiling, creating, enduring. This is the soil that produced a truly lofty conception of duty, the idea of life as a perpetual warfare, the consciousness of the obligation of living for others. The climate of Finland is destructive of all species of the human butterfly and parasite. "Better die than beg"—"The lazy man dies of cold"—are some of the proverbial sayings that embody this truth. The Finns, like the Old English, take even their pleasures sadly. Their very songs

* Cf. *Russian Journal* (of Moscow), 23rd October, 1888.

tell their unwritten story as plainly as the rustling leaves of the forest proclaimed that of King Midas. In vain one listens for the light, gay ephemeral melodies of the sunny south floating on the balmy breeze,—fit accompaniment to the humming of bees, the warbling of birds, and the lulling rustle of silken leaves. The national musical instrument—the *kántela*—is too heavy to accompany such gay trifles. The origin of this instrument is described in an ancient song as follows :—

“Hollow falsehood they speak who claim
That of Wäinämöinen’s moulding
Finland’s music—the *kántela*—came ;
That at first from a fish’s spine,
Fast in his hands the jawbones holding,
Laid he its length and line.*

“Sorrow carved it, and carking care
Pressed and pinioned its parts together,
Anguish sharp did its belly pare,
Dreary pain on its back was spread,
Strings that span it ill-fortunes tether,
And trouble hath shaped its head.

“Therefore never it can resound,
Vibrate never with notes of gladness,
Never with thrills of ecstasy bound ;
Cheer no soul with its soul’s escape,
For sorrow hath made it and chorded sadness
Sits in its tuneful shape.†”

Face to face with sad, silent Nature,
man grows silent and gloomy in turn and
loses, if he ever possessed, the sense that
would enable him to enjoy gay trifles,

* According to another tradition the hero Wäinämöinen made the *kántela* out of the heart of a solitary birch that was deploring its sad lot ; the pegs of gold and silver fell from the bill of a cuckoo ; for chords he took the tresses of a beautiful maiden who was waiting for her lover. When he sounded the chords the music was so melodious that all the living creatures of the earth, air, and water, and the very spirits of those elements came to listen ; and it drew tears from every one of them, and first of all from Wäinämöinen himself.

† The Finns are one of the few non-Aryan races whose language is soft and melodious, whose idioms are choice and picturesque, whose poetry is as true to nature as that of Homer or Pindar. Under conditions seemingly very adverse to the production of epic poetry, the Finns have given the world a collection of remarkable epic songs which will stand the test of time as successfully as they have passed through the more trying ordeal of translation. Many of the verses of these songs are medallions marvellously fashioned by that intensity and sincerity of feeling which is essential to the highest kinds of poetry. They frequently condense the history of an epoch into a single line.

pomp and show. Languid music, the blaze of wax tapers, and the smoke of fragrant incense had no hold on the Finn, appealed to no sense within him. His religion is therefore severe, solemn, gloomy and mysterious like the nature around him ; and is admirably symbolized in the vast, cold, sombre pile reared aloft in the Middle Ages when Finland was yet Catholic, and which still stands as the Cathedral Church of Abo.

But if not poetical the religion of the Finns is at least natural. It admirably harmonizes with their character and instincts, and is one of the main influences that mould their lives. And yet there is no trace of fanaticism in their composition. The Finns tolerate Roman Catholicism, Orthodoxy, Presbyterianism and Buddhism, if the members of these churches care to come and settle in the country. Thus the Salvation Army has been welcomed with open arms, and a Hallelujah lass offers you a copy of the *War Cry* openly on the streets of Helsingfors or Wyborg, a couple of hours’ journey from St. Petersburg, where she would be thrust into prison and ignominiously expelled from the country. Toleration is, however, not enough for the holy Orthodox Church, which, like Pope Leo XII., holds that toleration is mere cruelty to those in whose favor it is exercised. “What !” exclaims the Chauvinist press of St. Petersburg and Moscow, “the holy religion of which his sacred Majesty is at once a member and the head is only tolerated in beggarly Finland ! Here surely there must be something radically wrong !” As a matter of fact, the Orthodox confession is much better treated in Finland than any other, and is in many respects better cared for than in Russia itself. In the eastern provinces of the Grand Duchy, on the borders of Russia, there are a couple of thousand Finns who have for several generations professed the doctrines of the Orthodox Church. These people are compelled by force to remain in that Church, and the Finnish Government has been obliged to threaten them with the severest penalties of the law if they dared to become Lutherans. To save appearances a statute was then enacted forbidding both Lutherans and Greek Catholics to change their respective churches, but the Russian patriots, many of whom, like the late Count D. Tolstoi, are Atheists, are now agitating for a law forbidding only

Greek Catholics to interpret Christianity otherwise than the Tsar, and indirectly encouraging the members of all other churches to embrace Orthodoxy. Then again, the Russian Government only pays a yearly salary to a fraction of the entire number of Orthodox priests in the Empire; while the Government of Protestant Finland is compelled to support the Orthodox clergy in all Finnish towns—"because," explains the official document, "the number of Orthodox parishioners is too small to allow them to pay a clergyman of their own confession." And this, though the Lutheran clergy are left to shift for themselves. The Finnish Government is also compelled to provide at its own expense Orthodox religious instruction for the Greek Catholic boys and girls who frequent Finnish schools, even though there be but one such boy or girl in the parish or district, and the nearest Orthodox *pope* lives 300 miles away. But all this is too little, and the saints of the Orthodox Church refuse to be comforted. Sure of unending bliss in Paradise above, they are curiously impatient for a foretaste of it in Finland here below.

There is no room for doubt that in this case, as in most others, the Orthodox Church is merely a stalking horse from behind which deadly aim is being taken against Finnish liberties. The Roman maxim, *Divide et impera*, has also been frequently applied of late, but with very pitiful results. At first an attempt was made to foment dissensions between the two racial elements of the State—Swedes and Finns, but they both joined hands and declared themselves Finns and fellow citizens competent to govern their country without any assistance from without. The next move which revealed the extraordinary ignorance prevailing in Russia on all matters connected with Finland, was an attempt to stir up class against class: the Russian press shedding crocodile tears over the lamentable economical and political position of the downtrodden Finnish peasant, and broadly hinting that under Russian rule he would live in a land overflowing with milk and honey. These tactics had proved singularly successful in the Baltic Provinces a few years ago, when the untutored Letts enthusiastically hailed the Russians as their benefactors, and were impatient for the reforms which would, it was promised, include an equitable redis-

tribution of land. The "reforms" have come to pass since then, and the Letts are painfully picking up ideas on Russian good faith, and feeling like the ill-advised horse who invited man to espouse his quarrel. But the Finnish peasant is shrewd and practical, and he is very well aware that he has an important share in the government of his country. Moreover, unlike the Russian, he never was a serf, and has consequently no particular quarrel with the rod that was never lifted up against him.* When, therefore, a few weeks ago the semi-official *Novoye Vremya* expressed the hope and belief that after all the Finnish peasantry would be glad to see Finland absorbed in Russia, the whole country resolved to record its solemn protest against any such calumny, and would have done so had the Government not interfered to prevent it.

Russia's grievances against Finland are likewise extremely trivial when not highly ridiculous. Last year, for instance, when negotiating the conversion of a foreign loan, the Finnish Government undertook to pay the stipulated rate of interest regularly, even in time of war, and irrespective of the nationality to which the bondholders belonged. This promise, which may possibly be judged ill-advised, but was certainly honest, raised a perfect storm of abuse in Russia, some organs of the press demanding the immediate incorporation of Finland in the Empire, and others angrily maintaining that it was a crime little less heinous than high treason to allow Finnish finances to be in a more flourishing condition than those of the Orthodox subjects of the Tsar. Another time the slumbering indignation of the patriotic Slav is aroused by the thought that the Finn still prints the date on his railway

* The following paragraph taken from the *Novoye Vremya*, is sufficiently characteristic of the terms of equality existing between all classes of the Finnish population—"The Finns are a coarse, stubborn people, who cannot brook superiors. In the army, for instance, the lopsided recruit marches off to his regiment in his huge boots reaching up to his knees, with his scarf wound in endless coils round his neck; and when he gets there deems it his bounden duty to stretch out his long muscular paw to the officer who receives him, and is seriously offended if the latter, happening to have been trained up in the Russian military traditions, refuses to shake the proffered hand."—*Novoye Vremya*, 2nd March, 1890.

tickets according to the new style, and stubbornly refuses to give up the Gregorian Calendar and loiter behind the age as Russia does.

I have stated that Russian ignorance of Finnish affairs is incredible. The following is a case in point. The *Novoye Vremya*, the semi-official organ of the Russian Government, which is believed to influence even imperial majesty itself at times, lately published a most indignant article on the crying injustice perpetrated for the last eighty-nine years by Finnish laws which still impose enormously high duties on Russian vessels touching at Finnish ports, while Russia makes no distinction whatever between Russian and Finnish vessels. This assertion, which might easily have been verified, was indignantly commented upon by the entire Russian press; and yet it was false—so false, indeed, that it had not even the proverbial grain of truth to leaven it. What is still more curious, however, is the circumstance that some months previously a Russian specialist “conscientiously” prepared and read a learned paper before the powerful “Society for the Promotion of Russian Navigation,” on the same theme, in which he deliberately stated that Russian vessels touching at Finnish ports were compelled to pay dues *several hundred per cent.* higher than Finnish vessels. And yet it is notorious—in Finland at least—that since the 2nd of May, 1816, all Russian vessels that enter Finnish ports enjoy exactly the same rights and privileges as Finnish vessels.* And yet the *Novoye Vremya* has never retracted its misleading statement. It must be admitted that the Finns on their side show an almost equal degree of ignorance, if not precisely of Russian affairs, at least of the Russian character. They feel that they have right on their side, and are confident that right triumphs in Russia as in Finland. Hence the calmness, the objectivity, with which they discuss the question of their national existence, the striking absence of that rancor and vindictiveness which, in conversation about Russia, is common to the Pole, the Baltic, German, and even the Orthodox Little Russian. They never hint at shouldering the musket and dying in the last ditch. The Tsar has no more loyal subjects than the Finns, and he has more than

once acknowledged this. True, they do not pretend to regard him as an individual of a superhuman race, to please whom they are prepared to change their religion, perjure their souls, and sell their own fathers. I have frequently conversed with Finnish peasants, merchants, seamen, representatives, journalists, and nobles, and from none of them have I ever heard a disloyal word. “We have reason to be deeply grateful to Russia,” one of them remarked, “and we are grateful. We might be as happy under her wing in the future as we have been in the recent past. All we need is the continuation of peace and liberty, which have inflicted no injury on Russia and have conferred inestimable benefits upon us.”

And thus Finland, in the person of its prominent citizens, men like Senator Mechelin, Professor Donner, Dr. Lille, are putting forth all their erudition and their logic, and triumphing over the Pan-Russian party all along the line, little dreaming that they are but rehearsing the part of the lamb in the fable, who likewise triumphed over the wolf—in argument. The truth is that Finland has been fed like one of the victims of the Mexican god Tezcutlipoca, and the time is drawing near for the consummation of the sacrifice. All true friends of Russia will regret that it is taking place by order of the Emperor, who eight years before, took God to witness that he would treat the Finns as a free nation, and govern them in conformity with their constitution, and whose sweet insinuating voice is still audible, inviting the Bulgarians to imitate the Finns, and trust themselves and their country to the disinterested love of Russia and the honor bright of her Tsar.

In this country there are hundreds of politicians—mostly Liberals—whose unreasoning optimism may still prompt them to ask what real harm would accrue to Finland if it were transformed into a Russian province. This is not the place to answer that question, but the reply has frequently been given by liberal-minded Russians, who unanimously condemn the present policy of their Government in Finland. Those who are even superficially acquainted with the present economical state of Russia will readily understand all that is implied in the words, “incorporated in the Empire.” For those who are not, the following brief summing up, taken from a

* Cf. *Novosti*, 26th February, 1890.

recent number of one of the best-informed and most patriotic organs of St. Petersburg, may possibly prove helpful :—

"The most respected students of Russian life bear witness to the fact that so far from the people becoming, as in West European countries, better fed, better housed, better instructed, and more civilized year by year, it is painfully evident that the unmistakable process of decomposition has set in among the Russian peasantry, the drying up of the material and moral sap, the process of demoralization. . . . Neither in Europe nor in any civilized country of the whole world is there a people to be found poorer than the Russian people, more grossly ignorant than the Russian people, who dwell in more primitive dwellings than the Russian people, or who till the ground with more primitive implements. Even such pagan countries as China and Japan, with their well-informed inhabitants and high standard of agriculture, have far outstripped our Russian people. . . . Our peasant, with his plough and wooden harrow, that seem to have been handed down from the Age of Bronze, and with his benighted ignorance and carelessness, loses three-fourths of the possible harvest. . . . Among the peasants epidemic diseases are continually raging to such an extent that competent medical authorities declare that they carry off as many lives yearly as if cholera were perpetually in our midst. The terrific mortality among children is accounted for by the custom of giving infants sour black bread wrapped up in a rag to suck—a barbarity not practised even by the non-Russian tribes on the Volga. The astounding lack of elementary civilization among the people manifests itself in the frightful spread of drunkenness and syphilis. It is notorious that these two scourges were the main causes of the degeneration of Australian and other savages. In Russia among our own people, painful though it be to make the admission,

something extremely suggestive of this process is now taking place. We will say nothing of drunkenness, in which, to use an expression of Dostoeffsky's, our people 'is rotting away.' Things much more horrible still may be in store for our people from syphilis. Spread throughout the length and breadth of Russia, it has in many places infected the whole population. Dr. Maslovsky, for instance, writes from the Government of Tamboff :—'In some places every man, woman, and child, or nearly every one, is infected, and it is impossible to prevent this spread of syphilis by any conceivable measures.' How can you cure a disease so catching when all the members of the peasant family eat out of one platter, sleep in one bed, and when the same coat and the same felt boots pass from one member of the family to another? The zemsky doctors of the Government of Kursk, at the Fourth Medical Congress, resolved that—'recognizing the fruitlessness of the efforts made to stay the spread of syphilis, the Governmental zemstvo be requested to release all zemsky doctors from the obligation of making any.' . . . From the effects of drunkenness, insufficient nourishment, heavy work out of all proportion to their strength, and disease, even the physical type of the Russian peasant is obviously degenerating. More than ten years ago Professor Janson, in his *Comparative Statistics*, called attention to the lamentable fact that the Great Russian race was degenerating, even if compared with the non-Russian tribes of the Empire. And thus the erstwhile powerful, gifted branch of Slavonic colonizers, the founders of a mighty empire, are degenerating into a weak effete race of beings, devoid even of the capacity for progress."

And this is the race with which the Tsar declares it desirable that Finland should be joined in closer union.—*Fortnightly Review*.

KOCH'S TREATMENT OF TUBERCULOSIS.

BY SIR MORELL MACKENZIE.

Now that the smoke of the tremendous salvo of journalistic artillery with which the announcement of Professor Koch's discovery was received is clearing away, it is becoming possible, in the words of Matthew Arnold, to "see things as they really are," and to form some kind of forecast as to the issue of this latest phase in the war of medical science against disease. Notwithstanding the carefully guarded terms in which Dr. Koch himself spoke of the results of his investigations, it was inevitable that exaggerated hopes should have been excited in the minds of persons untrained in the judicial weighing of scientific evi-

dence, and only too willing, for their own sake or that of others dear to them, to be convinced that an effectual remedy had at last been found for consumption. And, indeed, the enthusiasm of the medical profession itself, especially in Germany, seemed to justify this belief. Never, so far as I know, has anything like it been seen in the history of medicine; in this, as in other fields of human activity, discoverers and inventors have generally been the victims of ridicule and neglect, when they have not been taken out and stoned.

* *Nedelya* (The Week), 9th November, 1890.

In the present instance, however, we have the extraordinary spectacle of whole colleges of learned pundits,

"so prudent held and wise
And wary, that they scarce received
As gospel what the Church believed,"

not merely accepting the Berlin professor's own words, but building fabrics upon them which the foundation by no means justified. This may seem strange to those who do not know that there are medical as well as theological superstitions. It is especially in the province of treatment that "weak hinged fancy" is apt to manifest itself. A few days seldom pass without an infallible remedy for something or other being discovered, and the praises of the new *catholicon* are sung in the medical papers by all the superior young men to whom a new name is the Shibboleth of scientific progress. After a time a "dying fall" becomes perceptible in the chorus; discordant notes make themselves heard, and, before long, the ex-panacea has none so poor to do it reverence.

When Dr. Koch's discovery was welcomed with such exaggerated enthusiasm it was evident to many practitioners who, like myself, had lost their therapeutical illusions, that disenchantment would speedily follow. The pendulum has begun to swing to a corresponding length in the opposite direction, and Dr. Koch may be temporarily deposed from the pedestal which he has lately occupied. After a time, however, public opinion will recover its equilibrium, and the world, in St. Augustine's famous phrase, will judge the whole question with certainty. When the details of the method have been perfected by experience, and when the capabilities and limitations of the remedy and the conditions of its use are accurately known, it will no doubt take its place among the most effective instruments at our disposal for the suppression of disease. It is safe to predict, however, that even when it is accepted by the majority of civilized men as a remedy of sovereign virtue, there will still be not a few fanatics who will see in it nothing but a "leprous distilment" which corrupts the blood and breeds disease instead of curing it.

In justice to Dr. Koch, it should be pointed out that he is in no way responsible either for the unfounded expectations to which his discovery has given rise, or for the sensational manner in which it was

revealed to the world. All who knew him agree in describing him as a man of the strictest intellectual honesty, who is careful to avoid rash deductions and hasty generalizations to a degree that is very rare even among scientific inquirers. Instead of rushing off to the nearest medical society, to deliver himself of every half-formed embryo of a new idea, as is the fashion nowadays, Koch would apply the Horatian precept to scientific, as well as to literary, work. In the present instance, he has done so almost literally, for it is more than eight years since he began to seek for a means of checking the ravages of the tubercle bacilli, and there is no doubt that he would have held his peace till his researches were completed, had he been allowed to do so. It is no secret that he was driven into premature publicity by pressure from his official superiors; but I hear from a friend who has just returned from Berlin that he has vowed that nothing shall induce him to say anything more till he has put the last touches to his work, be that a few weeks, or a few months, or many years hence. The irresponsible eloquence of "Our Own Correspondent" (who in medical matters too often rushes in where angels fear to tread) helped largely to bewilder the public mind; the consequence is that much bitter disappointment has been caused, and many victims of consumption have had their sufferings needlessly aggravated by a fruitless journey in the depth of winter to one of the worst climates in the world. Nor is the medical profession altogether blameless in the matter. The remedy has more than once been tried in utterly unsuitable cases—whether from misguided enthusiasm or scientific curiosity, I do not presume to say—and already some "calamities of surgery," to use an euphemism of Sir James Paget's, have occurred, and the lymph has killed the patient, as well as the bacillus which preyed on him. What is still worse, there seems to have been an inclination to hush up these untoward effects of the new treatment.

But the discovery has not everywhere met with an enthusiastic reception—in some places not even with common fairness; because Koch thought it advisable to withhold for a time the details of his process, a few cynical pedants have endeavored to place the remedy on the same level as Cockle's pills or Holloway's oint-

ment. In France, indeed, there appears to be a tendency in some quarters to look at the whole question from a national, rather than a scientific point of view, and there is a disposition to treat Koch's elixir as if it were a German spy. From a consideration of these various circumstances, it is to be feared that the reaction which has already set in may possibly prevent mankind from reaping the full benefit of Professor Koch's labors for a long time to come. The only way to prevent so serious a misfortune is to educate public opinion on the subject. For this purpose, I have thought it might be useful to endeavor to put the matter in its true light, by stating in plain language the nature of the problem which Dr. Koch set himself to solve, and showing how far he has succeeded. This will, at any rate, give readers the materials for forming a correct judgment in the matter, and will help to dispel the misleading halo of the miraculous with which popular enthusiasm has surrounded the question.

It is unfortunate that the new treatment should generally be spoken of in this country as the "Consumption Cure," for that is just what it is not. The beneficial effects of the remedy have, so far at any rate, been much less marked in consumption than in other forms of tuberculous affection; and, indeed, it is difficult to conceive that it could display its full activity in a lung riddled with abscesses, without destroying the patient as well as the disease. Before attempting to estimate the potency of the new remedy, however, it is necessary to have a clear notion of the evil which it is intended to combat. For this purpose, some explanation of the origin, nature, and effects of *tubercle* will be required, and I will endeavor to present the principal results of modern research on this subject without perplexing the reader with needless technical details.

Consumption is one of a group of diseases which, differing widely from each other in their outward and visible signs, have this one point in common, that they are all of tuberculous origin. Tubercle is a peculiar formation, different from anything that is found in the body in a condition of health. It is in fact a new growth which first becomes visible to the naked eye as a tiny nodule, gray in color, and of a cartilaginous hardness. This slowly increases in size, but in the very act of

doing so undergoes a curious degeneration into a yellow cheese-like material. In course of time the natural structure of the part attacked may be actually transformed into a large mass of this substance. The further life-history of the individual tubercle varies according to the nature of the tissue on which it has quartered itself, and other circumstances. It may solidify into a hard, dry, sometimes even chalky, mass, or it may disintegrate, melting away into a thick, curdy fluid, and leaving a chronic abscess where there was a tumor. The last-mentioned process is the ordinary course of tubercle in the lungs. There is first the *deposit*, as it is often called—more strictly the first sprouting of new growth—in the lung, usually at the upper part of the organ. This increases in size till a solid accumulation of greater or less size is formed; this is the stage of *consolidation*. Finally, the tuberculous mass breaks down, and a *cavity* is formed. The internal surface of this cavity is an active ulcer, by which the lung is still further excavated, the destruction of tissue that is going on being fairly represented by the amount of purulent material expectorated. Any blood-vessels that happen to be in the way are laid open, as a leaden pipe is nibbled by rats; hence the blood-spitting, which is so alarming a feature of the disease.

This may be called the typical course of tuberculous disease. It would be impossible within the limits of a magazine article to give anything like a detailed description of the ravages wrought by tubercle in the different organs and tissues which it may attack. In some cases it is less actively destructive and less rapid in its course than in others, and, of course, the symptoms vary greatly, according to the part affected. So much is this the case, that it was long before many diseases of undoubtedly tuberculous nature were recognized as having anything in common. It is only within the last few years that the inflammations of joints, so painfully familiar in children's hospitals, have been traced to their true source, and it is only the other day that lupus (which gnaws the parts it fixes on like a *wolver*) was identified as "consumption" of the integument. Many of the manifestations of that constitutional taint, designated by the vague term *scrofula*, are now known to be really tuberculous, and, indeed, probably the

best definition of scrofula that could be given would be that it is a condition of the tissues which makes them fall an easy prey to tubercle if they are exposed to its attack. But although the pathological features of all these maladies are identical, some of them do not appear absolutely the same in their nature, lupus of the larynx being a disease which differs from throat consumption both in its appearance and in the course it runs.

To Koch belongs the credit of having solved the mystery in which the origin of tubercle was involved. In 1882 he proved that it is caused by the action of a microscopic organism, the *bacillus tuberculosis*, whose name is at present in all men's mouths. This tiny parasite, which measures about one ten-thousandth of an inch in length, is in shape like a little rod; it burrows in the tissues like a mole, throwing up its mound of "gray granulations" wherever it is at work. When it finds food to its liking it multiplies with great rapidity. Fortunately for the human race, however, it can only flourish in a suitable soil; in a perfectly healthy body it finds itself in the position of Polonius at supper, "not where he eats, but where he is eaten." For among the living elements of the body there are cells called "phagocytes," which play the part of sentinels; these arrest suspicious germs and "mak' sicker" that they shall give no further trouble by devouring them.

Koch showed conclusively, with regard to the *bacillus tuberculosis*, (1) that it is present in every case of tuberculous disease, and can always be found if looked for in the proper way and with sufficient perseverance; (2) that it is never found except in association with such disease; and (3) that if cultivated outside the body and grown pure, that is to say, free from admixture with other organisms, it invariably engenders the disease in any animal (not by nature insusceptible of tuberculous infection) into whose blood it is, so to speak, sown. The proof that the bacillus in question is the actual exciting cause of tubercle must therefore be held to be complete, and it is now accepted as such by nearly all scientific men.

The cause of the disease having been ascertained, it was natural to expect that the discovery of a remedy would follow as a matter of course. Modern chemistry has placed at our disposal a number of

substances which have undoubtedly the power of killing germs, and the only difficulty seemed to be how to bring the bane within reach of the antidote. All manner of antiseptic agents, warranted to "smash, shatter, and pulverize" the most ferocious microbes, were tried in vain; like Toinette, in the "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*," they ought, according to all the rules of art, to have been killed, but they persisted in refusing to acknowledge themselves beaten. The reason of the failure of these attempts to discover a remedy for tuberculosis was, as Koch pointed out,* that the problem was attacked from the wrong end. The experiments were made from the outset on man, whereas they should first have been made on the bacillus, by seeking for something that would check its growth outside the body. This is what Koch did, and, as he tells us, he found that a large number of substances, such as various ethereal oils, and compounds of cyanogen and gold, arrest the growth of tubercle bacilli. But it is not enough to be able to kill or scotch the parasite in a test-tube; the living body is the real field of battle, and accordingly Koch followed up his success against what we may call the abstract bacillus by attacking it in the concrete, that is, in tuberculous animals. Here, however, the substances referred to seemed to have altogether lost their power. At last his perseverance was rewarded by the discovery of an agent by means of which the growth of the bacilli within the body could be prevented. So potent is this remedy, that, to quote Koch's own words, "guinea-pigs which, as is well known, are extraordinarily susceptible to tuberculosis, if exposed to the influence of this substance, cease to react to the inoculation of tuberculous virus, and in guinea-pigs suffering from general tuberculosis even to a high degree, the morbid process can be brought completely to a standstill without the body being in any way injuriously affected."†

The next step was to try the effect of this powerful substance on man; and I, for one, think it is a pity that Dr. Koch was not allowed to carry his experiments on the human subject to the same degree of completeness as those on guinea-pigs

* Address on "Bacteriological Research," delivered at the International Medical Congress held at Berlin last August.

† *Loc. cit.*

before the results were made public. We should then, in all probability, have had a carefully tested and perfected method of dealing with tuberculosis placed at our disposal, and much of the disappointment that is beginning to find expression on all sides would have been avoided. At present, nearly everything connected with the new treatment is more or less uncertain and tentative, and there is reason to fear that a good many lives will be sacrificed on the altar of clinical experiment before the limits of its usefulness are definitely established.

Before discussing the results of the treatment, as they have so far been observed by various medical practitioners who have tried it, it will be well to consider carefully Koch's own statements as to the effects of his remedy on human beings. He says* that while the injection of an average dose (1 centigramme) of the fluid under the skin of a healthy person produces no particular effect, in a patient suffering from any form of tuberculosis it causes fever of greater or less intensity, with the usual accompaniments of such systematic disturbances. In addition to this, the remedy has a specific action on tuberculous processes of every kind, which shows itself in the form of what is practically an attack of acute inflammation of the affected parts. This effect is most marked in lupus, where the whole process is visible to the naked eye, and is also distinctly seen in diseased glands, bones, and joints, but is less obvious in the internal organs, especially the lungs. In the last-mentioned cases the general reaction predominates, but "we are justified in assuming that here, too, changes take place similar to those seen in lupus cases."† The fluid is, therefore, according to Koch, in the first place "an indispensable aid to diagnosis." To put his teaching into the form of an aphorism, No reaction, no tubercle. With regard to the remedial effect of the fluid, he says that it does *not* destroy the bacilli, but only the tissue in which they are embedded. In some parts the diseased tissue "becomes necrotic," and is "thrown off as a dead mass"; in other parts it seems to "melt away." But it must be clearly understood that in these masses of dead tissue living bacilli

may remain, and "may possibly enter the neighboring still living tissue." This, especially when taken in conjunction with the fact that it is, as a rule, only when the disease is situated on the surface of the body that the dead mass can be "thrown off" without the aid of surgery, in itself constitutes a very serious limitation of the curative power of the new remedy.

The results of the treatment in Koch's own hands—or, to speak more accurately, under his eye—were as follows:—In two cases of lupus of the face the spots became completely cicatrized after three or four injections; other cases improved in proportion to the duration of the treatment. In cases of tuberculosis of glands, bones, and joints, there was "speedy cure in recent and slight cases, slow improvement in severe cases." With regard to pulmonary consumption, patients in the first stage were "all free from every symptom of disease, and might be pronounced cured," within a period of from four to six weeks. Other cases of greater severity "were almost cured"; in the last stage of phthisis no real improvement took place. Dr. Koch concludes by saying that incipient phthisis can be certainly cured by his remedy, though even here he is careful not to guarantee that the cure will be lasting. Moreover, he does not seem inclined to trust exclusively to the new treatment, even in the early stages of consumption, for he attaches considerable importance to such "adjuvants," to use a medical term, as mountain climate, fresh air, diet, nursing, etc.

I have thought it right to set forth Koch's views as far as possible in his own words, for he is a man who well weighs every syllable before he utters it, and is not likely to be carried away by enthusiasm into making any statement which he is not prepared to substantiate. It will be noticed that though he speaks with a good deal of reserve as to the effect of the remedy in bad cases, and as to the permanence of the result in all, he yet uses the word "cure" with regard to several conditions in which other methods of treatment have up to the present been but indifferently successful. On the whole, coming from so cautious a man, his statements must be pronounced to be highly encouraging, and it is not to be wondered at if to the public they seemed to herald the dawn of a new era in medicine.

* *Deutsche med. Wochenschrift*, November 14.

† *Ibid.*

The treatment has now been tried by many of the leading physicians and surgeons of Germany, and by several well-known practitioners in England, France, Italy, and Spain. Koch's description of the immediate effects of the injections has been confirmed by every one who has witnessed them. It is of course far too soon yet for a final judgment to be pronounced as to the curative value of the new remedy, but materials are accumulating day by day, and with respect to some elements of the question, professional opinion has already taken definite shape. There can be no shadow of doubt that in Koch's fluid we have an agent of tremendous power. Only those who have seen the effect of the injection of a minute quantity of it can have any conception of the physiological earthquake which it causes. It seems to run through the system, searching out every nook and corner for tubercle, which it drags from its hiding-place into the light of day. A young physician-assistant to Professor Ewald, of Berlin, who supposed himself to be quite healthy, injected some of the fluid into his own body, out of scientific curiosity; the tell-tale reaction followed, and on examination he was found to have slight, but unmistakable, disease of one lung. The fluid has a true elective affinity for tubercle; neither on cancer nor any other disease has it any effect at all. Dr. Koch informed Sir Joseph Lister that the undiluted fluid probably contains only about a thousandth part of the really active ingredient. If, therefore, one milligramme of the fluid is injected—and this is the dose which is not unfrequently given to begin with—only one millionth of a gramme of the active principle enters the system. From the effects of this inconceivably minute quantity some idea may be formed of the almost "uncanny" energy which the substance would display if let loose, so to speak, in the fullness of its untamed strength. The statement attributed to M. Pasteur that no venom from a snake, if administered in such small doses, could produce such effects, is no exaggeration.

The power of the new remedy for evil, if rashly used, is, therefore, undeniable; and from what I have already seen of its effects, when given in properly regulated doses, I am disposed to think that its potency for good, within certain limits, is not less conclusively proved. It is prem-

ature, however, to speak of *cure*, even in cases of lupus, which, by universal consent, is the affliction in which the beneficial effect of the remedy has been most clearly displayed.

In lupus of the larynx, I have already seen marked benefit result from two or three injections, and in laryngeal tuberculosis ("consumption of the throat"), the improvement has also been pronounced, but the enemy is still within the gates. In pulmonary phthisis, again, there has been alleviation of symptoms, such as cough, expectoration, night sweats, and so forth, but it is impossible to speak yet of positive cures. It is necessary to repeat that Koch's own statement as to the curability of consumption amounts only to this, that it can be cured "in the beginning." This, however, is nothing more than rational medical treatment and hygiene are able in most cases to effect if the disease be not too far advanced. Indeed, unassisted Nature often does it by herself, as is often proved years afterward by the unimpeachable evidence of the post-mortem room. In many of the reports with which the medical journals are at present inundated, it is stated that the patients express themselves as "feeling better." This I do not attach much importance to, as most patients feel better when their hopes are excited by the prospect of cure, and consumptive persons are notoriously sanguine as to the results of treatment of any kind.

Of the dangers of the treatment it is unnecessary to say much. The fatalities which have occurred have sometimes been due to the fact that patients in the last stage of consumption have, with the proverbial tenacity to life of dying men, urgently requested to be injected, and in this way those who might have lived a few weeks have died in a few days. In one case reported from Innsbruck, a young woman only slightly affected with phthisis is said to have rapidly succumbed to a small dose of the fluid. In dealing with so potent a remedy, especially in the early stage of its employment, such results must be occasionally met with, and even at a later period may be expected as the result of idiosyncrasy. Such a remedy should always be used with the utmost circumspection, and only when the conditions offer a distinct prospect of improvement. When the patient is in the last stage of consumption, when he is worn out by his long

suffering, when there is organic mischief of the heart or kidneys, or when the tuberculous disease is in a closed cavity (like the skull, for instance), I agree with Professor Senator that Koch's treatment should on no account be used.

To sum up : I believe that Koch's fluid is an agent of the highest possible value for the *detection* of tubercle, a remedy of great potency for certain of the slighter manifestations of tuberculosis, a palliative for some of the distressing symptoms of the severer forms of the disease, and a deadly poison in advanced or unsuitable cases. Probably when more is known as to its mode of action it will be possible to do more good by its means, with less risk of harm, than is the case at present. A wider sphere of usefulness will no doubt be opened up to it when practitioners have learned how to combine other methods of treatment with it to the best advantage. A few months ago, Professor Tillmanns, of Leipzig, performed the unique surgical feat of removing a lung which had become hopelessly diseased. The patient recovered, not only from the operation, but from the disease, and in a few months had lost the appearance of an invalid to such an extent that Dr. Tillmanns failed to recognize him when he called. This case seems to me to open up great possibilities for the combination of Koch's treatment with surgery, but speculation on this tempting subject would take us too far afield.

One obvious defect in the treatment is that, whether or not it cures the disease actually present at a given time, it leaves the patient just as susceptible to tuberculosis as he was before. Hence there are endless possibilities of relapse either from the bacilli which are left behind, like the eagle renewing their youth, or by fresh infection taking place from without. The patient may therefore have to spend his life in almost constant subjection to treatment. It must be remembered that in the case of Pasteur's wonderful discovery, by which he renders cattle and sheep insusceptible to malignant pustule, the immunity only lasts for about a year. This period is amply sufficient for fattening animals, but would be of little use in the case of human beings : it is impossible to say what the effects on the system might be if the poison had to be administered every year.

Possibilities of the utmost benefit to hu-

manity are, however, in view, for after a time we may not only be able to cure consumption, but to prevent it in the way vaccination protects against small-pox. Dr. Koch has succeeded in making guinea-pigs invulnerable to tubercle, and this happy result may yet be attained by him in the case of man. MM. Charles Richet and J. Hericourt, who have lately been working at the subject in France, claim to have solved the problem so far as rabbits are concerned, and perhaps they also will be able to confer the same immunity on the human subject. There is a grand race going on between the French and German savants, but, comparing records, Koch is undoubtedly first favorite.

I have said nothing as to the probable nature of the remedy, and, in accordance with the advice of the wise man who observed that "you should never prophesy unless you know," it might be well to leave the matter alone. But from what has been ascertained of the effect on bacilli of the chemical substances which they themselves produce, I think it likely that Koch's fluid contains one or more of those poisons. Dr. Koch will no doubt reveal his secret when he is satisfied that the proper time has come for doing so ; and that will no doubt be when the arrangements for producing it of uniform strength and perfectly pure quality are completed.

I cannot bring these remarks to a close without a feeling of sadness, almost of shame—that of the many important discoveries which have been made in the domain of medical science in recent years, so few are associated with the names of Englishmen. This country, which once stood in the forefront of scientific medicine, is now slowly following in the wake of both France and Germany. This is due in part to the opposition which well-meaning but mistaken persons have offered to biological research in England, but still more to the apathy and indifference to anything but their own material interests which have characterized the policy of our two leading medical corporations for many years back. The College of Surgeons, which is by far the richest body of the kind in the world, does hardly anything to encourage scientific investigation, but divides the bulk of its large revenues among the members of its governing body and their satellites. A representative form of government for this institution would at once put

an end to the misapplication of funds, and would insure a considerable portion of its income being spent in promoting original research. English medical science would

in this way be soon restored to the proud position it once occupied.—*Contemporary Review*.

VELASQUEZ AND HIS KING.

BY H. ARTHUR KENNEDY.

THE painting by Velasquez recently added to our national collection is a veritable treasure. It is so fine a specimen of this master's work, that at the time of its completion the painter's king, patron, and friend, Philip the Fourth of Spain, paid it an almost unique compliment.

Don Adrian Pulido Pareja, afterward knight of the Order of Santiago, and so forth, the subject of the portrait, was appointed admiral of the fleet of New Spain in the year 1639. Don Adrian was about to leave Madrid to repair to his station, was going, one may vaguely say, to the Spanish Main, when it occurred to Philip, the artistic king *par excellence*, that if by any of the mischances of warfare Don Adrian should chance to be—expended, it were well that the picturesque aspect of the man should be put on record. And so, on the very eve of his departure, the fulminant admiral was commanded to repair to that apartment in the royal palace that Velasquez used as a painting-room. There he stood, as we see him in the picture, the painter portraying him with rapid and infallible brush, the king using his pass-key to the studio and coming in frequently to watch the progress of the work. It will help us to realize the scene if, before sitting down to study the admiral, we wander into the room where the king's own portraits by Velasquez are hung, and take in the impression of that strange, pale, bright-lipped face with the fixed eye of leaden surface. A weird story was current in Philip's lifetime about that immovable gaze of his. He was born on a Good Friday, and, it is related, acquired through that fact a measure of second-sight. Whenever in his dominions a murder was enacted, the apparition of the victim's corpse appeared lying in silent appeal at the king's feet, and, deeds of violence being of frequent occurrence under his feeble rule, the artist king made a practice of fixing his eyes, that they should not stray where they might encounter such sights.

The admiral stands before us a stately and dominant figure, obviously a man to be obeyed; he is planted on his feet firmly yet very lightly. James Howells, writing home from the court of Philip the Fourth, and describing the typical Spaniard, says, "He walks as if he marched," and we see in this and other portraits of Velasquez the aptness of the phrase.

The painter, wielding deftly his long-handled brushes, seemed, it is likely, to Don Adrian well enough in his subordinate way. The distrustful scowl that Velasquez has fixed upon his features was probably occasioned by the king.

For the blonde, white-handed, artistic monarch of Austrian descent, who only discerned in the unfrequent victories of his armies subjects for the pencil of Velasquez, was an object of bitterest scorn to many of those whom he essayed to rule. And such swarthy dons as this admiral used to mutter as he passed them, "God send us soon a king of our own color!"

The portrait being finished and the admiral having left Madrid, Velasquez dismounted his painting from the easel, and placed it on the floor in a corner of his room. Philip coming into the studio shortly after addressed himself to the picture as to its original, and roundly rebuked Don Adrian for lingering in the capital when he should have been on his way to his ship. The compliment was doubtless intentional, and not the result of a mistake. Philip no more expected a reply from the portrait than Michael Angelo expected Donatello's Saint George to stir when he exclaimed "Cammina!" Yet it was at the time considered a mark of extraordinary esteem in a monarch of Philip's phenomenal imperturbability. Of Philip, be it remembered, it was asserted with a gravity that rivalled his own, that during a life of sixty years he smiled precisely three times. He was twice married, and, in sheer humanity, for even a Spanish artist king is human, he could not have given his

brides less than a smile apiece. Perhaps the third smile was smiled for Velasquez ; it may have accompanied the complimentary assurance that he had mistaken the admiral's portrait for the admiral's self.

A Spanish biographical notice of Admiral Pareja tells us that he lived and retained his command to a good old age. It details the successive honors that Philip bestowed on him, but leaves us to glean elsewhere records of how the Cromwellian admiral's, Blake and Montague, battered and burned his ships of war, and diverted rich cargoes of silver from his protection to the uses of the English Commonwealth.

In the year 1623 a formal seal was, as it were, set on two of the world's greatest reputations. Hemings and Condell gave to the reading world their great folio of Shakespeare's plays, and Velasquez, at the age of twenty-four, was appointed painter in ordinary to King Philip, then eighteen years old.

Until then, except for the rapid maturing of his powers in art, the career of Velasquez had been singularly uneventful. The drawings he made as a boy were of so striking a nature that his parents foresaw his career, and he began early to study painting. Once he changed his master, but this, as his biographers say, mattered the less seeing that his master was Nature. His second instructor became his warm admirer, his lifelong friend, and his father-in-law. In 1622, soon after his marriage, Velasquez visited Madrid, and there painted a portrait. The king he could not gain access to. Philip, having but recently ascended the throne, was still occupied in trying to reign.

Next year Velasquez came again to Madrid, and again painted a portrait. This, on the very evening of its completion, was by the instrumentality of Olivares, the prime minister, submitted to the king, and from that night the career of Velasquez was assured.

Philip, with the prevision of genius, had discerned that his own part in life was to be the model of Velasquez. He set the painter at once to work on a great equestrian picture of himself, and promised him that no other should ever limn his royal features. This promise he kept—almost : a tiffle of five portraits by Rubens, about as many by various hands—what were they in the career of a monarch who was *always* having his portrait paint-

ed ? It has been remarked of Philip that it was greatly to be desired that he should have kept his marriage vow with anything approaching the approximate adherence that he gave to his promise to Velasquez.

If it may be said of Velasquez that he was the greatest of portrait painters, equally may it be asserted of Philip that he was the greatest of sitters for portraits. That sphinx-like imperturbability, that pale enigmatical personality of his, of which we can hardly tell whether it fascinates or repels us most, were accompanied with a motionlessness of demeanor that facilitated the labors of the pencil. The outward Philip resembled rather the portrait of a king than a king. At the Council table he would sit for hours, his eyes fixed, and moving no feature except those "veinil-tinctured lips" of his. He would sit through entire comedies awake, and yet without the slightest perceptible motion, a royal but depressing ornament to an auditorium.

Of this aspect of him there is a striking instance on record. In the year 1631 Olivares, on the occasion of a royal birthday, designed a singular spectacle to gratify the taste of his artistic monarch. The great square, the scene of many bull-fights, was, for once, to present the similitude of a Roman arena with its combats of strange and savage beasts : lion, tiger, and camel, an animal of every kind procurable. They were collected from the far places of the earth, were starved to fighting point, and, before a vast assemblage of spectators, were turned together into the ring. Cruel as the scene would seem to us, to the Spaniard of that day it was comparatively humane, since no human life was risked. It must be borne in mind that the bull-fight of that day was not fought out by professional hirelings. The *jeunesse dorée* were at that time the heroes of the arena, and not unfrequently they met their death there.

The distracted animals fought with desperation, and tore and roared and butted and bled to admiration. It was just being repeated from mouth to mouth that witty Quevedo had described the scene as the contents of Noah's ark mixed with Æsop's fables, when the whole assembly began to thrill with a strong and unanticipated sensation of interest.

One of the combatants is specially distinguishing himself—a bull of Xarama :

a bull with gleaming wicked eye, with a mountain of a neck, clear cut horns and little feet, as nimble as a stag's; the very type and symbol of Spanish sport—a perfect love of a bull. Bravo Toro! He bellows defiance and the tiger springs at him, his claws gripe the mighty shoulders. See! he is shaken off—through and again through his vitals go the gleaming horns, and the tiger is thrown away quivering and clutching. Bravo Toro! Victory and pain intoxicate the bull; he gallops round the arena sparing nothing. He pashes the remnants of life out of the dying, he drives his horns angrily into the forlorn carcasses of the dead. Now he stops, and, breathing heavily, looks on all sides of him, his limbs quivering with excitement and wrath. His once velvet coat is shaggy with sweat and blood; the ivory white of his horns is deeply dyed with crimson. Bravo Toro! Bravo, bravo!

Philip gravely rises, a kingly thought within him. The bull has deserved well. The bull shall be royally rewarded.

Shall he lead a pampered life in royal park and stable, where the artist eye of the king may dwell from time to time on his sublime proportions? Better than that.

Shall he return to the meads of Xarama, exempt forever from the summons to the fatal ring; to lie and chew the sweet meadow grass at his leisure, or plash shoulder deep in the cool river? Better even than that!

Philip speaks a word to a courtier, and a gun is brought to him, the long-barrelled weapon we know so well in the paintings of Velasquez. Philip puts it to his shoulder and shoots, with the accuracy of a Commodus—or a Ravenswood. The bull staggers, falls on his knees, and then rolls over stone dead.

All men saw the deed, and yet, it is related, so impassive was the aspect of the king that, when he had put the gun aside, it became impossible to believe that it was he that had fired the shot.

Besides that of posing eternally for Velasquez, what purpose did this strangest of kings serve in the general scheme of things?

This: there are types of character so dear to the fancy of man that Dame Nature has to gratify her child by realizing them for him, and among these the artist king is one of the most fascinating.

Both before and since Nature has

sketched the type; in Philip she realized it. Ludwig of Bavaria was not an important factor in European politics. King Renée with his handful of high-sounding titular possessions, yet "not so wealthy as an English yeoman," held what he was permitted to hold on sufferance of his powerful neighbors. Had he left the lute and pencil and essayed to govern in earnest, he had not probably reigned so long. But when in 1621 the artist Philip ascended the throne, he was at the head of an all-powerful kingdom, and it was said of him: "Truly to give the Spaniard his due, he is a mighty monarch, he hath dominions in all parts of the world, both in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America (which he hath solely to himself). So the sun shines all the four and twenty hours of the natural day upon some part or other of his countries, for part of the Antipodes are subject to him."

And Philip was artist to his slender white finger tips. He was a highly-skilled draughtsman and painter, occupying his royal pencil chiefly on religious subjects and landscape; once, as we shall see, he laid a brush on a painting by Velasquez.

He was an actor too, taking part in the then popular amusement of playing comedies, of which only the situations were settled beforehand, the performers supplying their own words. He wrote much, and in many kinds; piles of his manuscripts are still stored in the Royal Library of Madrid. His most important literary effort was a tragedy on the subject of Essex, the favorite of our Queen Elizabeth. He loved the society of poets, delighting in the swift exchange of thought with such men as Lope de Vega or the sublime Calderon. Nor were his accomplishments limited to the arts; our own Duke of Newcastle, that great authority on equitation, pronounced him to be the best horseman in Spain. He was also a skilful sportsman: indeed he seems to have done nothing ill except the governing of his kingdom, and that he rather neglected than misguided. Coming to the throne at the age of sixteen, it was natural that he should be in some measure dependent on his prime minister; and, as Philip's preference for art over statecraft increased, the government of the kingdom drifted more and more into the hands of the ambitious Olivares. Olivares had conceived the project of making of Philip's a monumental and historical

reign; and, more than once, he tried to get him generally known by the surname of "the great." But, as battles were lost and provinces came to be alienated, the title was referred to only in an ironical sense. Philip the Great, it was remarked, was like a ditch a-digging, the more you took from him the greater he became. The intellectual side of Philip made a great impression on Rubens, who observed of him that his kingdom would be much better governed if he would take the trouble to govern it himself.

A deep vein of melancholy ran through the character of Philip, and, when this quality of him was in the ascendant, he was wont to retire to the great chapel in the Escorial where the kings of Spain are buried, and to his own allotted niche in it. There, sitting as still as he would one day lie, he would listen to the solemn music of the Mass.

Among those who frequented the Court of Spain, while Velasquez was still busy over his first portrait of Philip, the English dress and the English accent were here and there conspicuous. England, unconscious of growing influences soon to trouble her own peace, was planning to secure the peace of the whole world by an alliance between her royal house and that of Spain.

One Friday night in March, 1623, at the Earl of Bristol's house in Madrid, a message was brought to his lordship that two gentlemen from London, Mr. Thomas Smith and Mr. John Smith, desired to see him. Coming hastily out the Earl recognized in Mr. Thomas Smith, who stood in the hall with a portmanteau in his hand, King James' favorite "Steenie," then Marquis of Buckingham. When too-curious eyes had been removed from the scene, and Mr. John Smith of London, who had stayed a while in the dark on the other side of the street, entered the house, the astonished Lord Bristol discovered him to be Charles, Prince of Wales. Every corner of Madrid buzzed next day with the news of a great man's being newly arrived from England (some maintained it was King James himself), and the closed coaches that passed to and fro between the palace and Lord Bristol's house raised expectation to the highest.

On Sunday following (writes James Howells to Sir Thomas Savage) the King in the afternoon came abroad to take the air with the Queen, his two brothers, and the *Infanta*, who were all in one coach; but the *Infanta* sat in

the boot with a blue riband about her arm, of purpose that the Prince might distinguish her. . . . And now it was publicly known among the vulgar, that it was the Prince of Wales who was come, and the confluence of people before my Lord of Bristol's house was so great and greedy to see the Prince, that to clear the way Sir Lewis Dives went out and took coach, and all the crowd of people went after him. So the Prince himself a little after took coach; wherein there were the Earl of Bristol, Sir Walter Ashton, and Count Gondamar, and so went to the *Prado*, a place hard by, of purpose to take the air, where they stayed till the King passed by; as soon as the *Infanta* saw the Prince her color rose very high, which we hold to be an impression of love and affection, for the face is oftentimes a true index of the heart.

Howells, the prince of racy letter-writers, gives us a vivid picture of the Spanish Court at that juncture; in which we catch glimpses of Charles, whom the Spaniards declared to be so gallant a wooer that he deserved to have the *Infanta* thrown into his arms the first night he came, waiting for hours in a coach to see her pass by, or, Romeo-like, climbing an orchard wall to have private speech with her; of "Archy," King James' court fool, jesting with the *Infanta* and her ladies, or capping some allusion to Spanish victories with a bitter reference to the fate of the Armada; and again of Lope de Vega turning graceful verses on "Carlos Estuardo."

It is nearer to our subject to record that Charles entered the studio of Velasquez, and that the painter sketched in a portrait of the prince, which, however, was never completed,* though Charles was so pleased with the painter that he made him a present of a hundred crowns. It is interesting to remember that in the same year with Velasquez was born Vandyke, who was to paint many portraits of Charles; curious to think that in the same year was born Oliver Cromwell, who also in the fulness of time was to have much to do with Charles.

Philip found in his proposed brother-in-law a prince after his own heart, for Charles' taste in art was as exquisite as his enthusiasm for it was keen. He was, even then, forming a gallery to which Philip,

* In 1847 Mr. John Snare, of Reading, announced to the world that a picture in his possession was the portrait of Charles by Velasquez. Of how he tried to prove this, and of the famous "Velasquez Cause," wherein the disputed work was valued by experts at various sums from 5*l.* to 10,000*l.*, all may be read at length in the numerous pamphlets Mr. Snare produced on the subject.

in a fit of fraternal enthusiasm, added three magnificent Titians. The matrimonial negotiations falling through, and Charles quitting Madrid with some suddenness, these were left behind. Probably the portrait by Velasquez remained incomplete owing to the same haste.

About a quarter of a century later we find the picture-gallery of Charles causing Philip some heart searchings. The King of England had fallen on the scaffold at Whitehall, his exiled son had received sympathy from Philip, and Lord Clarendon was entertained as English Ambassador at the Court of Spain.

That there was little love between the English Commonwealth and the King of Spain we may gather from the following extracts from Cromwell's speeches :—

Why, truly, your great enemy is the Spaniard. He is a natural enemy. He is naturally so ; he is naturally so throughout, by reason of that enmity that is in him against whatsoever is of God.

That (Spain) is the party that brings *all* your enemies before you. It doth : for so it is now that Spain hath espoused that Interest which you have all along hitherto been conflicting with—Charles Stuart's Interest.

It must have been painful to the feelings of a Catholic Majesty to have dealings with regicides who regarded him as Anti-Christ personified, yet the Whitehall pictures were for sale ! It cannot have been wholly pleasant to sympathize with an exiled prince, and at the same time to make arrangements to decorate your walls with the masterpieces of art which have been reft from his murdered father ; yet pictures are pictures ! To realize the artist king's temptations, we must remember that those gems of the Louvre Gallery, Titian's "Entombment," and "Supper at Emmaus," the exquisite "Antiope" of Correggio, and the lovely "Pastoral" by Giorgione, all came from the collection of Charles the First. Alonzo de Cardenas was accordingly sent as ambassador to the Commonwealth with directions to buy as many pictures as he could. He purchased the "Pearl" Madonna of Raffael for 2000*l.*, and apparently about forty other pictures. It required, at any rate, eighteen mules to transport his purchases from the sea-coast to the capital, and Lord Clarendon had to be presented with a hasty and somewhat unceremonious *congé*, in order that he should not witness the Whitehall pictures arriving in Madrid.

In 1628, King Philip and his painter received a guest equally welcome to each of them in the magnificent person of Peter Paul Rubens. Great cheer was made for him by the king. It was said that he had never entertained any prince so gorgeously as he did the Flemish painter. Rubens, having come on a political mission to the king, had brought with him an acceptable offering of pictures by himself, and presently began to paint his portrait. For Velasquez he had valuable counsels. The Spanish painter's heart had, for some time past, been set on a journey to Italy to see more of the works of the great Venetians, and to behold with his eyes the frescoes of Michael Angelo, which, until now, had only reached him in the form of incomplete copy or inadequate engraving. Philip had not liked to part with his painter for the length of time necessary for this expedition, but it seems that the opinion of Rubens as to its importance decided him in its favor, and, next year, Velasquez set sail for Venice.

Had he wished it, his journey through Italy might have been almost of the nature of a royal progress, so profuse was the hospitality proffered to him by all dignitaries, from the Pope downward. But Velasquez came to study painting, not to be fêted, and seems to have avoided lavish hospitality where he could, and to have begged leave when at Rome to be allowed to quarter himself in some less stately abode than the Palace of the Vatican. In Italy, as elsewhere, the chief events of his life were the pictures that he painted. At Venice we find that he studied and copied Titian, Tintoret, and Paul Veronese : two copies from Tintoret, namely "The Crucifixion" and "The Last Supper," he presented to his patron, King Philip. It is interesting to read that Velasquez did not acquiesce in the opinion, then general in Italy, as to the absolute supremacy of Raffael, and that he called Titian the first of the Italians. Still more so that he greatly admired that famous but little appreciated masterpiece, Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," and copied many groups from it.

Velasquez paid in all two visits to Italy. On the second occasion he was commissioned by his royal master to purchase, at his own discretion, works of art of all kinds. The great equestrian statue of himself with which Philip adorned his capital

probably indirectly resulted from these visits to Italy. It was executed by the Florentine Tacca from a fine painting by Velasquez now in the gallery of the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

The most important painting executed by Velasquez toward the end of his career, and by some considered his masterpiece, was the large group at Madrid known as "The Maids of Honor." Into this painting Velasquez introduced a portrait of himself working at an easel. King Philip was nightly interested in the progress of this picture, and visited the painter daily during its production. At length, during one of these visits, Velasquez laid down palette and brushes, and declared the painting finished.

"Not quite," said the king, "one detail is lacking," and taking up a brush he began to work on the portrait of the painter. With a few touches he sketched on his breast the cross of the order of knighthood of Santiago, one of the highest honors it was in his power to bestow.

The life of Velasquez was one singularly devoid of adventure, almost of event. He was born, he married, he came to Madrid and was well received by the king, he made two journeys to Italy, and he died. If there was much more than this to tell of him it has not been told, and the catalogue of his paintings is the most important part of his biography. Still, if the record is a slight one, the man it discloses is of an eminently pleasing and complete personality.

His close friendship with the whimsical king, which extended over a period of thirty years, and was seemingly unshadowed by any difference, except Philip's unwillingness to part with him when he wished to sail for Italy, suggests a quite exceptional discretion and loveliness in him. When the ambitious arrogance of Olivares became too much for Philip to bear, and the great minister was degraded,

ed, the court painter insisted on keeping up friendly relations with the man who had befriended him in early life, probably not without risk to himself of loss of royal favor. Though his powers were, from the first, admitted without question, Velasquez, when criticism came his way, took it with a modesty rare in any age.

"Some of the painters tell me," said Philip to him one day, "that your pictures are unequal, and that you only paint heads really well."

"They are mistaken, Sire," replied Velasquez; "no one paints heads really well."

One of his signed portraits of the king received some rather severe criticism, and was pronounced a falling-off. Velasquez calmly painted the figure out, and altered the inscription to "Velasquez *un-painted* this." He died at the age of sixty-one, after a brief illness; the king's confessor attended him in his last moments, and his body lay in state in the gorgeous robes of the Order of Santiago. His wife, the companion of nearly forty years of his life, survived him only eight days, as though his strong and sweet personality had sustained her life.

King Philip, the model of innumerable portraits, lived for five years after the death of the painter. They were five years of disaster culminating in the defeat of Villa Viciosa, by which finally the kingdom of Portugal was rent away from the Spanish monarchy.

A despatch containing news of this calamity was brought to the now aged king. Philip read it, and as he grasped its meaning the paper he held slipped from his slim trembling fingers, and dropped to the floor. Consciousness forsook him, for a while he lay in a kind of lethargy, and then the imperturbable king subsided into the supreme imperturbability of death.—*Nineteenth Century*.

KING COPHETUA THE ELDER.

BY G. S. H.

BENEATH a palm she found a seat
 (Her image made the river smile),
 And bathed her little ivory feet
 And slender ankles in the Nile.

I' faith, a pleasant sight was this !
 Of all the pretty maids that be
 The circling sun might never kiss
 A prettier maid than Rhodope.

By chance an eagle fierce and proud
 Came flying over land and sea,
 And stooping from his lofty cloud
 Looked down on lovely Rhodope.

Then, uttering a scream of joy,
 He seized her little slipper bright—
 A dainty, silken, pearly toy—
 And bore it swiftly out of sight.

The King, he sat in golden crown,
 About him stood a glittering band.
 When lo ! an eagle gliding down,
 Had placed a slipper in his hand.

He kissed it once, he kissed it twice ;
 " Sweet slipper—sweeter foot !" quoth he,
 " Go, find it, slaves !" And in a trice
 They brought bewitching Rhodope.

One little foot was sandalled fair
 In pearly slipper, as was fit ;
 The other little foot was bare,
 No pearl on earth could equal it.

The courtiers sing " Long live the King !" —
 " But not without a *Queen*," said he ;
 Then gave his crown and everything
 To pretty little Rhodope.

—*Temple Bar.*

THE PARACHUTE OF THE DANDELION.

BY PROFESSOR ALEXANDER S. WILSON, B.SC.

THE velocity of a falling body is determined in accordance with a well-known law. During the first second it passes through a space of sixteen feet, and acquires a velocity of thirty-two feet. Its speed goes on increasing uniformly, an additional velocity of thirty-two feet being

imparted each second the body continues to fall. This law holds good for all bodies, large or small, light or heavy, but applies strictly, only when the descent occurs in a vacuum. Under the exhausted receiver of an air-pump a guinea and a feather liberated simultaneously reach the bot-

tom of the receiver at the same instant. If the atmosphere were removed, a pound of lead and a pound of feathers would fall to the earth in the same time. In the atmosphere, dense, solid bodies approximate closely to the velocity they would acquire *in vacuo*. If, however, the figure of the falling body be such, that it presents an expanded horizontal surface large relatively to its weight, then its downward progress is much impeded by the resistance of the air. The density of the atmosphere increases as we approach the earth's surface; a falling body must therefore meet increasing resistance, and if the column of air which it displaces be only thick enough, instead of obeying the law of acceleration, it will descend with a constantly diminishing speed. Taking advantage of this circumstance, aeronauts descend safely from altitudes of several thousand feet. The parachute, by means of which these descents are effected, is simply an enormous umbrella, so constructed that the air expands it in its descent. Its large surface meets with so much resistance in passing down through the air, that the aeronaut is enabled to descend with safety, and alights gently on the earth. Recently, the parachute has been brought prominently into notice, and, notwithstanding one or two unfortunate accidents, the practicability of this appliance has been thoroughly demonstrated.

The force of gravity tends to impart to a falling body a velocity of thirty-two feet every second during which it operates upon that body, and a parachute is merely a contrivance for diminishing this velocity.

In the seeds and fruits of many plants we find interesting applications of this principle. Plants differ from animals in this respect, that while the latter are free to move about from place to place, plants, as a rule, are fixed to one spot. The egg of a bird or reptile is in many ways analogous to a vegetable seed; but while an animal, in virtue of its locomotive power, can deposit its eggs where it pleases, a plant is unable to do so with its seeds. Moreover, young birds or reptiles after they are hatched, having power to move about, can disperse themselves in search of food and other requirements. When a seed, on the other hand, germinates, the young seedling, unless in one or two very exceptional cases, has no power to change its place. For this reason seeds are furnished with appliances

for securing their dispersion unnecessary in the case of an egg. Were a plant to let its ripe seeds fall straight to the earth, the resulting seedlings would be so crowded that hardly any of them could attain maturity.

The natural agency of which plants most frequently avail themselves for the dissemination of their seeds is the wind. Now, the distance to which a seed will be carried depends on two things: first, the extent of surface exposed to the lateral force of the wind; secondly, the length of time during which the wind can act on that surface. The second of these, all things considered, is the more important factor. A slowly-falling seed has a better chance of being blown away than one which falls more rapidly, for the latter, even if it should present a larger surface to the wind, runs more risk of falling while there is no wind. The longer a seed takes to fall the less likelihood is there that the air will continue motionless until it reaches the earth. Although, then, we do very often meet with fruits and seeds which expose an expanded lateral surface to the wind, contrivances which act by retarding the rapidity of their fall are equally common. Both provisions frequently occur together. Thus the fruits of the ash, maple, and plane have expanded membranous wings, and in well-developed specimens the wings are seen to be obliquely twisted. The fruit of the sycamore strongly resembles the screw-propeller of a steamship and in descending it acquires a rotatory motion. The membranous wing attached to the fruit of the lime acts in a similar manner. The object of this oblique twisting of the wing is to diminish the velocity of the descending fruit. Again, there are seeds so shaped that when dropped from the hand they rarely fall straight to the earth, but shoot aside in a slanting direction. This may be seen when a handful of the crescent-shaped seeds of the arrow-grass are slowly let fall. Winged seeds flutter in their descent, and, like the falling leaves described by Wordsworth,

Eddying round and round, they sink,
Softly, slowly, one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or fairy hither tending,
To his lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute
In this wavering parachute.

In a variety of ways the velocity of a

falling seed may be lessened, and of these we have a curious and interesting example in the parachute of hairs attached to the fruit of the dandelion.

Like the daisy, sunflower, and thistle, the dandelion belongs to the great order *compositæ*. The members of this order are distinguished by their peculiar inflorescence. What most people call the flower in the daisy and dandelion is not a single flower, but an inflorescence or collection of florets, seated on the flattened summit of the stalk, and surrounded by a circle of green scales or bracts. This contracted inflorescence is called a capitulum, and the bracts surrounding it constitute the involucre. On account of this crowding together of small flowers, whereby the inflorescence is made to resemble a single large flower, the sepals of the individual florets are not required. These, in ordinary flowers, form the calyx or outer circle of green, leaf-like organs which protect the other parts. In *compositæ* the sepals are not necessary, for the involucre of bracts discharges their office and protects all the florets on the capitulum. Instead of green sepals, then, we find outside the corolla of each floret in the dandelion a circle of hairs. As the fruit ripens these hairs become very much developed and constitute the pappus—a structure very characteristic of the composite order, though absent in the daisy, nipplewort, and some others.

The sessile pappus is the more usual form, but in the dandelion each shuttle-shaped fruit terminates above in a slender beak, which forms the handle, so to speak, of the inverted brush. When the pappus hairs are stalked in this way, the capitulum produces a feathery sphere or “clock.” If the pappus be sessile each fruit presents the appearance of a shuttlecock, and the ripe capitulum resembles a mop. In the botanical name for groundsel—*Senecio*, from *senex*—there is an allusion to the hoary pappus.

The bodies distributed by the aid of these hairs in the order *compositæ* are achenes, as the dry one-seeded fruits are called. The resemblance between a fruit of this description and a seed is so close, however, that for our present purpose the distinction may be neglected.

That the pappus plays an important part in the life-history of the dandelion, might be inferred from the precautions taken by

nature to secure its perfect development. While the fruit is maturing, the bracts close up and cover in the florets, just as they did before the flowers expanded; the capitulum, in fact, re-assumes the appearance it had in the bud. Opening the quiver-like involucre at this stage, we find it full of fruits, crowded together on the receptacle. Each achene is tipped with a pencil of silky hairs, which becomes elevated as the apical beak of the fruit elongates. When the fruits are fully developed, the protecting bracts fold back, the receptacle, till now concave, becomes convex—the involucre cup is turned inside out in fact, causing the fruits to assume different inclinations, so that their beaks stand at an equal distance from one another. At the same time the vertical pappus hairs spread out till they almost stand at right angles to the beak. The brushes are thus converted into parachutes, and so arranged that they form a sphere. All these changes occur in co-ordination, and are executed with the utmost nicety and precision in an incredibly brief space of time. Thus there is evolved the beautiful feathery and symmetrical globe of fruit so familiar to every one as the dandelion “clock.” While these changes are in progress, the flower-stalk becomes erect, the better to expose the seeds to the action of the wind. Under its influence the hairs of the pappus are still further dried, and the connection of each fruit below with the receptacle is gradually weakened, until at last it gives way and the seeds are scattered on the breeze.

Without this provision the achenes of the dandelion would fall straight and quickly to the earth, forming a little heap at the base of the stem. So well, however, do these hairs serve their purpose that even in still air an achene falls very slowly, and the slightest current is sufficient to bear it a long distance away. The hairs on the top of the beak are not quite horizontal, but slope slightly in an upward direction; they thus present a lateral surface which causes the fruit to be borne faster and farther before the wind. A stalked pappus is better exposed than a sessile tuft of hairs; the slender beak therefore serves, like the straightening of the flower-stalk, to give the fruits a fair start. The arrangement in goat's-beard is very similar, but the achenes are larger, their beaks longer, and the feathery globe or “clock”

is four or five times bigger than that of the dandelion.

It is a distinct disadvantage if fruits get detached before they are perfectly ripe. But this is hardly possible, since the weakening of the attachment is only brought about by the wind desiccating their tissues. Wind is also necessary to dry the pappus. The wind must therefore mature the fruits before it can detach them. There is very little chance of their ripening or falling off unless when there is some wind. The fruit thus attains maturity at a time most favorable to dispersion.

The parachute, by which the fall of the seed is retarded, is not, however, the only point in which the arrangements for the dispersion of the dandelion resemble those adopted by the balloonist. The seeds are so light that there is a possibility of their being carried too far. After carrying them a sufficient distance from the mother plant the wind, instead of dropping them to the earth, might bear them aloft again, and the seeds be thus driven about unnecessarily—

Like long-tail'd birds of Paradise
That float through Heaven, and cannot light.

An aeronaut as he nears the earth must let go his grappling iron or his balloon is in danger of being blown about and perhaps carried out to sea. For similar reasons it is of advantage to a wind-driven seed if, when nearing the earth, it has some provision by which it can anchor itself and come to rest. This, without doubt, is the meaning of the little projections or prickles with which the lower solid portion of the dandelion achene is crowned. When the seed alights from its aerial voyage these minute prickles very readily catch hold of any grass stem or similar object with which they happen to come in contact, and the seed is retained, the wind being unable to lift it again. We have seen the dandelion seed moor itself in this way to a piece of worsted lying on a garden walk.

After a seed has alighted, it may experience a further difficulty in reaching the soil if this happens to be coated with matted vegetation. In such circumstances the plumes are apt to prove an encumbrance. For this reason the seed of the thistle after a time, probably as the result of further desiccation, detaches itself from

its pappus and falls to the earth. The hairs, having served their purpose, are discarded. But in the dandelion the hairs remain attached to the seed after it has alighted. A shower of rain might destroy the pappus hairs, and so assist the seed in penetrating to the soil. But we have just seen that the achenes are not likely to be scattered in wet weather, and so a further provision becomes necessary. The slender beak, which serves in the first instance to expose the pappus to the wind, now comes into requisition again and assists the seed in making its way to the soil. The pappus hairs are also slightly raised from the horizontal direction, and form an inverted cone. In this condition the achene has an astonishing power of penetration, and readily makes its way through tangled grass or other vegetation to the earth. Winged seeds are open to the objection that when carried along by the wind a short distance above the ground, their expanded surface is almost certain to encounter some obstacle, with the result that their flight is arrested and they fall to the earth. They are not, therefore, well adapted for low-growing plants. Hairs have the advantage that they give the required buoyancy, and do not offer so much resistance to the passage of the seed among other plants. Broad wings are unobjectionable in seeds blown from a height, but hairs are decidedly better where the seed is launched from a lower level. Hence winged fruits are most characteristic of lofty trees, while plumed seeds occur for the most part on herbs and shrubs. Another objection to wings is, that they prevent the seed from readily reaching the soil if it happens to be covered with withered grass, and this objection applies to a pappus which persists after the fruit has alighted. In the dandelion this difficulty seems to have been overcome, for the penetrating power of its fruit is truly remarkable. This was impressed on the writer by the behavior of a seed that had alighted on a heap of dry grass. The seed, kept in its perpendicular position by the hairy parachute, when the air was still for a moment, sunk into an opening among the grass-stems and hung swinging by its hairs for a time. When the next gust shook the mass of hay the seed slipped, but was caught by another grass stem lower down, where it hung suspended until a second gust shook the grass, when it slipped off

and fell down till the pappus hairs were caught once more. This process was continued, every gust sending the seed farther and farther down until it was out of sight. To discover it then would have been as hard a matter as looking for a needle in a hay-stack.

The passage of the dandelion seed through a mass of hay in the manner described reminds one of a bird hopping among the thick branches of a tree—perching now here, and now there, but never striking against any of the boughs or twigs.

The slender stalk which supports the pappus contributes to the penetrating power of the seed. Its primary use is no doubt to expose the pappus to the wind, but it would appear to play an equally important rôle in relation to this power of penetration. The little barbs on the body of the achene are also of service in this connection. They not only anchor the seed and prevent its being lifted when once it begins to penetrate, but they enable it to keep every inch gained, and insure that progress shall always be in one direction.

The seeds of grasses possess to some extent the same penetrating power, as is proved by the fact that in a hay-loft the seeds invariably accumulate toward the floor. Their spindle shapes and roughened surfaces account for this peculiarity. Barley and other bearded grains have a long, slender, bristle-like appendage called an awn. Its edges are rough with minute barbs directed toward the apex. If a grain of barley, having the awn attached to it, be placed in one's sleeve, the movements of the arm cause the seed to move gradually upward toward the shoulder. Or again, if it be gently shaken in a blanket, the grain will move along in one direction only, as the scabrid awn prevents any backward movement.

The penetrating power of seeds is still better exemplified in the stork's bill (*Erodium*). In this case the seed, or rather carpel, when it springs away from the mother-plant, is seen to possess a slender filament at its apex which is in the act of curling upon itself. The motion continues for a minute or two, when the seed comes to rest with its awn twisted like a cork-screw. As long as the weather is dry it does not change, but if rain comes a tuft of slender hairs spread themselves out and poise the seed on end with its sharp point

directed into the soil. The top of the awn, which in some species is feathered, is so placed that it readily presses against any neighboring object likely to afford a point of resistance. The moistened awn now begins to unwind and straighten out. In the course of a couple of minutes it is quite straight, and the point of the seed is thrust some little distance into the soil. One or two barbs near its point prevent its being drawn up again when the awn once more curls in drying. When this occurs, instead of the seed being drawn up, the apex of the filament is drawn down, and if it finds some new object against which to press, the next shower will cause the seed to be pushed still farther down into the earth. Each succeeding atmospheric change produces like effects, and in this way the seeds of *Erodium* may be said literally to screw themselves into the soil. Many grass seeds have this burrowing power. On the pampas of South America, farmers lose numbers of their sheep every year from these burrowing grains penetrating the hides and entering the vital organs of the animals. A thin, elongated form pointed at the ends greatly favors the penetrating power of a seed. Comparing elongated seeds of this description with the broad-winged samaroid fruits of the maple and plane, we are reminded of a corresponding distinction in the animal kingdom. The bodies of most birds are comparatively short, but the expanded wings give great breadth. This shape is convenient enough for a creature which moves through a medium like air, that offers but little resistance. The narrow, elongated body of a snake, eel, or worm, on the other hand, is more convenient for an animal which has to make its way between the stems of reeds or through a much-resisting medium like the soil. It is a simple enough matter to keep a bird in a cage, but an adder or a worm would easily effect its escape. Elongated and especially aristate seeds have the same advantage as a snake in a cage; they can easily effect a passage through narrow openings, and will therefore be able to reach the earth through a network of matted grass-stems, such as would prove an impenetrable barrier to a winged seed.

Contemplating the seed of the dandelion in relation to this function there emerges a new analogy. Its sharp, barbed point, its elongated shaft and plumed extremity,

impart to this seed the strongest possible resemblance to an arrow. The gossamer sphere of the dandelion is, in fact, a fairy quiver from which the plant shoots forth its dart-like seeds. As near as may be, these combine the advantages of both bird and snake. In the pappus hairs we have a contrivance in every way admirably fitted to promote flight, and yet not seriously interfering with the power of penetration for which provision is made in the barbs and slender, elongated beak. The structure of the seed, in short, is such that with equal facility it can float along on the

breeze or pierce a blockade of matted vegetation to reach the soil. Although, then, the seed of the dandelion presents a most obvious likeness to a parachute, with the properties of this contrivance it combines those of the arrow and the grapple. Thus thoroughly equipped to run the blockade of life, with mast, sail, and anchor complete, the fruit of the dandelion starts on its airy voyage—a minute but marvellous example of the resource and ingenuity which are everywhere apparent in the realm of Nature.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE SHROUDED WATCHER.

It is many years since the following remarkable incident in my life took place. For the ordinary commonplace details of everyday experience my memory is generally held to be indifferent, but the circumstances in this case were such that they have indelibly fixed themselves in my recollection, as though they had occurred yesterday.

At the time I allude to I was a very raw young ensign, scarcely done with the goose-step. My regiment was quartered in the — Barracks, situated in a suburb of the capital of that well-known island-fortress which stands warden over the blue waters of the Mediterranean highway, within sight of Sicilian Etna, and almost of Northern Africa.

To make my narrative clearer, I will begin by presenting to the reader the chief character in it.

Ralph D— was a young fellow with an odd history. What brought him to Malta none of us ever exactly knew. He was understood to have been in one of "John Company's" regiments, but whether horse or foot I cannot remember. His own account was that he had left the Indian service (for some unexplained reason), and having found his way to Vienna, got himself into a regiment of Austrian cavalry, as not a few ex-British officers managed at that time to do. But, for reasons best known to himself and the authorities, his stay in the Kaiser's service was not of long duration, and when I joined my regiment in the island principality sacred to San Publio, D— was a well known character among the English

residents and garrison. Not that the notoriety was altogether conducive to his fair fame; but D— had a singular way of worming himself into the good graces of a particular set, and passed for a gentleman of affable manners, much wit, and especially a certain bold *diablerie* that stuck at nothing, and gave him a kind of popularity among the more daring spirits in society. How well I can call up his appearance! Dark brilliant eyes and black hair; a tall lithe figure, with a very peculiar but really bewitching smile on occasions when it suited him to please; and a beautifully shaped contour of head and profile. He was known to be of good family, and as he had been in the service, my regiment had made him an honorary member of our mess; and I rather think another corps in garrison had given him the same *entrée* into theirs. At all events, he was on pretty good terms with some of our fellows, though our colonel and one or two of the older officers certainly did not encourage him much, as his example was not considered beneficial to the juniors.

D— was a wonderful billiard-player. I never saw any one to beat him at "loving hazards" or the "spot stroke." As to pool, our "lives" were as nothing in his hands; and at all card games in particular, both the skill and the luck of the man were extraordinary. Night after night I have seen him at play, and his winnings must have almost sufficed to maintain him. As to other traits in his character, I am sorry to say I never heard of one single good or generous sentiment

that could be traced to him. D——'s talk at the mess-table or in the anteroom was of the most cynical flavor it was ever my lot to hear; and though "de mortuis nil nisi bonum" is an excellent and decent moral to abide by, truth compels me to add that some very sinister tales of D——'s influence over the other sex had got about at the time I speak of. What has now come to be dignified with the name of hypnotism was unknown as such in those days, but I believe D—— possessed some conspicuous powers in this direction, and I am afraid was not always over-scrupulous in his use of them. Even at this distance of time his portrait stands out clear to my mind's eye, with a kind of Rembrandt-like sheen upon it, by reason of the mysterious shadow in the background which was to loom up and cover it with the blackness of darkness. I ought perhaps to add, for the better understanding of what is to follow, that for a little while before the *dénouement* came, some ominous whisperings got afloat among us about D——, and the methods whereby so much silver and gold was perpetually being transferred at whist and *écarté* from other people's pockets to his own. For in my long experience of those holding her gracious Majesty's commission, notwithstanding a black sheep here and there, it is not to be denied that scrupulous honor and fair dealing have ever been in the forefront of their traditions.

I now come to the memorable day of the occurrence of the strange incident, to one phase of which I and others—most of them gone now—were eyewitnesses.

There may be many who scan these pages who have trod the narrow streets, quaintly built and gayly colored, of Valetta, and can repicture their arabesque-Italian character, the old-world environment, the massive and rather formal friezes and entablatures of the basilicas and other buildings. The funereal-looking *faldetta* of the women; the men pouring in to market from the neighboring *casals*, clad in blue homespun and long purse-shaped caps; the combined odors of oranges, garlic, oil, and roasting coffee emanating from the shop-doors; the long bastioned lines of fortifications, with wide deep fosses; the red-coated sentries at the port archways; the splendid *auberges* of the old knights,—what an odd jumble of impressions they all convey!

The season was Holy Week toward the end of April 18—. Music has always been a passion with me; and every afternoon preceeding Good Friday in that particular week, when I could get off duty from the dust and glare of the white parade-ground and the monotonous bawling of the drill-sergeant, it was my wont to steal away to the Duomo of San Giovanni. And who that has ever sat in that stately cathedral church, surrounded by its splendor of inlaid marble and under the magnificent frescoes of Matteo Preti,* and in the dimly lighted atmosphere, odorous with incense, listened to the entrancing strains of the Office of the "Tenebræ," could ever forget it? Such exquisite pathos in the solos, inexpressibly mournful yet sweet, and then the moaning harmonies of the antiphonal choruses—like no other music I ever heard, or probably shall ever hear again,†—while one by one, at intervals, the great burning candles on the sable-draped altar are being solemnly extinguished! My thoughts will wander back to these impressions, so vivid are they still. Well, the eve of Good Friday arrived. I had gone over to see a friend on the Verdala side of the Grand Harbor, and on my return after dark, what a night it was—still, calm, cloudless, a star-specked vault overhead. The air was deliciously soft; and as I sat in the stern of the gondola shaped galley while the dark figure of the boatman monotonously and silently plied his long sweeps, great gray ramparts frowned on every side, and lights twinkled, flashing back in wavering duplicates from the faintly rippling water. I was soon alongside the low jetty on the Valetta side, and, ascending the great flight of steep stone steps, presently found myself in the strait Strada Reale. Here it was no easy matter threading one's way, for the procession of the "Stazione," representing the main incidents of the "Passion," was passing up the street. At all times this pageant, which some no doubt would revile as superstitious and papistical, has seemed to me full of solemnity, notwithstanding that

* Another of the treasures of this church is the celebrated picture by Caravaggio, "The Decapitation of the Baptist."

† The score of this "Tenebræ" music was said, if I remember aright, to be the work of an ancient master, and was never allowed to get into the hands of the public.

the symbolic figures used are often somewhat tawdry, and savoring too much of stage properties. In the intense silence maintained by the multitude of spectators, as each scenic group passes by; in the deep reverence exhibited, as the wail of the dirge-like music swells louder and louder, heralding the approach of the grand central tableau, the crucifixion; in the sacred form upraised on a colossal cross, towering high above you, flanked by the two malefactors on lesser crosses; in the sudden baring of all heads, as the shrouded platform-bearers with masked faces go by, laboring under their self-imposed burden,—in all this one feels the great cardinal truth borne in upon one, despite all the concomitant flummery and gewgaws and evanescent emotion of the scene.

Such as it was on this particular Holy Thursday night, there were after-reasons why this strange and weird Passion-procession, as it crept by, stamped itself deep into my memory. And those waxen effigies of the agony in the garden, the cruel scourging, the staggering under the weight of the ponderous tree, and, last of all, the realistic presentment of intense anguish in the outstretched figure, with drooped head and its circle of thorns,—somehow that night they seemed to take possession of me, as I passed up the long narrow street out of hearing of the wild music, and reached the great stone gateway of our barrack square.

The echo of the sentry's sharp challenge, "Halt! who comes there?" and, "Pass, friend—all's well," had hardly died down when I found myself at the door of my quarters, which faced the officers' mess block. By this time the Paschal moon, all but full, was high in the sky, and cast a great shadow from the tall buildings facing the range of barracks across the parade. Though on this night superfluous, a feeble oil-lamp flickered here and there, for gas was a luxury not then indulged in, and the department which was charged with these things loved darkness better than light, because it cost less. I should here explain that Thursdays were the "guest" nights of my regiment at that time, and on this evening the regimental band had as usual been playing on the open space just outside, fronting the mess-room windows. It must have been past eleven o'clock when I reached the barracks; and although most of the outsiders

who were allowed in to hear the music on such occasions were gone, I noticed two or three still waiting about. One in particular, a remarkably tall man in a long dark cloak, and with some sort of hood over his head like a monk's cowl, was standing under one of the mess windows with his back to me. I sauntered into my room, lit a cigar, and came out again, to muse in the quiet moonlight over the "Tenebræ" and the "Stazione." By this time the loiterers were all gone except the tall cloaked man, who appeared to have never moved or changed his position since I saw him first. The open windows of the mess-room were still aglow, and through the boughs of a row of lank stunted trees along the enclosure wall one could see the distant twinkling lights of the town.

Something in the appearance of this solitary shrouded figure attracted and fixed my attention. To be so attired on a warm balmy night like this, in a semi-tropical climate, seemed peculiar. And I had already been struck with his phenomenal stature, contrasted with those who had been standing beside him. Who could the man be, and what on earth was he waiting there for? It crossed my mind that this must be either one of the dominoed *incogniti* who had been following in the Passion procession, or else one of the Capuchins from a neighboring monastery; but a friar would hardly stroll in to listen to a military band, and then stand stock-still alone under the windows of the officers' mess. With the momentary passing thought came the sound of pretty loud talking, and occasionally a laugh, from the lit-up anteroom opposite, where it was plain some of our fellows must be, probably engaged at whist, loo, or some other card game. Why I cannot tell, but along with a feeling of indefinable repulsion toward him, an impulse seized me to watch the muffled stranger closely, and at the same time an awakening consciousness that I had better walk straight over and ask the man what he wanted there at that time of night. As my gaze fastened itself on the motionless figure, whose head seemed in the bright moonlight to be bent a little to one side in an intent listening attitude, I became conscious of a kind of chill and numbness creeping through my limbs, with that horrible sense of inability to move forward one occasionally experiences in dreams when something dreadful is going

to happen which one wants to avert. Yes, whoever the man was, most assuredly he must be watching and waiting and listening for something or somebody in the mess-room, with that strained intentness yet absolute quiescence of posture! But why this vehement and altogether unaccountable foreboding of impending evil borne in upon me?

These bethinkings, however, were all the work of a few seconds, when, with eyes still riveted on the mysterious watcher, I heard several voices within the room calling out in excited tones as though some altercation were going on. One voice above all the others came with a kind of strident sharpness through the open window, in which it was easy to recognize D——'s hard and distinct accents. I seem to hear the words rasping out now as I write. "I tell you I dealt myself the ace of spades;" then another voice, young N——'s, "I'll take my oath you didn't," and then a terrible imprecation from D——, which I will not repeat, invoking the Prince of Darkness to the ruin of his soul and body if what he had stated was not the truth.

As the last words struck on my ear the tall cloaked figure made an instantaneous movement, leaped up with a light swift spring to the window-sill he was standing under, and disappeared through the muslin curtains into the room, for I was unable to see farther into it from my position. Another instant, and an ear-piercing scream rang out,—a harsh appalling cry as of mingled pain, rage, and terror, from one in dire extremity—and to my horror and utter amazement he in the cloak reappeared at the window with D—— gripped in his arms, and half slung over one shoulder, apparently struggling desperately. One instant both faces were visible in the moonlight, D——'s ghastly and convulsed, the other set back in its sombre hood and covered with a black domino, from the eyelets of which I was near enough to catch, as I fancied, a lightning-flash of fiendish malignancy and exultation. Ere I could collect my bewildered senses sufficiently to rush across to stop them, which I did a moment later, both men had vanished round an angle of the building. After them I rushed, shouting to the gate-sentry to alarm the guard, but on reaching the rear of the block not a soul was in sight. Out turned the guard,

and telling the sergeant to take a file and search the enclosure for two men fighting, I ran round to the mess-room. Meanwhile, and before I could reach the entrance-door to the mess, the bell inside was ringing out peal after peal, and an officer came tearing out full tilt, nearly knocking me down. "What is it?" I burst out. "Where's C——" (our regimental doctor); "is he in his quarters?" was the simultaneous counter-question, and away he rushed toward the quarter where Dr. C—— was located. I ran into the anteroom, along with one or two of the mess-waiters, helter-skelter. And what a sight inside! There, huddled in a group, with pale scared faces, a whist-table overturned, and a litter of cards strewn all over the floor, were some half-dozen of my comrades of the —th, stooping over the prostrate form of D——, who lay motionless, with lips apart, eyeballs fixed and staring, his head lying back, supported by one of our fellows. It was a terrible moment. The surgeon, C——, came in a minute after, tore open D——'s waistcoat and shirt, looked hard at him, knelt down and put his ear to the drawn mouth, felt about the region of the heart, and shook his head. Life was extinct.

As for myself, I could hardly believe my senses. The man I had just seen bodily carried off struggling in the arms of an unknown individual, lying here dead—it seemed an absolute hallucination! I was too taken aback to ask a single question; but as my inquiring eyes went round the circle of assembled officers, I could see on the countenances of all a certain constraint mingled with their horror, but not a syllable was said. It was plain there was a further mystery behind.

The remains of the ill-fated D—— were removed to a spare room in the officers' quarters, and there laid out to await official proceedings on the morrow.

It was not till after the funeral that I learned what had caused the uproar and altercation in the mess-room, which immediately preceded the terribly sudden catastrophe of that memorable night. And even at this distance of time, I tell the circumstances with pain and reluctance. D—— had dined with the regiment, and after the band had finished playing, he and some half-dozen subalterns sat down to play *vingt-et-un*. The stakes were high, and it was remarked that D—— turned up

a remarkable number of "naturals." N—, a not long-joined ensign, had been dealt an ace of spades, and "stood." At the conclusion of the round, D—, who was dealing, again showed a "natural," the ace of which proved to be the ace of spades. This, of course, was too much for young N—, green as he was; and though the tricks of the "heathen Chinese" had not then been sung, the case was manifestly something of the same kind as that worthy's performance. Hence the indignant remonstrance wafted out to my ears in the barrack square, followed by that awful oath. Whereupon, according to some of the party, a momentary gust of air seemed to shake the farther window-sash, and simultaneously the card-table was stirred—it was, they said, like the tremor of a slight earthquake shock—and straightway D— threw his hands up and fell back in his chair, gurgling like one in a fit. The rest I have told, and I will say no more upon this. Which of us is prepared to cast a stone at an erring brother, leastwise when he is gone!

Needless to say, the officers of her Majesty's —th were for long thereafter uncommonly chary of conferring upon outsiders the privilege of honorary membership of their mess. And for many a year the tragic circumstances I have set down, with perhaps somewhat imperfect recollection of minor details, lingered on in the regiment as a kind of tradition, to be talked over on occasions, and amplified in various ways. But as for S— (of whom more presently) and myself, we kept our impressions as far as possible to ourselves, though something about them necessarily leaked out through the guard and sentry I had hailed, and from my original statements concerning the twain I believed I had seen so palpably in the moonlight.

I have never been able to clear up the mystery of this dread tragedy. When the formal inquiry by the military and civil authorities came on, it was elicited from the non-commissioned officer of the night-guard that no person of the description I gave had been seen to enter or leave the barrack precincts. The certified cause of the death was stated to be aneurism, spasm, or something of the heart—what I suppose

we should call in common parlance, heart-disease. The affair was rather hushed up, in deference to the feelings of D—'s relatives, one of whom came out to the island shortly afterward to make inquiries and settle up the affairs of the deceased.

Those who have read thus far may not unnaturally have explained to themselves what I witnessed in the square as pure imagination, a phantasm of my own brain. And this view I should probably myself have inclined to, but for one circumstance, which I have now to mention. In the room above mine, and looking out on the square toward the messhouse, was quartered a very dear fellow, rather a favorite with us, although hardly robust enough for the roughing of a soldier's life. Now it happened on this very Thursday evening S—, who had been ailing for some time back of Malta fever, was lying on a couch in his room by the open window—the night being so warm—and listening to the band. He was still there when I came into barracks, and when I was arrested by the sight of the tall solitary figure opposite. When, several days after the sad event, I touched on the subject, S— broke in with a very troubled face, and in a serious urgent voice asked, "Did you see the man in the long cloak waiting for him?" Then I knew that whatever extra vision had been vouchsafed to me had been shared by him. Ah me! "pale death knocks with equal step," sooner or later, at the door of us all, and S—, with nearly every other of my then comrades, has departed to that bourn where "there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom"!

As for me, were I to live to the patriarchal age of the oldest of the antediluvians, it would be impossible to obliterate the impressions forced successively upon me on that especially solemn but fatal Thursday. The cathedral service, the torchlight procession—and then, in terrible contrast, near about midnight, on the very threshold of a day most sad and sacred of all days to Christendom, the culminating horror of that shrouded one and his victim!—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

A SECRET RELIGION.

LAST winter in the town of Tarsus—at present very different from what it was in the days of St. Paul, being a decidedly mean city—I spent some weeks among a certain race of people known in the East as Ansairee, Nusayree, or Nasari. They practise a secret religion among themselves, while outwardly professing to be Moham-medans. It is a species of freemasonry among them; and, like the lady who hid in the clock, I grew very ambitious to unravel the mystery which surrounds them.

Lord Beaconsfield, in his romantic story of "Tancred," has given us a poetic and somewhat visionary account of this same people, whose natural habitat is the Lebanon. His young hero penetrated into the heart of these mountains, and got on intimate terms with the Queen of the Ansairee—a sort of faint shadow of "She." The Lebanon is undoubtedly the headquarters of the adherents of this religion, those who live at Tarsus being merely colonists from the central head; but then Tarsus forms a particularly favorable point for studying the people, inasmuch as they live here—not as they do in the Lebanon in remote mountain villages dangerous to approach, but in a town among Greeks, Armenians, and Turks, who are ever ready to spy on their mysterious observances and communicate the results. Some years ago an Ansairee named Suleiman abjured his faith, and, after becoming in turn a Jew and a Greek, finally settled down as a Protestant, and was baptized under the auspices of an American missionary. This missionary persuaded Suleiman to write down a detailed account of the Ansairee secret faith, which was published in the "Transactions" of the society. Although I do not rely much on the account of so extensive a renegade, nevertheless it formed a very valuable basis of operation from which to prosecute my inquiries.

The Ansairee of Tarsus are a race of Arab *fellaheen*. Of fine stature, and exceedingly industrious, they speak almost exclusively a dialect of Arabic, which their fathers brought with them about fifty years ago from the Lebanon when they came as colonists. They live for the most part in huts made of reeds on the outskirts of the town, and they are nearly all gardeners, owning that rich belt of gardens which sur-

rounds the present town, and which is watered by irrigation from the classic stream of the Cydnus. They are reported to number something like ten thousand, the greater portion of whom dwell in and around Tarsus, though some inhabit villages scattered over the Cilician plain. Some of their gardens are really beautiful spots to look upon in the early spring, redolent with the fragrance of orange-blossom and gay with the red blossom of the pomegranate; but in summer these gardens are the hotbed of malaria, which makes Tarsus one of the most pestilential spots in the East.

Our investigations into the secret religion of the Ansairee had not proceeded very far when we found ourselves in possession of a curious fact. Last year, when travelling in the north of Persia, we investigated the religious tenets of a race existing there, and called by the Persians the "Ali-ullah-hi," whose religion is also secret, and based on the theory that Ali is God. We soon became aware that the religion of the Ansairee of Tarsus is almost identical. The village in the mountains of Persia which we visited as one of the headquarters of the sect is called "Barba Nasare," and the Ansairee of the Lebanon and Tarsus all claim as the founder of their religion a man who lived early in the eleventh century, called the "old man of Nasare" ("barba" being the Arabic for "old man"). Similarly, the Ali-ullah-hi of Persia say that Nasare was their founder, and after him they have called their village. "Ali" is the name for God, the Allah of the Mussulmans, the God of the Christians among them all, and hence their Persian appellation "Ali is God." The identity of the religions gave us the somewhat startling fact of the vast extent of this secret religion, which has hitherto been supposed to be confined to the Ansairee Mountains, a branch of the Lebanon, and the adjacent villages, whereas in reality it extends from the shores of the Mediterranean to the Caspian, and may be said to be the religion of the nomad tribes who traverse these wild regions with their flocks. Future investigation proved to us that the large tribe known as Afshahs also belong to it, and another tribe called the Kizilbash also conform to a variant of the

same religion, and many Kourdish tribes besides.

It is probably owing to the wildness of the district in which these people live that they have for so long been able to preserve their mysteries in secret; but the reason why they were started and the growth of the Ansairee belief will be probably forever veiled in obscurity. Ostensibly they are all members of the Mussulman faith, the only evidence to the contrary being that they have no mosques, say no prayers openly, and do not go to Mecca or any other point of pilgrimage.

This secret religion is one full of difficulties to the investigator, but the facts which I now propose to set forth are derived from three distinct sources. Firstly, the translation of the renegade Suleiman's statement; secondly, the information given me concerning the religions of the tribes in the north of Persia by persons of reliable intelligence; and, thirdly, personal investigation made this year at Tarsus, and evidence given me by Greeks, Armenians, and Protestants of that place. These three sources of information, which on the face of it can have had no possible chance of collusion, agree in the broad lines and most of the details; and I think we may now definitely consider the mysteries of this religion and its vast extent to be satisfactorily demonstrated.

The fundamental principle of the religious mystery is to believe that Ali is God. And in their forms of prayer, which are rather invocations than supplications, and some of which are couched in very fine language, the Ansairee address their god Ali in terms of rapturous adoration; a favorite mode of address is "Prince of Bees," the explanation of which is that the angels are supposed to take the form of bees and visit the earth to suck its sweetest fragrance. Ali is also addressed as "the Creator of all things," "the Seed-burster," "the Light of men," "the one true God," etc. They have a special prayer in which they revile those who blasphemously say, as the Shiites of Persia do, that Ali ever took upon himself the form of man or ate and drank, or propagated his species, or was born of a woman. Ali is their great idea of the all-powerful, all-seeing God who rules heaven and earth. The adherents of this vast secret religion, though adopting the general principles, are divided, as all religions are, into vari-

ous sects. I learned in Tarsus that four sects are generally supposed to exist.

First, the northerners, called the *Shemali*, or those who believe that Ali resides in the sun. To this sect the Ali-ullah-hi of northern Persia all belong, their *ziarets* or holy places are set upon the summits of hills, and the probable origin of this sect may doubtless be found in the existence of sun worship in Persia, and the attempt of the early apostles of the religion to blend as far as possible their new doctrine with that practised around them. Even to this day they are noted for their skill in fire-eating; and on the sacred tombs of their departed saints they affirm that the holy light of Ali is seen to descend, much as the Zoroastrians of this very district used to say of their fire temple in olden days.

The second sect into which the Ansairee are divided is that of the *Kalazians*, or moon-worshippers: that is to say, they affirm that Ali dwells in the moon, which he created as a palace for himself. When they look at the moon they profess to see Ali himself in the dark parts with the crown on his head and the sword of Mohammed in his hand; he is to them, in fact, a veritable man in the moon. While we were at Mersina and Tarsus we were witnesses ourselves to several disagreeable nocturnal addresses to Ali in the moon from his devoted followers the Arab fellahs. At full moon it was hard to sleep from the noise they made, beating tambourines, and howling hideously; and to the new moon it is their custom to make low obeisance and other forms of adoration by way of welcome, spreading out the hands as they pray to represent the crescent of the new moon. At Tarsus and Mersina the Arabs are nearly all Kalazians, hence we had a good opportunity of studying their peculiarities.

The next sect of Ansairee say that Ali dwells in the air, and commence their prayers with the formula, "O thou who art the air." Ali, they say, pervades everything, is omnipresent and omniscient.

The fourth sect say that Ali dwells in the twilight. But of these two latter sects we had no opportunity of forming any opinion; and I presume they are only to be found in the recesses of their own mountains. To all intents and purposes the Ansairee may be said to consist of the

two former sects, and all my remarks refer exclusively to them.

One of the most curious features of the Ansairee faith is their belief in a Trinity: Ali, the Father; Mohammed, the Son; and Salman el Farsi, the Holy Ghost. Ali, the Father, became man through his veil or representative, Mohammed; and Mohammed appointed Salman to superintend the affairs of this world after his return to his father's kingdom. This mystery of a Trinity is the second item in the Ansairee religion, and is universally believed in by all the four sects; it is called "the mystery of the A.M.S.," from the initial letters of the three individuals of their Trinity. An Ansairee—or a Nasari, as their sect is more commonly called in the north—when taking an oath, will always swear by his "faith in the mystery of the Ain, Min, Sin;" and one of the most common forms of prayer among them is to say the words "Ain, Min, Sin" five hundred times in succession.

Concerning the third person of their Trinity, Salman the Persian—or, as he is more commonly abbreviated, Sin—the Ansairee have many curious legends. They call him "the communicator," the medium by which Ali makes his will known to man; he is supposed to have superintended the creation of the world, and to govern the atmospheric conditions of our globe.

The mystery of the covenant of the Ain, Min, Sin may be said to be the one point which joins all Ansairee together, be they inhabitants of the Mediterranean shores or the mountains of northern Persia. There is something of freemasonry about it; and a body of nomads are said to know their fellows by a certain shake of the hands, and the oath, "I abjure thee, by the faith of the covenant of Ali, the Prince of Believers, and by the covenant of the Ain, Min, Sin," after taking which oath an Ansairee dare not lie. It is also admitted by all the sects of the Ansairee that the old man, Nasare, born at the village of Nasaria, in Arabia, was the discoverer of this holy mystery; but he is somewhat cast into the shade by another divine, called Al Khusaibi, who perfected their religion, to whom most of the prayers they have now in use are attributed, and who taught that all great men and prophets, in all ages, are incarnations of Ali. In his list of incarnations Al Khusaibi includes Plato, Socrates,

Alexander the Great, Jesus Christ, and Mohammed, the founder of Islamism; in fact, all the great leaders of various ages; whereas celebrated women, and the wives of these great men, are supposed to be incarnations of Salman Al Farsi, with the curious exception of the wives of Noah and Lot.

Many of the religious festivals and observances practised by the Ansairee would seem to be of distinctly Christian origin. So that some observers, including Dr. Wolff, have been induced to believe that the religion represents a species of decayed Christianity, and that the name of their founder, Nasari, is really derived from Nazarene. This may possibly be the case, and that the early incentive to mystery and secrecy was to avoid persecution; and that in the lapse of ages corrupt practices crept in, possibly through the instrumentality of Al Khusaibi, the so-called perfecter of their religion. This, however, is pure speculation; and, as we find among the observances many strong traces of Judaism and pure Mohammedanism, I personally feel inclined to think that the original founders of the Ansairee faith borrowed the points which pleased them best from the religions of the people with whom they were in immediate contact.

At all their secret religious feasts the cup of wine forms an important feature. It is called by them "The image of Ali." This cup is first tasted by the sheikh in the south, or the seid in the north, who presides at the feast, and then handed round to those assembled, each recipient kissing the hand of the one who passes him the cup. Women are never admitted into this communion, though the Mohammedans circulate stories concerning the scenes of gross immorality which occur at these festivities; but they say the same thing of the Baabis and other religious sects which do not conform to their ritual; and, from our personal observation, I should not think there is any truth in these calumnies. In Persia a sheep without blemish is roasted at the feasts of the Ali-ullah-hi, the horns and the hoofs being first removed; this is then brought into the assembly-room and placed before the seid, who distributes portions of it to all who are present. But of this ceremony I could find no trace among the Kalazians of the south.

The Ansairee have many feast-days in their year. With the Mohammedans, they

observe the feasts of Ramazan and Bairam, and with the Christians they observe New Year's Day, the feast of St. John the Baptist, Epiphany, St. Mary Magdalene, Good Friday, and Christmas. On the feast of Epiphany, which they call "Yetas, the Ansairee of Tarsus may be seen in crowds on the banks of the river Cydnus, washing themselves and their clothes and making general holiday. Similarly, on Good Friday, it is not uncommon to see an Ansairee attending a midnight service in the Greek church; passing, with the Christians, under the representation of the Entombment, and hoping thereby to derive the same benefit that the Greeks attach to this ceremony. Their idea about Christmas is very curious. They observe the day as a holiday at the same time as the Greeks, and call it the Feast of Meelad, and offer up to Ali on Christmas Eve the following prayer: "Thou didst manifest in that night thy name, which is thy soul, thy veil, thy throne, to all creatures as a child, and under human form." But at the same time they do not believe in the Crucifixion. There is something repellent to them in the idea of a portion of the Godhead being offered up as a sacrifice for men. But they say that Ali took up Eesa, as they call Jesus, to himself. Ali always, they believe, has an incarnation of the Deity on earth on occasions when it is necessary. This incarnation is a great man, a leader of men; but this is not the invariable rule, and oftentimes the incarnation of Ali upon earth may pass unnoticed by those with whom he mixes. Some of their prayers are couched in really very beautiful and sublime language, full of the rich redundancy of the Arab tongue; and at prayer time great solemnity is observed, when "it is forbidden either to take or to give, to sell or to buy, to report the news, to whisper, to be noisy, to be restless, or to tell stories over the myrtle; but let there be silence, listening, attention, and saying of Amen."

The expression "over the myrtle" requires some explanation. It is the common expression among the Ansairee of Tarsus for their religious services, from the fact that the floor is strewn with myrtle-branches for the occasion. This may arise from the prevalence of myrtle in those parts, and I do not know if it is used elsewhere. The town of Mersina, close to Tarsus, is called after the myrtle,

which grows there in abundance, as it does all over the littoral of the Cilician plain.

From a Greek, a native of Tarsus, who professed to have seen an Ansairee religious service when hidden in a lemon-tree in a garden, I had an account of one of their secret meetings. Not that one can attach much faith to the words of a Greek of that place; but curiously enough he represented the place as all strewn with myrtles, and I do not imagine that he could have invented this without it really came before his notice.

At Tarsus, as I have already stated, the Ansairee are all gardeners, and the love of flowers among the Ansairee women, who go about unveiled, is very marked. All of them wear an extravagant number of flowers about their person, and their reed huts are often gayly decorated with the produce of their gardens. During my stay at Tarsus I was lucky enough to be present at an Ansairee wedding. The festivity took place at one of the reed houses buried in the gardens, and the people were assembled in a courtyard walled in by reeds; in one corner stood the *takht* or throne, a sort of balcony raised on poles, where the inhabitants sleep in summer to obtain the greatest amount of coolness and the least possible number of insects; in another corner of the yard stood the mud oven, where on most days of the week you may see the Arab women baking their flabby oat-cake. The green trees of the adjoining garden shaded this courtyard. The orange-blossom was just then a little past its best, and the Japanese medlars, the *yeni dunyah* of the Arabs—the first-fruits of the earth—were just beginning to assume consistency.

Every woman assembled for the wedding was decorated with an enormous quantity of the gay spring flowers, and the effect of the whole was brilliant, though the costumes were not particularly gay. The women danced by themselves while the men looked on; and hired musicians played the flute and the drum to accompany them. The chief woman dancer, an elderly woman for so frivolous an amusement, led the circle of women, waved her handkerchief in the air, and occasionally performed a *pas seul*; then the circle moved round and round with a sort of mazurka step, sometimes singing, sometimes silent; and all this was done openly with unveiled faces—a great contrast to their Turkish sisters, who would think it the height of

immodesty to perform such gyrations before men. The bride sat on a stool in front of the cottage door, dressed in a rich satin dress, and with her eyebrows deeply blackened. She looked particularly self-conscious, but not in the least shy; and the bridegroom bustled about, giving glasses of mastic to the assembled guests. Such ceremonies as these the Turks look upon with undisguised horror, more especially as the Ansairee outwardly profess to be Mohammedans. The result is that they hate these double faced people even more than the Christians, and if an Ansairee slaughters an animal no pious Mussulman would purchase it in the market. The head sheikh of the Ansairee always goes to the mosque every Friday as a sort of scapegoat for his people, and sometimes others go to make pretence of prayers; but the whole sect is an abomination to the Turks, who cannot say enough that is bad against them.

During my stay at Tarsus I paid a visit to Sheikh Hassan, the chief of the Kalazians and one of the most influential men in Tarsus. There is also another sheikh, the chief of the few Shemali who reside in the place; but his followers are few and his influence is in no way to be compared to that of Sheikh Hassan. He is a very wealthy man, for the Ansairee pay tithes to their chief priest, and he lives in one of the best houses in the outskirts of the town. Hassan Effendi is a dignified Arab, with a handsome benign face, and a long white beard. He met us at the top of his wooden staircase and conducted us to his divan; he was dressed in a long mustard-colored robe, and wore a white turban bound round his head. Several other influential Ansairee were in the room at the time, and consequently our conversation never for a moment turned on the subject of religion; but we discussed the chances of a good harvest, and he told us about his fields of sesame and the mill in which he grinds his grain. He told us that he, when a boy, about fifty years ago, came to Tarsus with a large number of other Ansairee from the Lebanon in search of work; by reason of their diligence they have prospered and multiplied exceedingly, and are now quite the most influential body of men in the town, and the Turkish governor does pretty nearly what they wish. Sheikh Hassan has the reputation of being very charitable; every Friday 150 poor

fellahs assemble at his house, and he gives them alms and food; during the recent famine his liberality was most marked, and in every way he appeared to be a most estimable old gentleman. His room was plain but comfortable, with the usual divan all round it, whitewashed walls, and two texts out of the Koran framed on the walls, to prove to the world what a good Mohammedan he would have them believe he is. On one point, and on one only, did he in the least commit himself. Seeing several women about, and children, I asked him if he was married and if he had any children. He appeared somewhat annoyed at the question, and replied that he was neither married nor had he any children; and then I recollected that the sheikhs or chief priests of the Ansairee are not supposed to be married or given in marriage, but that the women around them become mothers from time to time by some supernatural agency.

I paid Sheikh Hassan a visit on two occasions, and was quite charmed with his dignified bearing and kindly manners. After death they say he will become a star at once, without having to submit to any of those unpleasant corporal transmigrations which form so integral a part of their religious belief.

This belief in metempsychosis is very curious among the Ansairee. Ordinary Mussulmans, they say, pass into jackals after death; and it is a common saying among them, when the jackals howl at night, "Listen to the Mussulmans calling to prayer." Bad men after death have to "walk in low envelopes," as their expression goes, making use of the Arabic word "kamees" for the envelope of the body, which exists among us in the word "chemise." For what reason I know not, Christian doctors are supposed to go into very low envelopes indeed, and become swine when this life is over. Jewish rabbis become apes, and so forth.

The stars, they say, are "envelopes of light," the destination of the great and good Ansairee who have, like Sheikh Hassan, distinguished themselves in this life by their charity and integrity; and there are 59,000 of them who form the great "light world," or the inhabitants of the seventh heaven who surround Ali, and are perpetually illuminated by his presence. Most Ansairee pretend to a knowledge of what they did in a former existence,

whether as animals or men ; and at Tarsus it is a common theory among them that Frankish travellers, intent on archæological research, come to look for treasures which they remember to have seen in these spots during a former existence.

A man, they say, who has not acted rightly in this life may be punished in the next existence by being born a woman, and a woman who does her duty in this life may be rewarded in the next by being born a man. Womanhood is considered by them a sort of probationary step between the animal world and the lords of creation, and their women are treated by them with great contempt and never permitted to participate in the sacred mysteries of religion.

The initiation of males into the mysteries generally takes place between the ages of sixteen and eighteen. It is done in solemn conclave, and by several probationary steps. The youth is brought by his father or nearest male relative, the sheikh or seid hands round the "cup" of wine, and before tasting it the novice has to swear 500 times by the mysteries of the Ain, Min, Sin never to reveal anything he hears. The sheikh's sandal is put on his head, bound on by a white rag, as he swears, and the greatest solemnity is maintained. There have to be twelve sponsors, who also take an oath that they will pursue the youth to death if he reveals their secrets, and will cut him in pieces. It is commonly reported, though with what truth I cannot say, that the tongues of two

renegade Ansairce are kept in pickle at Tarsus, and shown to the youths at their initiation as an awful warning ; certain it is that they have kept their secret very well, and that the danger of apostasy must be very considerable. After a probationary period of forty days, further mysteries are revealed to the youth under the same solemn circumstances, and he then has to repeat several of the Ansairce prayers which the sponsors have taught him during the interval. Two sponsors, generally taken from among the leading men, have to become responsible for the good conduct and vigilance of the other twelve, and then at a third meeting the youth has to repeat sixteen prayers to Ali and is admitted into full communion. There are certain higher grades to be attained to only by men of influence and undoubted character ; but to these the rank and file of the Ansairce do not aspire. The ordinary or third degree is the one into which every male is admitted, and the secrets of this degree and its passes are known to them all ; thus it is possible for an Ansairce of Tarsus or the Lebanon to enter into fellowship with a co-religionist of the north of Persia, be he Shemali, or Kalazian, or a member of the other two sects. As most of the nomad tribes belong to this religion, it gives them a wonderful bond of union, and must act among them much as freemasonry or the secrets of other orders used to act in the disturbed days of Western Europe.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE WRECK OF THE "OCEAN-QUEEN."

TO THE HEROES OF COLWYN BAY.

November 7th, 1890.

BY REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY.

DURING the great gale of November last, the "Ocean-Queen," a schooner bound from Padstow to Runcorn, with a crew of four, struck on a rock one hundred and fifty yards from the shore opposite Llandulas Quarry. Their boat was stove in by the sea, and the Llandulas life-boat had been so damaged by recent service as to be unfit for use. But a small cobbler was launched from the beach by the quarrymen, and after being beaten back six times succeeded at the seventh in making its way alongside and bringing the crew safe to land. The names of these gallant fellows were John Jones, John Roberts, and William Williams, quarrymen, and William Williams, shopkeeper.

'MEN of Cornwall ! men of Devon !
Listen well !
For if ever wind of Heaven

Blew a hurricane from Hell,
 It was when November's night
 Broke, with Colywn Bay in sight,
 And we saw Llandulas Head above the swell.

"Sheer away, boys, sheer away!"
 The captain roared—
 "God preserve us from the bay!"
 As he spoke, the tempest's sword
 Smote our topsail into shreds,
 Brought the gear about our heads,
 And our foremast went like tinder by the board.

Then the skipper girt a rope
 Round his waist:
 "While there's life," he cried, "there's hope!
 Lash me fast,—I have outfaced
 Fifty storms, but run aground
 With a keel and cargo sound!
 Never, men! to drown were better to my taste!"

And we three, who through the wrack
 Saw the land
 With the quarry yawning black,
 Turned our faces from the strand,
 Though the gray fields glimmered plain,
 Gave up thought of home again,
 And cruel seemed the captain's stern command.

But the tide was with the wind,
 And the waves
 Swept us landward, reeling blind,
 Dashed our one boat into staves,
 As we went round in a ring,
 Like a bird with broken wing,—
 And we knew Llandulas shore should be our graves!

Then we struck, and leapt, and struck,—
 "Hands aloft!"
 So we scrambled to the truck
 Dazed; but never half so soft
 Seemed we, dying men, to hear
 Our wives' welcome, and the cheer
 Of the children's voices calling from the crot.

How the water's fury flew
 O'er the mast!
 How the wind benumbing blew!
 But our girdles held us fast.
 How the hail cut like a knife.
 As we swung and clung for life,
 Almost praying that our time to feel were past!

In a lull we heard the clock
 Tolling ten;
 And we watched the people flock
 From the quarry and the glen,

Like a torrent to the beach
Waving, calling each to each,
Racing forward to our rescue, gallant men !

Where's the boat ? A mile away,
Beached and dry !
Thro' the sea-smoke of the bay
Runners bring it shoulder-high.
Dare they launch that cockle-shell
On the hurly of the swell
Through this hurricane of Hell ?—Let them try !

Then we heard a ringing cheer !
Well we knew
Love had triumphed over fear !
And a boat rose full in view,—
But a billow roaring under
Hurled it high ashore with thunder,
While from iron hands the oars like feathers flew.

Again, and once again
Driven back !
Then they signalled—but in vain !—
" Loose a life-buoy, let the slack
Whirl a line ashore, or snatch
Help we send you by this match !"
And a rocket screamed outseaward through the wrack,

Soared, and fell far short, and sank.
" Try the boat !"
So they ran it down the bank,
And our captain waved a coat,
Left his perch upon the mast,
Overboard a ladder cast,—
And we watched which way our chance of life would float.

But the malice of the sea
Marked our doom ;
For he paid his line out free
Till it tangled in a boom.
Then we knew and felt His hand
Who could bring us safe to land,
And we heard a voice not mortal thro' the gloom.

It was easy now to die
Soon or late.
Sooner best,—but hark ! a cry !
For the seventh time they wait
Till the huge sea backward coil,
Then with courage nought can foil
Forth the landsmen push to rescue us from fate.

And the boat rode forward brave,
Rose and sank ;
When an overwhelming wave
Dashed it back with gride of plank

On a rock,—“ God help the lost !
Half the awful passage crossed !”
And our eyes met one another's,—hopeless,—blank.

But from out the cloud of foam
Straight the four,
Never looking once for home,
Lifted keel and bent the oar,
Clomb up wearily the crest,
Swept down cheerily the breast,
Dropped alongside,—and I scarce remember more.

But I know I left the mast,
Felt a hand,
Heard a hoarse voice bid them cast
Wreckage clear, then give command
“ Home, boys, home !”—And then the rush
Of a breaker, and the crush
And the cheer of hearts that welcomed us to land.

Wake again the harp of Wales,
As of yore !
Long as storm shall rend the sails,
And Atlantic billows roar,
Long as wrecks ashore are rolled,
Shall your dauntless deed be told,
Gallant heroes of the quarry by the shore !

—Macmillan's Magazine.

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"CHEZ POUSSET": A LITERARY EVENING.

BY EDWARD DELILLE.

THE eighteenth was a coffee-house century in London as well as Paris. During this nineteenth century the coffee-house has dropped out of London life. But in the French capital it has gone on thriving, and it—or the beerhouse, its equivalent—is to-day nothing less than a Parisian institution. Voltaire, Diderot, d'Alembert, and many others sat and ruled the empire of letters and, in thought and speech, controlled the spirit of the time, over their cups of *café noir* at the Procope not much more than a hundred years ago. Men quite the peers, in talent at least, of a Diderot or a Voltaire, sit now over “*demis*” of Munich beer at Pousset's in the Faubourg Montmartre, and pour forth wit, sarcasm, scorn, poetry, and transcendental philosophy (too often also grossness, meanness, malice, envy and all uncharitableness), which elements, mixed and beaten up together into a “clotted heap,” form a rich feast for the intellect.

Not long ago the editors of an American

magazine put into execution this idea. They united the cleverest of their contributors at a supposed unceremonious and *entre soi* repast, the while a stenographer sat behind a screen, fixing on his tablets for subsequent publication every flash of *esprit* and fancy, every side-light of experience, knowledge, feeling, emitted under the usual *pendant*- and *après*-dinner influences by the divers gifted guests. The result as it appeared in print was interesting—moderately. It is a pity that such a stenographic “chiel” could not be introduced some night at Pousset's between the hours of twelve and two or three. He might very well be stowed away between the legs of one of those old oak tables in what has been called the *coin des littérateurs*. And then, though somewhat cramped, perhaps, with regard to the disposal of his own legs, presumably longer than the table's, the chiel would be situated admirably for the “taking” of those oft-quoted “notes.” More than “mod-

erately" interesting would these be, as the *littérateurs* who pass habitually the small hours at the big typical *brasserie* near the Place de Châteaudun are anything but mediocrities.

In default of any "chiel," stenographic or otherwise, the following random notes dictated by the memory of one who for years past has sat metaphorically at the feet of the Pousset geniuses and sat literally, though not perhaps always quite comfortably, upon the meagre stamped-leather cushions of the old oak Pousset chairs, must suffice.

I.

. . . Midnight, on a balmy spring evening, one of those Paris evenings when the soft air seems filled with a sort of impalpable silver dust. People bubbling about here, there, and everywhere in the streets and babbling as they go, light-hearted, merry, French. A woman—pretty—strolling carelessly along between two men, looks round her with a little satisfied sigh and says: "Comme il fait beau ce soir! . . . Il fait bon vivre. . . ."

Flights of the neat little open cabs, with their gleaming fire-fly eyes, are in busy circulation, mostly occupied by couples. From the theatres, the *café-chantants*, the lounges—from the Champs Elysées and from the Bois de Boulogne—every one is returning to eat and drink and be merry in the fashionable nocturnal restaurants and *cafés*.

Let us float along with the tide and look about us as we go.

Three illuminated points in the Rue Royale . . . Weber's, with its customary little knot of male and female swells in the upper room to the left, which they for years past have affected, no doubt because it is of too exiguous dimensions to admit of more than a picked and chosen few. Larue's, resort of a somewhat cheaper gayety, on the right-hand corner of the broad straight street opposite the Madeleine Church; the Madeleine showing, on this exquisite May night, so whitely pure and peaceful in the moonlight of Verlaine's verse:

"Le calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres,
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les
marbres."

And on the other corner, Durand's, which always has been and always will be consummately "correct."

Down the boulevards. . . . Hill's, where will be gathered in less than two hours hence some of the worst characters of either sex that the Paris pavement supports. The Grand Café, not particularly decorous, and yet, rather particularly dull. Then, further on, past the portals of the Grand Hotel, the Café de la Paix. Divided, so to speak, into compartments like a train: third class, the room at the back, where persons of the category termed expressively "riff-raff" play at cards with much noise for little money; second class, the front part, devoted to dominoes and the mildest refreshments; first class, the supper-rooms on the Place de l'Opera, overflowing about this hour with a *jeunesse dorée*. To pursue this railway metaphor to the bitter end, the private rooms upstairs where people of a fairly smart description occasionally find themselves when they wish to vary their venue from Bignon's or the Maison d'Or, might be likened to Pullman cars. Yes, really, "la Paix" is not dissimilar from a rambling ramshackle train, making night hideous with its clatter and crowded to excess, as it pants its way along the rails of folly and vice, with travellers paying far too much for their tickets.

Further down, other *cafés*. . . . Cabs and *coupés* by the hundred line the sidewalk in front of them, and crowds of orderly "consumers" sit at the little round-topped tables on the "terrace." Julien's, of the big and blazing order, highly "modern" in the worst sense: debauchery at wholesale prices, a sort of "stores" for the dispensing of adulterated drinkables, eatables such as had best be left uneaten, and—the rest. Immediately alongside of Julien's, in obedience perhaps to the law of contrasts, stands the old-established "Napolitain," one of the best of Paris *cafés*, where the company is generally on a par with the ices and liqueurs. Close by the Vaudeville Theatre, opposite, is Lucien's, now Mercier's, which will always, one supposes, be better known by its official title of *Café Américain*. A name which embodies a satire upon a nation, great only in regard to the number of its population and to the extent of its territory, but which, with its obvious shortcomings, has perhaps done

something to deserve that a café such as this should take its name.

Several hundreds of yards onward one arrives at the next batch of boulevard cafés. Why, in Paris, should cafés thus stick together in clusters? One might imagine they fear solitude, and long wildly to be always in each other's company, when one sees how, from one end of the boulevards to the other, extensive café-less patches are succeeded by spots where two or three or more of the places are huddled one on top of the other. Here, on the Boulevard des Italiens, is a sort of spurious Pousset's; a branch, an offshoot, not *the* Pousset's, only an exoteric *succursale* of the establishment whose esoteric centre is in the Faubourg Montmartre. To this latter place it is now quite time to repair. The other cafés along the boulevards—Zimmer's, the Café de Suède, Café Garen, Café des Princes—are neither worth going to nor speaking of.

II.

From twelve to half-past, a good time to arrive at Pousset's. Vacant seats are few, but celebrities many. Inside and outside, the café is packed. And when one reflects that to each one of those "consumers," who has his place taken by other "consumers" the moment he departs—corresponds at least one and generally more than one big mug of Munich beer, one can readily conceive why a special train runs daily from the Bavarian capital to Paris, freighted solely with the produce of Löwenbräu, Spatenbräu, and other Bräus claiming doubtless to be equally good. A great German victory, greater than Worth or Sedan. French patriots may, and do, declaim and rave. The only answer to their objurgations is, that if German beer is not to be drunk in France, then France must fabricate beer of her own at least as good if not better, which she doesn't, and can't do.

On making good one's entrance into the famous *brasserie* of the wits, one pauses and looks around with some bewilderment. Such crowding, such clattering of glasses and plates, such Babel noise of tongues, such apparent general confusion; such rushing of white-aproned waiters to and fro, bearing aloft foaming tankards of the topaz-hued liquid all a-glitter under the bluish glare of electric light! The decoration of the room, with its dark tones of old oak and Spanish leather, dim faded hues of tapes-

try hangings, freshness of faïences here and there on the walls, and richness of handsome stained-glass windows, is, in its elaborately designed effect of mediævalism, harmonious and pleasing to the eye. But attendants and company too, are as unmediæval as could possibly be imagined. At first sight, a motley crew; a gathering, at least, as composite as can be seen in the street outside.

The situation of Pousset's, for a place which from the first has had its aspects of *chic-ness*, is un-*chic* to a degree. The Faubourg Montmartre, by night especially, is one of the nastiest thoroughfares in Paris. The Strand, only worse; if worse than the Strand, in the hours of darkness, be conceivable to the mind of man. That Place de Châteaudun, too, at the corner of which Pousset's stands, is not improper only, but *bourgeois* in its commonplaceness of impropriety. Yet people for years past have patronized Pousset's who perhaps would hesitate to honor it with their presence were it situated in any better part of the town.

Notwithstanding Pousset's vogue among fashionable and literary circles, persons neither fashionable nor literary, nor anything else that is mentionable to ears polite, will often force their way into the place from their native gutter without. They do not, of course, here find themselves in their element. Visibly they don't enjoy having to be on their good behavior, and are generally inclined to vote Pousset's (as the writer once heard said by a gentleman of essentially Faubourg-Montmartre an appearance who was turned ruthlessly away one night from the temple of old oak and stained glass) a "sale boîte," fit only for "des sales artistes." Pousset's is not sufficiently democratic for the denizens of the "Faubourg du Crime."

Fashion at Pousset's—that is represented by, here and there, seated in the more comfortable corners, a certain number of men and women (men *with* women, *cela va sans dire*) whose smartness is genuine enough—It has been a *première* to-night at one of the best theatres. So Pousset is attracting not only several of the critics, but also a batch of first-nighters, who stand or sit and look about them as if they were come to seek a sixth act to the evening's performance. . . . Quite a theatrical night, indeed, at this beerhouse. Appropriately accompanied, here are several

well-known ladies of the boards. Esconced at one of the tables near the door, that woman with the small pretty features, melting eye, and delicate porcelain complexion. . . . She is charmingly dressed in white and Nile-green silk, with a bonnet of the kind that any lady would immediately and very truthfully pronounce "a love." It is Mlle. du Minil, of the Français, with her good and respected mother—a mother of that monumental type which actresses, French actresses at any rate, seem to revel in. That other attractive face, straight proud little nose, delicate Cupid's bow mouth, brow fresh and smooth beneath the *bandeaux à la vierge*—Mlle. Depoix of the Gymnase, or is it the Vaudeville now! . . . I forget. Here, again, a somewhat interesting female visage, sharp expression, keen eye, and somewhat Gavroche air generally—Mlle. Augustine Leriche. It isn't her expression only that is sharp. . . . *Pour plus amples détails*, inquire of the lady's lady-friends.

Histrions of the other sex also are here to-night, more numerous, if less delightful. Those two little shrivelled old men, sitting huddled up together, as like as two twins. . . . Twins they are. . . . *Its s'y sont mis à deux*, as Scholl said, *pour nous embêter davantage*. Anxious roving black eyes, wizened smooth-shaven visages, long black locks thrown back with that displeasing careful carelessness, one of the surest marks of a nature filled with vulgar conceit—the "frères Lyonnet," who for forty years past have been singing, reciting, attending at all funerals of eminent artists, and otherwise thrusting their little joint individuality upon a public which has long since tired of the same. And now they are stranded, high and dry, upon two stamped-leather seats at the *brasserie Pousset*, with none so kind as to do them—a *demi* or even a *quart* of Munich beer. Not long ago they brought out a volume of *Souvenirs*. Amusing, but not exactly in the places where amusement was meant. "Reminiscences" of that kind are what readers generally wish to forget.

A heavily lined closely shaven face, with gray hair showing beneath the brim of a quite extraordinary hat. . . . Georges Richard. . . . Plays he has written, theatres he has directed; or rather these latter have directed him, toward the Bankruptcy Court, if current report is to be believed. Was it he or some other fellow-

creature bearing the same by no means unusual patronymic, who perpetrated that most pathetic apostrophe in a five-act drama in verse to "cette *table* qui t'a vu naître"?

. . . A singularly pretty boy, with another pretty boy. Both nicely clothed, scarfed, and hatted (a thing rare enough in Paris to be "made a note of" when "found"), and both completely conscious of these facts. Pretty boy No. 1: young Samary, whose full smooth face with the peculiar bright-eyed expression, recalls instantly to mind his late clever sister Jeanne. She held at the Français a more prominent position than he, one fears, ever will do. But one imagines that life, for George Samary, contains other successes than those to be won at the Comédie Française. Pretty boy No. 2: his name escapes me for the moment, but I know he is a recent *prix de comédie* of the Conservatoire, and is looked on by admiring friends—of the female gender more especially—as the Delannay of the future.

A face bearing every mark of intelligent perceptions and sympathetic power: Antoine's, the young and brilliantly successful manager of the Théâtre Libre. His companion's face, Mévisto's, one of the cracks of the Théâtre Libre troupe: coarse, and rather sneering just at present (the pair are probably talking about a friend), but not without a certain look of power. Enter to Antoine a gentleman fresh from England. The new-comer promptly sits himself down to prawns along with a *demi* of beer, and relates a tale of one of Antoine's English *confrères*. Antoine, the manager of the Théâtre Libre, considers the anecdote amusing. Perhaps there are anecdotes about Antoine that might be considered amusing by the English actor in question.

Playwrights like poets are an irritable genus, and several of them, *entre parenthèses*, are here to-night at Pousset's. That young one—so young, but already so fat!—is Gandillot, the author of *Les Femmes Collantes*, the farce hailed with such Comanche yells of delight by Sarcey several years ago, when it was first produced at the Théâtre Déjazet. "Ce petit Gandillot," Sarcey wrote—though why "petit," seeing the gentleman is very nearly as large around the waist as M. Sarcey himself—"ce petit Gandillot ira loin." *Ce petit* has not since betrayed

any very special anxiety to realize that prediction. He may "go far" yet, but if so, he will have to do it pretty quickly. Along with Gandillot is a man much bigger than he : speaking not literally, but figuratively : Henri Becque.

Henri Becque : a name to conjure with in the Paris of to-day. Becque's face at once makes you think of his plays. Massive and full ; a firm clear glance, from under strongly marked brows ; a mouth, soft and sensitive yet not exactly weak, under a stiffly clipped mustache ; but the chin, that pasty chin, in which all the strength of the rest of the countenance appears belied ! His chin gives Becque away ; to use one of those Americanisms now thriving lustily, like any other weeds, in the fair but ill-kept garden of our English speech. *Desinit in piscem* applies to both the visage and the pieces. They begin, these pieces, most effectively, powerfully ; progress most happily, and then fall away to nothing at the close. Genius, yes, but the poor man cannot keep it up for more than two acts out of five. This sort of thing must be trying to the temper ; and Becque is querulous and complaining. At this very moment he is saying, in his raspiest voice, vinegary things to Gandillot, who listens with one ear and, with one eye, glances indifferently assent. "Becque est arrivé en se plaignant," somebody lately said : "he has complained his way into success." Smart enough, perhaps, but not true. People are constantly saying untrue things about other people in Paris as occasionally also in London. If the things were always smart things it wouldn't so much matter.

III.

Not fashionables, however, not actresses and actors, not dramatists, not even prawns and beer, are the chief attraction at Pousset's. These things are either not worth having, or else may be had in equal perfection elsewhere. One must remember that what one has come for is the presence and the conversation of the literary geniuses and artists.

These are easily distinguishable among even the large crowd gathered together here to-night. Unmistakable, at all times in all places, is the stamp of superior intellect, that sets apart those marked with it from the ordinary unideaed herd, like

shepherds' dogs in the midst of a flock of sheep.

Almost every night that score of men come to take up that little quarter of their own in the corner, where half-a dozen tables are set end to end against the handsomely tapestried wall. They split themselves usually into little groups forming part of one great whole, as the nebulae do in the Milky Way ; and then, to the accompaniment *obligato* of beer and smoke, and ham and sourcroust and prawns (to such Germanic uses are Parisian palates now put), they, night after night, hour after hour, up to two or three A.M., sit realizing Lee's line on Alexander, slightly altered :

"Then *they will* talk—ye gods ! how *they will* talk,"

Most admirable among the talkers—in various respects most remarkable among all the beerhouse's divers habitués—is the gentleman known to letters under the name of Catulle Mendès. Singular he is as to looks. A face filled to overflowing with beauty of the finest kind. Beauty of feature, hue, expression. . . . Long soft light hair, thinning but slightly—at fifty years of age !—over the crown of the head, but unflecked with the least thread of gray. Smooth brow ; large eyes veiled by drooping lids ; a nose quite admirable in shape, its Hebraism apparent only in a slight peculiarity of the nostril's curve. A rounded gentle contour of cheek and chin, framed by a beard as graceful as the swaying frondage of the fern. A countenance like that of Fra Angelico's Christ. And yet suggestive, most horribly, of that corruption which is the soul of Mendès's art. A certain blasphemous but witty quatrain on Mendès has been circulating in Paris for years past, which however must be left to be supplied by the imagination of English readers not accustomed to the audacity of French wit, and not prepared, because it is witty, to pardon it for being outrageous.

Mendès's art, to other artists, is of course a more interesting question than Mendès's morality. And one has to confess that his art is superb. The great faculty of distinguishing and appropriating the special note of beauty in the art of all other men, is in Mendès developed to excess. "Il fait," as some one once said of him, "du bon n'importe qui." *Du bon Gautier, du bon Hugo, du bon Leconte*

de Lisle, *du bon Verlaine*. . . . *Du bon* anybody and everybody, both in prose and verse. Those scrofulous little stories of his in the *Echo de Paris* are, in point of mere workmanship, masterly and unique.—Altogether, with his extraordinary passion for beauty, and his utter natural obliviousness to anything like that which the modern world calls moral sense, Mendès seems a figure from the days of classical decay.

One is reminded as one hears him speak of that old saying of the "golden mouth." The grace, facility, fluency, freedom of his utterance and expression are quite delicious to hear. He does not talk, but wreathes together, by the hundred, words, as one might wreath the loveliest flowers. Around and about every subject that they touch, his caressing supple periods, like convolvuli, entwine themselves in graceful adornment. At this moment he is expatiating on Théodore de Banville, and dwelling, with luxurious wealth of term, upon that poet's peculiar "exteriority." Says Mendès: "Banville is exactly what a fruit would be if it were all smooth satin rind, with nothing at all beneath." Villiers de l'Isle Adam achieved something still better in this direction, when he defined Henry Fouquier, the *chroniqueur*, as a Zero. "And not even the line which circumscribes the Zero. But the empty space circumscribed, the inner nothingness, the interior blank and void."

Of Villiers, it may be truly said that he was faithful to Pousset's unto death. Only a few days before he succumbed to a variety of ills, among which pennilessness was doubtless the worst, he came as usual to the *brasserie* and drank three *quarts* (that is a French word, not an English) because he hadn't enough in his pocket to pay for two *demis*. Villiers was the author of some tales highly admirable in their way, and of verses among which these, through the sheer force of their expressiveness, have remained present to my mind—

"Ses crimes évoqués sont tels qu'on croit entendre

La crosse des fusils sonner sur le palier."

The poet here is not referring to his friend Mendès, as certain uncharitable persons might perhaps be inclined to suppose, but to some imaginary female with whom, of course, Villiers is in love. Her iniquity morbidly attracts him, as the unspeakable

idiocy of the "catoplébas," that animal so stupid that it ate off its own feet, attracted the hermit in Flaubert's *Tentation de Saint Antoine*. Villiers's powers as a conversationalist were stupendous. His knowledge seemed surpassingly various and vast, for his memory was like the tablets of the Recording Angel, from which no line, no letter, once inscribed, can ever thenceforward be effaced. To request Villiers to recall some verse or couplet out of, for example, *Poèmes Barbares* or *La Légende des Siècles*, was not prudent: he would immediately proceed to recite the whole. In his vague quavering monotone, he would render the light and shade effects of a whole long piece, his elocution reminding one somewhat of those great, melancholy yet beautiful frescoes by Puvis de Chavannes, that seem to live with a sort of dream-life of their own. As to whether Villiers was or not really crazy, it is not easy to decide. If he was, it is perhaps a matter for regret that so many other people should be "sane."

. . . . A bald pate, pug-nose, small, twinkling black eyes, and rough, rather long black beard: decidedly this other gentleman looks so like the great Greek sage, Plato's tutor, as to set one thinking for a moment of the doctrine of metempsychosis. Ponchon's genius—he has genius, of course, every one of the men who are gathered here to-night in the literary corner at Pousset's has that—lies in the strange originality of his thought, combined with his terseness, freshness, power of expression. The most difficult of Hugo's rhythms he swings with all the dexterous force of a David twirling his sling. And Stupidity is the great Goliath, which Ponchon's verse hits full in the centre of the forehead every time:—

"Car je le dis et le répète

On n'est pas bon quand on est bête. . . ."

That is a small instance of the vigor of his satire.

It was to Ponchon that Verlaine addressed that little beerhouse ode:

"Bois pour oublier!
L'eau de vie est une
Qui porte la lune
Dans son tablier. . . .

* * * *

"L'injure des hommes
Qu'est-ce que ça fait?
Va, notre cœur sait
Seul ce que nous sommes."

"*Bois pour oublier.*" . . . One cannot tell whether Ponchon has succeeded in attaining the latter desideratum, but judging from the quantity of little round pieces of felt on the table before him, each separately representing a *demi* already absorbed, with more *demis* still coming, one perceives he is at least persistently putting into practice the former part of his friend's poetic advice.

And here is Verlaine himself, sitting beside him; Verlaine, the finest French poet of the time. Bald, like Ponchon, but with a beard more closely cropped. A somewhat rough-hewn but expressive nose; ardent eyes, set slightly sideways in the head like a faun's; an eager, sensitive, contorted mouth. . . . Verlaine seems sad. I have never seen him otherwise, unless indeed he was either scornful or enraged. He raises to his seamed and wrinkled brow a withered and slightly trembling hand, and stolidly stares awhile at the big glass of beer before him. "A quoi penses-tu?" Ponchon asks. The other looks around, and replies in undertones: "A subject. . . . A young man erect in the cart nearing the guillotine. . . . As it passes, a young woman standing by the way looks up at him. . . . Their eyes meet; he smiles. . . . In one long glance she gives herself to him, gives herself body and soul. Strangers a minute before, in that brief instant they live and love the love of years. . . . She runs along a few steps with the cart; takes from her bosom a flower and casts it up toward him, then falls back again among the seething crowd. He catches it, kisses it, and thrusts it down into his breast. Not many seconds later, his head is in the executioner's hand. . . . But the flower—that yet lies against the heart, now still forever."

. . . Ponchon remains a moment silent.

. . . Jean Richepin, not far off. A somewhat Lucius Verus head, with its curled fleecy shock, black, but besprinkled here and there with snow. Bold features, yet a certain delicacy and fineness about the profile. Richepin since his Sarah Bernhardt days has married and settled down and appears but rarely at the *bras-series* he used so assiduously to frequent. If he is here to-night at Pousset's, it is doubtless for no other reason than to be sketched by me. There is a rather puffed-up look about Richepin's face. His verses

are rather puffed-up too. He is very full of "sound and fury," though not otherwise idiotic, and writes things he entitles *Les Blasphèmes*. Richepin prides himself on immense, almost brutal power. But at bottom he is sentimental. Sentimental, kind, and weak. He has written an admirable book, *Madame André*, the story of an ardent, erring young poet, graceful, delicate, frail, and gentle as a woman, yet full of spirit, scorn, and pride. "Jean Richepin" is, in real life, that young poet's name. . . . One asks oneself if Sarah, who knows men and who assuredly knew this one, would not, if consulted upon the point, concur in my apparently paradoxical estimate of the real character of the truculent blasphemer. "Richepin . . . un mouton qui veut se faire croire enragé. . . ." That, or something like that, is what I fancy I can hear the *voix d'or* saying. Yet, I confess I like Richepin; I have liked him ever since I read his *Madame André*.

Armand Silvestre, with the graceful smile and somewhat debased expression of the eye. . . . A poet, but devoting the whole of his time and talent to the concoction for high pay of bestially dirty stories in the worst of the Boulevard prints. Grosclaude, a wit of the spasmodic order, whose sole end and object in existence is to make the *Gil Blas*'s readers smile and the diners at club tables roar. Capus, a young writer distinguished for peculiar astringency of *esprit*, yet afflicted with a sincere lyric sense (he quoted to me once in the streets at three o'clock in the morning the whole of Victor Hugo's *Abeilles*, with a feeling which "l'aïeul" himself would have approved), which foible of course Capus carefully conceals. Montjoyeux, another journalist, the type of the irresistible Don Juan. All is fish that comes within the net of Montjoyeux's delightful, graceful da Vincian smile. Not effeminate, not exactly feminine even, but one of those men who appear to have stolen from women whatever is subtlest and finest in their femininity, for the sole purpose and with the sole design of penetrating more surely and more quickly to the very centre of their hearts. Montjoyeux, born with and exerting constantly to the full the great Cleopatra instinct, to charm all, always, among the opposite sex. I can see him as I sat with him one Sunday going to Asnières by train, a white rose in the

buttonhole of his gray frock coat. On the seat in front of us was a girl, timid, only slightly pretty, and quite respectable, although alone. Some governess perhaps, or some *première* in a nice Rue de la Paix kind of shop. My companion, who knew, naturally, that just then he was looking his best—and Montjoyeux's best is no uninteresting or unattractive thing—bent slightly forward with his air of being so ready to respectfully adore, and mutely tendered her his flower. . . . She, poor child! blushed suddenly to the whites of her eyes, sat holding Montjoyeux's rose in the palm of her little hand, and on arriving at her destination got out in her confusion on the wrong side of the train. Poor girl, poor child! . . . Who knows how long and how much she may have dwelt since then upon that little incident in the train, when a man who to her eyes must have seemed as lovable as a god of Greece looked straight down for one moment into the core of her little heart, and smiled, gently, at what he saw there! Oh how much there is, how much in life—if one only comes to think of it—how much that is singularly, strangely, infinitely pathetic! What act, what glance so trivial and slight but that, as by a passing gleam of the "light that never shone on land and sea," it may reveal to us something of the secret magic, the deep mystery, of humanity's nature and fate!

. . . Other figures in Pousset's literary corner: Jules Case, a young man of partly English parentage, author of *Bonnet Rouge*, one of the best albeit least known books of the day in France; Rodolphe Darzens, a long-haired poet of the sensuo-mystico-symbolic school,—he is much more "sensual" in appearance than he is either of the other things; Gustave Guiches, a small, vivid, gracious face, Dresden China-like in its delicacy of complexion and distinctly marked with genius, genuine if slight; Paul Bonnetain, acute expression of countenance, quite the air of being somebody, and yet so narrowly escaping the being nobody after all; Octave Mirabeau, bold, virile and contemptuous in glance and port, the strongest "temperament" among all the young novelists and free-lances of the press; Henri Mercier, next door to nothing as to results, but as to potentiality simply a giant; an ever-seething volcano of science, lyricism, satire, passion, poison, and in one word—which

must be a French word, English possessing no equivalent—a *raté titanessque*.

"Le Café des Ratés," indeed, is what a very clever English friend of mine suggested that Pousset's should be called. But this would hardly be correct, for the real *ratés* among the geniuses at Pousset's are but few. The majority of them are doing their own work their own way, which means, if anything does, fruition. True, these are the least powerful and least gifted of the lot; in accordance, no doubt, with the fatal law that the greater the genius the less the chances of its coming fully to light. But what then? Is not genius, in the main, self-sufficing; a kingdom, a world, a Heaven, and also, alas, a Hell, unto itself?

. . . *Va, notre cœur sait
Seul ce que nous sommes!*"

—Paul Verlaine's view, the right one.

IV.

. . . The sitting perforce is drawing to a close. Final despairing cries for *de-mis*, or even for *quarts*, for *finés*, for whiskeys (pronounced here "veeskee"), and especially for *kummel*, are unavailing to attract the notice of harassed *garçons* intent on claiming the settlement of the evening's accounts. "Messieurs, trois heures; on ferme!" shouts a "gérant," the size of his voice in inverse ratio to that of his frame. But still the talk goes on at the literary tables, more fragmentary, more spasmodic now, but perhaps also more brilliant; like quartz broken up very small; the smaller the pieces, the more they shine.

* * * * *

"Ohé, Verlaine, l'homme aux vers de dix-neuf pieds et demi! Prête-m'en deux, je ne peux plus me servir des miens."

* * * * *

"Tout homme a dans le cœur un *Mirbeau* qui sommeille."

"Cochon vous-même," Mirbeau replies with a ready indignation.

* * * * *

"Je suis allé à Londres, j'ai vu un homme qui a de grosses joues et de grands cheveux et qui parle bien. On m'a dit qu'il était 'Wilde'. . . J'ai répondu: 'Il en a l'air; mais pourquoi alors qu'on le laisse se promener dans les rues?'"

* * * * *

"Une chronique, dix chroniques, mille chroniques, et pas un mot ! Est-ce qu'on a le droit d'écrire sans jamais faire des mots ? Rabelais a fait des mots, et c'est pour ça qu'on en parle encore."

Thus Grosclaude, the man of *mots*, about one of his "chronicling" *confrères*.

"Cet être que vous voyez là—cet être franco-américo anglais," remarks Mercier, meaning—so kind of him !—the author of the present lines, "vient de me dire qu'il ne lit plus que les proverbes de Salomon et les poésies de Mossieu Browning. Quel goût, ces étrangers ! Se préoccuper de bêtises comme ça quand on a les vers de François Coppée et la Prose d'Emmanuel Arène !"

"Pardon !" exclaims another Arène, answering to the "little name" of Paul, "pardon ! ne me rappelez pas à la triste réalité des choses. . . . Ne me faites point songer qu'un autre—et quel autre, un homme de politique !—me fait l'injure de porter mon nom. Il serait nécessaire que je pusse dormir cette nuit en paix."

"Balzac—un grand poète né sans voix. . . . Une lyre énorme sans cordes."

"Un tel ? C'est une canaille. . . . Je le connais, je suis comme lui."

"Il est pourri, c'est vrai. . . . Mais ce qu'il fait est d'un art ! . . . Que voulez-vous. . . . Il faut du fumier à la racine des fleurs."

"Allons, allons, dépêchons-nous, on ferme ! Ça va finir mal—comme une pièce de Henri Becque."

"Becque ? ne vous gênez pas pour lui. . . . Il est parti depuis une heure."

"Eh bien, suivons son exemple."

And now the symposium breaks up. Outside, the cool grayness of the morning streets, with, just perceptible in the fleecy sky, the first warm suggestion of a brilliant day. Cabs, of a kind, are still to be had near Pousset's. So some of the literary revellers are driven to baccarat at the clubs, others to supper at the Américain upstairs, others again—a prudent few—home to bed.—*Fortnightly Review*.

ENGLISHMEN IN AFRICA.

BY R. BOSWORTH SMITH.

WHATEVER may be the conclusions with regard to Mr. Stanley's expedition at which the nation may ultimately arrive, after a patient study of the sombre and gruesome documents recently submitted to it, in such bewildering and sometimes in such contradictory instalments, there is one conclusion so obvious, yet, for that very reason, so likely to escape notice ; so demonstrably true, yet certain to be so fiercely contested, and, hitherto, so rarely acted on ; so humiliating to confess, yet so incalculably important for the fair fame, alike in the present and immediate future, of our vast and ever extending Empire, that I am anxious, while the interest in the question is, or ought be, still at something like fever heat, to call pointed attention to it.

The conclusion I would draw is this. The commonplaces which one has heard a thousand times before, and never more frequently than during the last few weeks, such as that patriotism justifies and requires the "hushing up" of disagreeable

truths ; that it is the first duty of an Englishman when his countrymen are accused of evil deeds—not, to suspend his judgment, to hope as long as it is possible to hope, and to condemn them when proved—but, at all hazards, to deny or explain them away ; that acts of violence and wrong which every one would condemn, if we were dealing with the stronger races of Europe and in the full light of day, are not so discreditable when we are thrown among the weaker and darker races of Asia and of Africa ; finally, that the death of an English officer, especially if it be bravely met among striking and stirring incidents, wipes out, in the judgment of his countrymen, all the crimes that may have preceded it, and that he who brings them, however unwillingly, to the light, is at once ungenerous and unjust—these and other commonplaces of the kind are, I would submit, only not truisms because, as Coleridge would have said, they are "*falsisms*," and they involve the deterioration, slow but

sure, of all those qualities on which Englishmen, as an Imperial nation dealing with weaker races, have hitherto had most reason to pride themselves.

How deeply rooted and how widely spread such doctrines are, is apparent from the very circumstances under which the story that is now riveting the attention of the world, has been first revealed to it by Mr. Stanley. Mr. Stanley was aware *some two years ago*, in outline at least, of all the doings which he has only now flashed across the Atlantic. As leader of the expedition, he was inferentially and, in a secondary degree, responsible for all that was done during it. If crimes were committed by his subordinates, when he was hundreds of miles away, crimes such as one would fain hope few Englishmen in a position of responsibility have ever committed before; if tortures were inflicted by English gentlemen on the weak and the half-starved, and indignities offered even to the dead, such as it might have required the imagination of a Dante to shadow forth, and the pencil of a Doré to delineate, surely it was his duty, remembering that it was England which he represented, and her honor of which he was the guardian, to denounce them publicly, the moment he had satisfied himself of their reality and their extent, and to cut himself adrift—however gravely such a step might reflect on his original selection of his companions, and on the general conduct of the expedition—from any Englishman who had looked calmly on at the atrocities, or had contented himself with a mere verbal protest against them. Yet, there is good reason to suppose, had it not been for the publication of the personal attacks on him by Major Barttelot's brother, that neither he, nor any member of his chosen subordinates of the rear-guard would have ever thought it their duty to inform even their employers—the Emin Relief Committee—of the facts in full; much less, to reveal a syllable of what had happened to the world at large.

What do they say themselves? Lieutenant Troup admits that "Major Barttelot was cruel, terribly cruel;" "there is," he adds, "no doubt of that." Yet he plumes himself on not having said a word against him, "until somebody first made charges." Mr. Bonny with the candor which apparently marks everything he has written throughout, admits that, as regards

a certain terrible accusation, he "thought it best to keep quiet," and that he "did not wish to mix himself up with it." While Mr. Herbert Ward speaks of "a generous conspiracy of silence," as regards Barttelot's atrocities. Generous indeed! Generous to whom?

Mr. Stanley's attitude speaks for itself; and I would submit that the leader who, first, denies the existence of certain atrocities, having in his possession at the time, overwhelming evidence that they are, in part at least, true; who carries about with him the fateful secret for two years; and then, finally, discloses them, not so much in righteous and overwhelming indignation at the devilries that have been committed, as because the war has been transferred into his own country, and he is himself attacked on widely different grounds, has made himself, to a very serious extent, *particeps criminis*. Saddening and humiliating as are the disclosures themselves, they are, in my opinion, made more saddening and more humiliating still by the conditions under which they have at last been made.

Nor have there been wanting men in high stations at home—men who, in their private capacity, may be humane and kindly enough, but who have shown by their utterances that it is not the deeds of violence, but their detection, that they most resent. Officers of the army, partly, from a feeling of *esprit de corps*, which is honorable enough if kept within definite limits, and, partly, from the tendency to forget that professional zeal does not atone for the lack of the more essential moral qualities, are naturally inclined to take a similar view. Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., for instance, in a letter published in Major Barttelot's correspondence, and therefore presumably well weighed before it was published—after dwelling on Major Barttelot's social qualities and professional energy, concludes by the terribly suggestive sentence: "If I could have had five minutes alone with Assad Farran, or whatever his name is, I should be glad." In other words, the poor Syrian interpreter, whose misfortune it was to be present at repeated scenes of foul cruelty, which he was unable to prevent, and whose crime it is to have given an only too truthful account of them to outsiders, would be treated by this distinguished officer, if only he had him in his power for five minutes, in a manner

which is perhaps best expressed by—an aposiopesis.

And here I would guard against a possible misconception. In the heat of the controversy which has raged round the story of the Rear Column, it is little wonder if many persons, stung to the quick by the report of horrors committed by members of an expedition which was started for philanthropic purposes, and was supported by men whose philanthropy is beyond suspicion, have asked indignantly—as if the question needed only to be asked to answer itself—what right had Mr. Stanley and his followers to carry martial law across Africa at all? Did they receive the right to flog and slay from the English Government or the Government of the Khedive; or, thinking themselves outside of all European law, did they act as legislators and policemen, judges and executioners, all in one? With such a line of argument I cannot sympathize. It proves either too little or too much; and, to make it hold good, we must go much further back, and condemn not Mr. Stanley's expedition alone, but all expeditions into barbarous and unknown countries, which are prepared, in the last resort, to have recourse to force. There is much to be said for and against the abstract right of civilized men to force their way into uncivilized countries, to "discover" aborigines who knew well enough where they were all the time, and had no wish to be "discovered" by any one else; but it would take me too far away from my present object, if I attempted to weigh the good against the evil, and to show, what I believe to be the case, that, on the whole, if proper precautions are taken, the evil is outweighed by the good.

But what I would insist on is this, that, if it is right to go on such an expedition at all, it is not only right, it is absolutely necessary, to entrust its leaders with exceptional powers. An expedition like that for the relief of Emin Pasha—whatever other objects there may have been in the background, and some of these are now gradually oozing out—must have a large following, native and English. Mr. Stanley took with him some 650 souls—English, Zanzibaris, Somalis, Soudanese—not to speak of the 600 "carriers" or slaves to be supplied by Tippoo Tib; and such a following necessarily becomes a mob, unless its leader has extraordinary powers

committed to him. He could not take with him, even if he would, and he ought not to take with him, even if he could, all the bulky and the clumsy paraphernalia of English law—a panel of twelve British jurymen, a bevy of clerks, solicitors, and judges, a library of English law books; and, even if he did, it would be exactly as illegal to administer English as any other law, in these wild and unknown countries. Any law, whether martial or, if the expression may be coined, "jungle," or merely "personal" law, is better than no law at all, and is absolutely essential to the safety and well-being of both natives and Europeans. The range of possible offences is unlimited, while the range of possible punishments is only too sharply defined by the conditions of the case. There are no jails, no treadmills, no appliances for enforcing solitary confinement. One act of desertion, on the other hand, one act of wholesale theft, the example of one bold and influential mutineer, may imperil the existence of the whole force, and the only punishments possible are those which are sure, swift, and severe. In other words, there are two deterrents only, corporal punishment and death. To deny this, while we defend the policy and morality of such expeditions, is the part of a well-meaning but an illogical humanitarianism which defeats its own object. When, therefore, Mr. Stanley or Major Barttelot flogged men, or even put them to death, they did what *ex hypothesi* they had a strict right to do, and their action can be properly condemned only as being too severe, or not severe enough, for the particular case.

But severity may amount to cruelty, and cruelty may amount to demoniacal barbarity, if personal malice, or race hatred, or indifference to human suffering, or positive delight in seeing it inflicted, and, still more, in inflicting it oneself, accompanies the judicial act. And it is because there is only too much reason to believe that such feelings did actuate Major Barttelot in his deeds of wild and almost incredible brutality, in the kickings, and the clubbings, and the floggings to death, or to what was almost worse than death, whereof it was not Africans alone, but English gentlemen who were the eye-witnesses, that the conscience of the English nation has been stirred to its inmost depths, and that it feels that it would gladly give up all the fruits of Mr. Stanley's expedition,

if only what has been done upon it by individual Englishmen could thereby be undone. And it is because Mr. Stanley, knowing well what kind of man Major Barttelot was, knowing what he had done in Egypt, knowing his hatred to the natives of Africa, and being warned against him by those who had the best right to do so, selected him for his expedition, when he might have had the pick of all England from which to choose; because he put arms into his hands, and, when he was removed from all the restraints of civilization, invested him with a vast responsibility, and then, when the natural result followed, abstained from condemning what had been done, and, two years afterward, revealed it, not on public, but on purely personal grounds;—that the English people will always consider that there is a dark spot upon even his most splendid achievements.

Martial law is in itself so terrible a necessity, it is liable to such grave abuse: the sight of means to do ill deeds, among a people so widely different from our own, so often makes ill deeds to be done by all but those who are restrained by the highest moral and religious principles, that it is hardly too much to say that the first, second, and third requisite for him who should ever be allowed to wield such a weapon at all is a keenly sensitive humanity. More valuable this than the patience and the prudence, than the courage and the address, than the strength of body and the strength of mind, than the firm faith and the indomitable hope, which go to make up the ideal—an ideal which has, happily, been so often all but realized—of a great English explorer!

In all Imperial races, especially in those which have also strong colonizing and commercial instincts, there is an element of the wild beast. The Phœnicians, in ancient times—the Portuguese, the Spaniards, and the Dutch in modern times—are conspicuous instances of this. It seems almost like a law of Nature that civilized men, when thrown among uncivilized, should assimilate themselves to their surroundings, and should catch something, and at times—as in the case of the Spaniards in America and the West Indies—a double measure of their ferocity and their barbarism. Great Britain is no exception to the rule. Indeed, in some respects, she is exposed to even greater temptation than

any other nation. Our empire is so world-wide; we are brought into such close contact with natives of every stage and of no stage of civilization; our colonists are so hardy and so energetic; our traders so restless and so aggressive; our explorers so fearless and so resourceful; as a nation, we are so self-reliant, so self-contained, so conscious of our own superiority; the chances of detection and of punishment, in case of wanton cruelty in the outlying portions of our vast dependencies—the very portions, I would remark, to which the most enterprising and the least scrupulous members of the community tend to gravitate—are so infinitesimal, that we need to be saved from our baser, and recalled to our nobler selves, by every engine at our command.

And what engine can be compared, with this end in view, with Public Opinion? And how can Public Opinion ever be brought to bear in such remote corners of the earth, unless we lay it down as a fundamental axiom that, throwing all such maxims of false *esprit de corps* as I have enumerated above, to the winds, we should denounce and punish wherever it is possible—of course, with all allowance for attendant circumstances, but with all seriousness, and all severity—any and every act of greed, of injustice, of oppression? The atrocities committed by certain members of the Rear Column might have been all, or almost all of them, prevented, had this principle been frankly recognized. If the accounts which reach us may be relied on—and some of them, I would remark, notably those of Mr. Bonny and Assad Farran, bear every internal mark of truthfulness and accuracy—Major Barttelot himself, whether criminal or madman, was, once and again, restrained from a violent outbreak by the pertinent suggestion that “the English newspapers might get hold of it.” When he heard of the cannibal orgies on the Upper Congo, he seems to have been thrilled by a spasm of emotion—not at the horror of the deeds done, but at the thought that they might “cost him his commission,” and Mr. Jameson, when he had seen and done his worst at Riba Riba, was certainly recalled to his better self—and it is clear that he, like Major Barttelot, had a better self—by the discovery that what he had seen and done was known and was condemned by the Belgian officers of the Congo.

But if the temptations to which we are exposed are greater than those of any other nation, so also, happily, on the other hand, is our experience wider, and the safeguards which a sensitive and enlightened public opinion at home may be made to lend us, are immeasurably greater also. For it may be said of England, without fear of contradiction, that, of all the Imperial races which have ever existed, there is not one—as the history of our Indian Empire, rightly viewed, will prove—which is more disinterested, more merciful, more just, more anxious to serve those whom she rules, and to rule by serving them. Panic, indeed, is always cruel; and, in times of great excitement and great danger, as in the Indian Mutiny, or the Jamaica Insurrection, it is little wonder if some who were on the spot did deeds of which they were afterward ashamed, and if many also, at home, clamored for an all too sweeping and indiscriminate revenge. But the reaction is never long in coming; and it is found, when the conflict is over, that it is not those who have interpreted, perhaps only too faithfully, the passing popular passion; but it is the Cannings, the Outrams, the Lawrences—men who, in the prolonged life and death struggle, lost neither head nor heart, who have planted their memories most deeply in the affections of the English people.

It is a mere calumny to say, in face of our recent history, alike in Africa, in India, and in other parts of the world, that new countries cannot be explored, new trade routes opened out, immemorial rivers traced to their fountain-head, barbarous tribes influenced, controlled, civilized, assimilated, by men who have a conscience which is keenly sensitive to right and wrong, and who, to the robust qualities which we usually associate with the pioneer and the discoverer, add the gentler and the more distinctively Christian virtues which we expect to find in the philanthropist and the missionary.

Mungo Park discovered and explored the Niger; Denham and Clapperton reached Lake Tchad and the Western Soudan; Rajah Brooke acquired and civilized part of Borneo; Gordon ruled the Egyptian Soudan, and led and moderated a great war in China; Speke and Grant discovered the Victoria Nyanza and “settled” the Nile; Cameron crossed Africa for the first time; Moffat spent a lifetime among the

Bechuanas; Hannington faced torture and death in Uganda; missionary bishop after missionary bishop has thrown himself in a forlorn but cheerful hope on work and no uncertain death in Nyassa land; Livingstone exhibited in his own person, through a long lifetime, the very highest qualities alike of the explorer and the missionary; and all of them, so far as I am aware, without having done a single deed of violence at which any Englishman need blush. In the days, at all events of the earlier of these explorers, there were no telegraphs, no giant commercial companies, no “spheres,” imaginary or otherwise, of European “influence” in a continent which was, almost as yet, undiscovered; there were no unlimited resources of men and money placed at the disposal of the intrepid explorer. Other African expeditions have in these later days been heroically undertaken, and carried through with marvellous, I would almost say with miraculous energy, tenacity and address, amidst the plaudits, the well-deserved plaudits, of an admiring world, and with results more striking, though hardly more important to geography and science. But they have been at an enormously greater expense, and they have left behind in their track too many burned or ruined villages, and too many bleaching human bones. It was on a modest £2000 that the “Nile was settled,” by Speke and Grant, and the two men left behind them in their “walk across Africa,” a streak, as it were, of kindly light, and an example which future explorers, warned by the accompaniments, perhaps the inevitable accompaniments of semi-military expeditions, like Mr. Stanley’s, will do well to follow.

Never, since, by a stroke of the pen, Pope Alexander the Sixth divided the undiscovered world into two portions, and, with true Pontifical liberality, gave all to the west of his imaginary line to the Spaniards, and all to the east of it to the Portuguese, calling forth the shrewd remark of the French king that “he should like to see the will of Father Adam before he assented to the arrangement,” and, in the process, handing over whole continents to the treachery and ferocity of men like Cortes and Pizarro, has a large portion of the earth’s surface been appropriated, and carved up with such splendid audacity, as has Africa been lately portioned out, among the jealous and scrambling nations of

Europe, at the instance and under the auspices of Lord Salisbury. Perplexing questions may, no doubt, occur to us, as to the Right Divine of Lord Salisbury, or of anybody else, so to parcel out what does not belong to them; but, rightly or wrongly, for good or for evil, the "sphere of English influence" is, henceforward, to extend over something like an eighth of Africa; and it is the most pertinent, as it is one of the most burning of all Imperial questions, in view of recent revelations, whether Africa is once more, as she has been for centuries, though in a rather different sense, to be the prey of European

nations, anxious only for their own enrichment, devastating her by their fire-arms, and decimating her by their flood of ardent and poisonous spirits; whether the "influence" at work is to be that of men like Barttelot and like Jameson, or of men like Gordon and like Livingstone; whether Africa is to be "exploited" by great commercial companies chiefly for their own benefit, or whether she is to be helped forward—Africa for the Africans—to a natural development of her own, redolent alike of the people and the soil.—*Contemporary Review*.

WINTER IN THE COUNTRY OF THE PASSION PLAY.

BY CAPTAIN H. C. WARD.

AMONG the many who have wended their way through the country of the Passion Play, doubtless it may have suggested itself to some to think how beautiful this country is in summer, but how dreary it must be when there are no leafy woodlands, no flowery meadows, no busy peasant life in the fields. It must seem as if a white shroud had been thrown over Nature's death, and that there was nothing for the inhabitants to do but to endure patiently till the resurrection morn of spring called all forth to new life and beauty.

But this would be a very mistaken idea. Winter has its smiles as well as its frowns, and very brilliant smiles, too. Among those who know the country in all its phases, there are those who prefer the grandeur of winter to the blooming beauty of summer. When the pure sunny peaks stand up against the deep blue of the winter sky, and the whole surface of Nature's white mantle is covered with crystals that glisten and sparkle in the sunlight like diamonds, rubies, and emeralds; and, in moonlight, not only glitter but shine like huge glow-worms—the scene has a look of fairyland that those who only know the ordinary English snowfall cannot conceive.

There are lovely atmospheric effects also that can be seen at no other time. One that occurs about sunset can only be described as the whole landscape being bathed in the glow of a soft, deep, rosy light. Of it words can give no idea to those who have not witnessed it. At least, some will

say, the lovely Bavarian lakes must have lost their charm when the vivid coloring of the water—green, blue, what shall we call it?—is no longer there; when there is no rowing over sunny waters, no waterfalls leaping joyously down the surrounding cliffs, no mingling of the varied hues of pine, beech, birch, service tree, beneath the gray rocks that pile themselves against the summer sky. But surely, there is something to compensate for this when the lake lies like a glassy mirror, so smooth on its surface that a skater can go about two miles in eight minutes and a half, so clear that fish can be seen swimming below, and an involuntary tremor cannot but be felt in launching on it, it is so impossible to believe that a firm surface lies between the foot and untold depths. On more exposed parts exquisite crystals like flowers, feathers, or stars, may be found piled up on the surface of the ice. What can regulate the varied shapes of these ice formations? No one has yet been able to discover. Some think that electricity has much to do with it. And as to the surroundings, though the frozen waterfalls may want life, they have a still pure beauty all their own. Though the trees may be leafless, yet how lovely their covering of soft, feathery snow, and crystals sparkling like frosted silver, which brings into strong relief the varied growths, from the majestic pine, with massive drooping boughs, to the light, graceful birch, looking more than ever "the lady of the woods"—thus compensat-

ing by diversity of form for monotony of color. Besides which, while all may be absolutely still below, on the mountain-top the fitful currents of air may be blowing the snow into fantastic clouds, or sending it down the precipices as snowfalls. Yes, truly the lake of the Bavarian highlands has its winter as well as its summer beauty.

To turn from the scenery to the inhabitants of the country. Winter is no time of hibernation for them, either as to labor or amusements. There is a quantity of gypsum in the limestone rock in the neighborhood, and several mills for converting it into plaster of Paris, and a favorite industry for men whose usual avocations are at a standstill is the making of small casks for its conveyance. It is not a very remunerative occupation, as they only get 30 pfennigs, that is 4d., per cask, but they can make five in a day, and even about double that number if they have all the wood prepared.

Cattle, sheep, and goats being all stabled for the winter makes early hours necessary, and gives work, especially for the women. The women also have their wool to card, and their wool, flax, and hemp to spin, besides knitting stockings and getting through as much needlework, etc., as they can; because, as soon as field-work begins, their time is fully occupied out of doors.

As to amusement, you may trust a Bavarian not to be behind in that. The men meet almost nightly in the different inns and beer-houses, according to their status in the local society, where they have talk, singing, music, cards, etc., the large glass mugs of beer at their side being constantly replenished. The beer is fortunately light and wholesome, but the amount drunk is a serious expense, and much more than the men usually can properly afford. Besides these nightly gatherings, there are different clubs or societies that meet at certain times at one or other of the inns for an evening's amusement, some of them under the patronage of the priest. In many of them the women join, but the women's chief entertainments are *kunkl*, or spinning parties, at home; and very cosy and picturesque these spinning parties are. The great feature in a Bavarian sitting-room is the large porcelain stove, that stands out into the room and that is usually lit from the passage outside. Round this stove a bench runs, a delightfully warm seat, the back being the porcelain stove. But be-

sides this stove, in the older houses there is in the wall a hole with a chimney, where a particular sort of pine, that burns brightly without sending out sparks, is burnt at night for the purpose of light only. In olden times, when such luxuries as lamps were unthought of, it was often the only means of illumination. Some still use them constantly, others keep them only for festive occasions. A man (generally the wag or story-teller of the party) sits beside it to keep it replenished. The women have their spinning-wheels or knitting, and the men sit in the darker corners; and there are always some to sing songs or tell stories, or keep the fun going in some way. One such scene specially recurs to me.

Imagine an old, dark-panelled room. In her arm-chair, close to the stove, in the full light of the blazing pine-wood, sits the handsome old hostess, in her picturesque costume, busy with her spinning-wheel. A young woman with a wheel is in an opposite corner. Three daughters knitting and guests sit in a circle, more or less, the light playing on the varied faces and time-worn furniture, as bright fire-light alone can. One man has a guitar, and two young girls sing Tyrolese songs, and the compositions of one of the men present, pleasantly together. At last Schnapps of different kinds (a sort of cheap liqueurs) and delicious coffee, with home-made cake, are handed round, and the evening ends with hearty farewell greetings.

During the Carnival young men masked, and dressed so as to disguise themselves as much as possible, go from house to house, especially to where spinning parties are known to be going on. Several of them bring harmonicas, which they play with their mouths under their masks. Music being thus provided they dance with the girls and each other; the excitement on the part of the girls being to find out who the different maskers are, and greatly crestfallen these maskers are when the secret is found out. They all force their voices into one peculiar tone, so that if they speak it does not betray them. Their manners are as quiet and decorous as if they were not masked. In one village where the masking seemed to lead to riotous conduct the authorities prohibited all masking for the future. Men may dress as women, but it is not deemed correct for a woman to go about masked.

Besides these little impromptu dances, balls are given by different societies (or *Vereins*), and often in fancy dress. To these all ranks go, from count to village guide, and very amusing they are. The dancing would shame a London ball-room, the peasants waltzing far better than their superiors in rank, and their manners being wonderfully refined. The company sit at tables with their wine or beer beside them, and generally have supper in the course of the evening, just what they wish, and at the time they wish to have it, without reference to others. When a dance begins they merely leave their table for the dance, and return to it again. No sitting in corners and corridors. At these balls introductions are not necessary; the man merely bows or holds out his hand to the girl with whom he wishes to dance, and she has to follow him or take his hand. If she declines and afterward dances with any one else, it is deemed a great insult, and an insult which is felt the more keenly as the rejected partner gets derided by his fellows. It is well for a stranger to know this, as needless pain is often given, and misunderstandings arise from ignorance.

The entertainment is almost always varied by recitations, part-songs, dramatic representations. Each time something fresh seems to be thought of, and whatever is done is well done. Once there was a mock circus, men being dressed like riders in pantomime, and they went through everything in the most absurd manner. One could hardly believe there were no horses. After the circus an athlete came on to the stage and went through the usual performance, apparently straining every muscle, lifting and balancing what seemed enormously heavy weights. But when he had finished, the small boy of the landlord came on, seized up and ran out with these same weights, amid roars of laughter from the spectators.

Another evening there was a gypsy encampment; tents with their furnishings, everything complete, even to camp fires, with mashies and different supposed gypsy dishes being cooked on them. Pilfering was carried on most dexterously; girls' silver pins, men's watches and purses, kept disappearing all evening, but were speedily restored by a make-believe police. The climax was reached when the steward of the evening came forward saying that the bouquets for the cotillon had certainly

started from Munich, but in some unaccountable way had never arrived, and he regretted much that the most favorite figure of the dance must for that evening be dispensed with. Immediately after this little speech, the hamper with the bouquets was found by the imaginary police in the gypsies' possession, and brought out amid shouts of laughter, as all had been completely taken in, and the bouquets were dealt out under great difficulties, because of the raids of these same gypsies. That same evening one of the tables was occupied by men representing students, their faces seemingly scarred with sword-cuts, and their heads bandaged in different ways. They sang all sorts of student songs, and with one of these songs came a sort of "follow my leader" affair, which ended in the leader going right across a table crowded with guests, their plates and glasses. Some of the men were so portly, it seemed as if it would be an impossibility for them to achieve this, and if they did, for the table to stand their weight. However, all went well till the last, whose leg was caught by a wag, and the owner of the leg sent sprawling on the table, in the midst of spilt wine and beer, and broken glass and crockery. But everything was taken in good part.

Speaking of the theft of the cotillon bouquets, reminds me of an Alpine cotillon on another occasion, which was very amusing. It was intended to represent the ascent of the great mountain of the neighborhood, the Zugspitz, which is, in fact, the highest mountain in Germany, being 9600 feet high.

In the first figure the guides were chosen, the names of the different well-known guides being written on cards and drawn by so many ladies and gentlemen, who danced accordingly. After the question of guides had been settled, in the next figure they were supposed to have reached the Knorr Hütte, the little hut in which a night has to be passed in order to go over the snow near the summit before the sun has had time to soften the surface. Here a Schuhplattl is supposed to be danced. This Schuhplattl is the somewhat singular dance of the country; and is supposed to have its origin in the antics of the black-cock when wooing his mate. The woman for the most part waltzes quietly and gracefully round, followed by the man cutting all sorts of capers to attract her attention

and ingratiate himself in her favor, keeping time with resounding claps of his hands on his short leathern breeches, and with his feet. With the third figure the summit of the mountain is supposed to be reached, and luncheon has to be partaken of. A basket containing what is usually taken on such occasions was handed round, and the contents given to an equal number of ladies and gentlemen, who danced accordingly. Ham danced with bread, pepper with salt, sausage with wine, each carrying the article supposed to be represented in the hand; one young lady having to carry round in the waltz a large bottle of wine. In the next figure they were supposed to have reached a certain glacier, where there is often a great deal of snow. For this snow-shoes were produced, and all who know what they are will appreciate the difficulty of trying to waltz with the large flat surface strapped to the sole of the foot. Finally they were supposed to reach a village where a shooting *fête* is taking place; and the last figure consisted in the ladies all trying their skill in shooting with a rifle at a target, flags being given for prizes.

Each year some fresh grand entertainment is got up for the last day of the Carnival, regardless of expense and trouble. One year it was the wood industry of the country that was represented. Two masked men as man and wife (the latter specially grotesque and hideous) drew about a hand-cart with fagots, as if for sale. Next came an imitation of the wood being floated down the rivers, as is done in spring, when the streams are in flood from the melting of the snow and from rain. The wood was rolled along the street, while men and women, dressed as they would be on such an occasion, pretended to be wading and drawing out the wood to shore with the small long-handled axes and hooks they employ for the purpose.

A saw-mill worked by ingenious machinery paraded the streets. But the chief thing was a race as to who could turn out one of the little wooden casks for plaster of Paris, before mentioned, in the shortest time. A platform was erected along the street in front of the principal hotel; on this were seated all who wished to contend, having their tools and mere blocks of wood beside them. On a given signal all began stripping off the laths required, putting them into position, bending them round,

etc. With those not very dexterous, the whole thing has a knack of collapsing when just on the point of completion, and all has to be put together again. Unfortunately for the man who was the first to accomplish the task, he paused to look about him before announcing the fact, and the second shouting out before him, gained the first prize. The time taken was three-quarters of an hour.

Another year there was an imaginary fair. Booths were erected and grotesque figures hawked their wares. One man looked specially absurd; he was of somewhat small stature, and was dressed in a lady's embroidered linen dress and hat, and had a wig of flax, and rouged cheeks. One great feature of the fair was a lottery, the prizes being supplied by begging from house to house for anything that could be given, whether of any value or not. The tickets were 10 pf. (about 1d.), and all got prizes, though one might have a dirty old glove, while the next had something pretty and useful. Another part of the programme was a race between a man on horseback and one on foot all round the village; the man on foot to have a certain start. He started off at full speed, but directly he was out of sight, he went behind some houses, took off the peculiar dress, and strolled back to the place from which he had started, while another man of the same size, and dressed as he had been, came running in apparently from the top of the village, but really from behind a house close by; so of course the horseman was beaten by many minutes. There was also a menagerie of stuffed and made-up animals, and though in the description it may seem but little, the absurdity of the whole thing was very entertaining.

But of all their entertainments the one on which they seem most to pride themselves was the representation of what a Bavarian wedding in the mountains used to be, as now they prefer taking a little jaunt, or making use of the money in some other way, to spending so much on the wedding feast. The bridegroom chosen was a good-looking married mason, the bride the pretty daughter of the tanner. They were dressed in old-fashioned costumes; the man had a long coat, knee-breeches, and shoes with buckles; the girl also had shoe-buckles, and she wore a handsome short bodice, with white sleeves, and a sort of crown on her head, with long

plaits of wadded light-colored satin hanging down her back. They went together everywhere to invite the guests, accompanied by the master of the ceremonies and a band of curious old instruments, more quaint than harmonious, of the same date as the dress.

A cart supposed to contain the bride's possessions passed, all decorated, with much ceremony through the village. The bride in Bavaria is supposed to furnish the entire house, so the cart was well piled up. Conspicuous in front was the spinning-wheel, ornamented with flowers and blue and white ribbons (the Bavarian colors), and at the back there was a cradle, as this used always to be the rule.

Sometimes the bride herself used to be mounted on the top of the things, in which case the bridegroom had to be at the door of the new home to lift her down and over the threshold, and to carry the beds and cradle to their places. But at other times it is only the seamstress, who has been employed to assist in preparing the things, that accompanies them; and in this case this seamstress was personated by a grotesque masked man in woman's attire.

At 6 p.m. the guests all assembled at the principal hotel, formed a procession, and, accompanied by the band, marched to the inn where the entertainment was to take place. There they sat down to eat and drink at different tables, the place of honor being near the happy pair. About 8, dancing began in the adjoining room, communicating with the one in which the guests were assembled, the dancers returning to their tables at the conclusion of each dance. Honored guests arriving in the course of the evening were met by the band at the head of the staircase, and welcomed with a flourish of instruments; and the same ceremony attended their leaving.

After a time came the giving of the presents, each guest in turn walking up to the bride and bridegroom with a sum of money or some other gift, and after hand-shaking and drinking of healths returning to his or her seat. Of course the presents in this case were as absurd as possible. At the conclusion of this there came a long speech from the master of the ceremonies, and then dancing recommenced, but not indiscriminately. The bride and bridegroom had first to take a turn together, then the master of the ceremonies with the old woman called the "braut mutter," who

notes and takes charge of the presents, and who may be called the *mistress* of the ceremonies. After this the married people danced, and then the unmarried. This done, dancing became general. But the bridegroom had to dance with every lady guest who cared to dance, and with any girl he saw sitting from want of a partner. One incident that often happens at a Bavarian wedding was left out that evening. While the bridegroom is dancing, the bride is often carried off by some of the young men, and hidden, when the bridegroom has to redeem her by paying for a certain amount of beer and cigarettes. This arranged, the bride is brought out of her hiding-place, the band turning out and accompanying her back in triumph.

Occasionally the entertainment chosen is a play acted on a stage erected in the open air, on some convenient spot; and the natives really seem born actors, so capably do they perform their parts.

Besides the great entertainment of the day, there are numerous small amusements, such as a man walking about with something resembling a fishing-rod, with gingerbread or some such sweet attached to the end of the line; this the children try to seize, and find it cleverly jerked from their grasp. Another is a masked man dressed as a mountebank, with bells hung on his person, which he sets ringing by dancing in a particular way, a man playing some sort of instrument generally accompanying him. But so great is their ingenuity, it would be impossible to tell of all their fanciful doings.

I may mention that no Carnival amusements of any kind took place at Ammergau itself this year, because of the solemn ceremonial before them.

The great out-of-door recreation of the men is a species of curling with wooden stones (if one may be excused using such an expression) instead of the heavy granite ones of Scotland.

The children amuse themselves with small sleighs, like the American toboggan. These are too well known in England now to require describing, but it may be said that no idea of the excitement of the amusement in these altitudes can be had in our British clime. Swift as lightning do they glide down the roads into the valleys, on tracks ground smooth as glass by the passing of horse-sleighs; or still more rapidly do they skim over the snow-covered

grass slopes, especially when the surface has been turned into ice by the alternate influences of sun and frost—ice so hard as to give severe cuts when an upset takes place. Sometimes on these snow-slopes sudden dips occur, causing the sleigh to leave the ground and go through the air till it again comes in contact with the surface of the snow. Thirty-six feet have been measured from where a sleigh has jumped to where it alighted, and it may be imagined that the slightest loss of balance at such a moment might cause a very serious accident. No wonder gentlemen have said the sensation was more that of hunting than of anything else.

These little sleighs are helps to children who have to go daily to school from the surrounding mountain hamlets; for go they must through frost and snow, or rain and slush—even little delicate-looking children may be seen trudging home in the afternoon a distance of three and four miles in all weathers. Arrangements are generally made for them to have dinner in one of the little inns. A lady, thinking of the cold the poor little wet feet must suffer during the long school-hours, negotiated with the owner of a house close to the school for any who liked to change shoes and stockings on arrival and before starting again in bad weather; but not one child availed him or herself of the permission, showing how lightly they esteem what we should consider not only a grave discomfort, but a real danger. Certainly they are usually well shod and warmly clad, and head well

protected, girls with hoods, boys with comfortable caps. But what can withstand the soaking, penetrating effects of sleet and slush! The country postmen, too, have what Englishmen would think a hard time, as they have to carry letters to all the hamlets round in all weathers. Fortunately for them, the Bavarian peasant does not take his daily paper, and his letters are few and far between. Happily, too, for both them and the school-children and also for the people in general, hot sunshine and clear still air is the rule most seasons for a large proportion of the winter days.

Imperceptibly these winter days fly quickly by, till in March comes a thaw. Rapidly the snow vanishes, and its place is taken by countless flowers. White snowflakes, pink heath, blue hypaticas, yellow oxlips, blue gentians, pink primulas, golden coltsfoot, purple and pink lungwort, purple and white crocuses, and many others, come on in rapid succession. Winter is a thing of the past, but it leaves behind many pleasant memories; and the labors and pleasures of spring and summer are entered upon with all the more zest, because of the complete change of thought and occupation the renewed life of nature brings with it.

So season by season passes life's little day for these Bavarian peasants, as for us. Happy those who are enabled to fulfil therein the work God has given them to do.—*National Review*.

THE THREE DOCTORS.

A Shadow of a Lost "Ingoldsby Legend."

BY LORD WALSLINGHAM.

In the town of Clonmel,
As I'm going to tell,
In former days we remember well
That the medical staff was not very great,
But the health of the place in a prosperous state.

There were doctors three
Who could never agree,
But set up their sign-boards in rivalry.
Each had the credit of being a quack,
But of general credit a general lack.

Now Doctor Pillule was a Homœopat
 And dealt in poisons. But what of that ?
 So long as his bottles were neat and clean,
 And the points of his instruments fine and keen,
 No one would inquire, no one would detect
 If his patient died of his gross neglect.
 They'd say, " Poor fellow ! his thread was spun
 Shorter than others ; his race is run."
 But none would care that his friends were bereft
 If consoled by the weight of the cash he left.
 So the world jogged on, and Doctor Pillule
 Was considered just only an average fool.

The next of the leeches
 Experience teaches
 Could not have been trusted to patch up old breeches.
 He cut and he hacked
 With more vigor than tact,
 And his love of experiments never was slack.
 Many the poor unlucky sinner
 He sent to his grave. In the middle of dinner
 He never would wait
 On the case to dilate
 Or scarce to examine the patient's state,
 But trusting to fate,
 With a meaning nod of his ignorant pate,
 He'd cut off his leg and go back to his plate.
 Such was the practice of Doctor O'Steel,
 Who liked his profession, but loved his meal.

The third practitioner no one saw :
 He lived at a so-called medicine store,
 Said little or nothing, but thought the more.
 The men of Clonmel were alike in agreeing
 That he was a very mysterious being ;
 No one indeed could understand
 How he managed to live on the trade in hand.
 Many the doubt and many the wink,
 Many the question, " What do you think ?"
 But no one precisely knew how much he thought,
 And whether the Doctor did more than he ought
 Or less, it was certain he never was caught,
 For Doctor Killall thought it wrong to steal
 A hackney coach, but to let the wheel,
 Or the axle-tree, pole, or splinter bar
 Hang out of his pocket was worse by far.

Now it chanced one night
 That a luckless wight,
 Who didn't exactly feel all right
 (When he went to bed
 His nose was red,
 And when he got up his face was white),
 Had a nervous dream, and he thought he saw
 The sign-board over each doctor's door.
 There was not much wrong, but a bad hiccup,
 And he only needed a pick-me-up,

But being not over endowed with pluck,
And feeling too ill to trust to luck,
He made up his mind
To attempt to find
Some one, and ask him to be so kind
As to recommend
As an honest friend
The doctor to whom he had better send,
Who would with most skill such a case attend.
Whether the chicken, or whether the peas,
Whether the liquor, or whether the cheese,
Weighed on his stomach no power can tell ;
But whatever it was, you may know full well
That his eyes were heavy, his head was hot,
And the root of his tongue was certainly not
As cool as it ought to have been, because
He slept flat on his back with gaping jaws.
And asleep in pain
He fancied again
That he plainly saw
At each doctor's door
The ghosts of his patients less or more,
In exact proportion to what success
Had attended his treatment, more or less.
At one whole hosts
Of threatening ghosts
Vengeance-vowing, storming, swearing,
Shrieking, screaming, garments tearing,
Sheets in shreds about their withers
Winding, gave him the cold shivers.
At the next some more poor devils
In their rattlebony revels,
Giving vent to all their grief,
Cursed the doctor for a thief.
Till the sight of such a crowd
Made our patient groan aloud.
By no friend's advice decoyed
These at least he would avoid.
'Twas a fearful strain
To his heated brain
To think of the numbers these quacks had slain.
Now still in his sleep
Another sad peep
Revealed the ghost of a chimney-sweep,
And one ghost more
At the little door
Where Doctor Killall had his medicine store.
Our friend woke up with a start and a kick,
And feeling moreover uncommonly sick,
Thought, the only man from whom I'm sure
To meet with a quick and perfect cure
Is the man whose victims are only two,
I am safe with the man who has killed so few.
So he dipped his mug
In the water-jug,
And pulled on his boots with a nervous tug,
Rushed off to the quack with a rueful face,
And proceeded at once to explain his case.

The doctor smiled and the doctor smirked,
 All medical questions he wisely shirked,
 He felt his pulse, he looked at his tongue,
 He timed his heart and he tapped each lung,
 He looked him over from head to foot,
 But the only question he deigned to put
 Was, "How does it happen of doctors three
 That you give the preference, sir, to me?"
 He told his story, he told his dreams,
 He told of the ghosts and the awful screams,
 He told of the two who stood before
 The narrow front of the medicine store.
 The proof was plain to a man of sense
 That there he could place his confidence.
 The doctor replied, "I am grieved to add,
 They're the only two cases I ever had."
 To have seen that man get out of that house
 Would have raised a smile in a low church mouse.

—Longman's Magazine.

DRESS *versus* CLOTHES.

THE lively controversy that has been carried on in the pages of the *National Observer* on the subject of man's dress, does not yet seem to have been brought to a definite conclusion, even though the writer of the original article, "Ashamed to Dress," has been at the pains to explain the meaning of his jeremiad, and to remove the not unintelligible misconceptions that had arisen in the minds of his correspondents. In truth, the original article was not a little obscure—perhaps the result of its being the outcome of two original thinkers, for the writer in question only confesses to being responsible for half of it—but with the help of that gentleman's subsequent letter, we have succeeded in arriving at some understanding of his position, and may at once frankly acknowledge that we altogether fail to sympathize with it. Briefly summed up, his complaint amounts to this: that men to-day rather clothe themselves than dress themselves; that they do the former without any regard to the beauty of the result, their one object being to combine the maximum of comfort with the smallest amount of painstaking care; and that, "from sheer idleness and misplaced misanthropy, they have degraded their ancestral dress into dowdiness and a derision." And he winds up with the following appeal: "Give we our souls a brief holiday; attire we our bodies more befittingly; spend we more sensitiveness over a

possession that abides with us but a little while: so shall life become gayer, our dull world more radiant, and the jest of our days be turned a little merrier." The plea shows no little ingenuity on the part of the pleader. As a rule, the advocates of fine feathers appeal to the personal vanity, the self-love, the individual selfishness of their audience: and here we are adjured to forget ourselves; to think less of our own careless ease, and more of the delight of our neighbors' eyes; to be less selfishly occupied in adorning the more personal and permanent property, our soul, and spare a little time for the propitiation of that more fleeting possession, the body, which stands in the sight of all the world; and, in short, to think of our inward selves a little less and of the pleasure of the outward world a little more. The argument is judiciously addressed to our better feelings and philanthropy; but, for all that, it is entirely unconvincing. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that a change in the direction that the writer indicates would be for the happiness of the greater number: our own eyes have been accustomed to find satisfaction, and even content, in the dulness of male drapery, and we believe the eyes of others to be constituted like our own; and as to propitiating our body at the expense of our soul, we fear the attempt will be useless on our part until we arrive at a more definite degree of dual consciousness, until we can

persuade our body to take separate and individual pleasures of its own, in which our soul shall have no share. As it is, the clothes of men, unlike the dress of women, provided that they are neither unseemly nor unsightly, are most attractive when they attract the least, and should not be capable of stirring pleasure or admiration in our breasts; we regard their uniform dulness as a proper and fitting background for the beauty and bravery of the other sex in which our eyes rejoice; and our æsthetic sense would be offended should we see that background breaking out into gaudy colors of its own, and striving to engage our attention by varied forms. Let our garments be neat and decent by all means; but above all let them be comfortable and unobtrusive. It is the duty of women to be beautiful; it is no business of ours. Indeed, it is our privilege to admire them, and offer no object of admiration in return,—a one-sided arrangement which commends itself naturally to the selfish sex.

But what do these gentlemen propose to substitute for the comfortable and sober garb to which they object? They wish to return to the costume of our ancestors, in order that they may once more display a manly leg. Man, according to the *National Observer*, is a two-legged animal, whose chief claim to beauty lies in the possession of those two legs. Over the loveliness of the nether limbs the two writers lose themselves in a most poetical rhapsody, and implore their readers to veil no longer those shapely extremities by the use of bag-like pipings, but to encase them once more in the tightness of silk and satin, and so give back to the world the pleasing sight of well-moulded forms. It would be useless to remind these lovers of breeches and stockings that it is not every one that possesses a shapely leg, or that yearns to display it; but at least we might beg them to consider the difference in point of comfort that exists between a garment that has to be drawn on like a glove, and a garment into which one may lightly leap. Moreover, we fail to see why our arms should be any less worthy of attention and admiration than our legs, or why the owner of a splendid biceps should be denied an opportunity accorded to the owner of brawny calves. Let them consider, too, the usefulness and variety of a man's pockets, the difficulty that he even now ex-

periences in stowing away his manifold possessions, and how painfully that difficulty would be increased by tightness of clothing. As to the dull monotony of our black evening-wear, that also saves our pockets in another sense. It may be true that we stalk like "melancholy and spectral visions to the dinner-table," but most of us would be still more melancholy if we had to provide ourselves with several new suits of colored finery in the course of the year. And in what colors should we array ourselves? Should a man dress in red or green according to his political convictions, or show himself in blue or rose-color according to the state of his feelings? "Motley's the only wear," said melancholy Jaques, and so it would be for men who cared to exchange the solid qualities of black cloth for the varied hues of frail silk. It is no crime to love bright colors. One of the most lovable, and also one of the most foolish of men, Oliver Goldsmith, frankly confessed that he did not wish to go into the Church because he was fond of colored clothes. He presented himself to be examined for ordination in a pair of scarlet breeches; and when better days dawned upon him, he immediately blossomed into the glories of blue silk and plum-colored velvet. But we should remember also that Goldsmith's tailor, the patient Mr. Filby, was never fully paid, and that the greater part of his financial troubles, that so embittered his life, was due to his indulgence of that harmless vanity. Its inexpensive simplicity and its durability are not the least merits of our present costume. How many bodies are clothed by one suit of sturdy cloth? Long after we have discarded that outer husk, it is carried by others through the world, passing from back to back until it adorns the farmer's stick and protects his corn from the thieving crows. "The Sanhedrim of stainless ghosts," as Teufelsdröckh calls an old-clothes shop, would be ill-stocked with silk coats and satin breeches: assuredly they would be of little use to our poorer brethren. But the mention of Herr Teufelsdröckh reminds one of the account of the genesis of clothes given by one who went more deeply into their philosophy than any other thinker. "Clothes too, which began in foolishlest love of ornament, what have they not become?" To ornament, there succeeded bodily comfort, warmth,

and sense of security ; and then, and not till then, did the idea of shame enter into and abide with us, bringing all manner of civilization in its train. "Clothes gave us individuality, distinctions, social polity ; Clothes have made men of us ;" but, continues the philosopher, "they are threatening to make Clothes-screens of us." No, we have no wish to be converted into Clothes-screens ; let our clothes meet the requirements of shame, of comfort, and of warmth ; let them convey the idea of distinction where it is necessary, and the soldier flame in scarlet, the Judge wear his ermine, and the Bishop rejoice in his apron ; but do not let us revert to the age of "foolish ornament," and think of them merely as decorations.

In a certain sense, we *are* "ashamed to dress," and we are not in the least ashamed to confess it. We have advanced beyond the primitive meaning of clothes, and would think shame to ourselves for wishing to return to it. Even if we were minded to make the attempt, we are far more likely to make ourselves objects of derision than of admiration, to add to the gayety of the world in a way that was least flattering to our self-respect, and to turn the jest of our days merrier at our own expense. After all, what is there to complain of in our present dress ? The much-abused tall hat would be every whit as pic-

turesque as a feathered cap, were it not for the difference of associations connected with it ; and, as it is, is a much more serviceable defence for the head. It is only when they try to be ornamental, and break out into coachman's buttons and strange flaps, that our coats are hideous ; as long as they are cut loosely for our comfort, they are quite good-looking enough. It is true that neither the frock-coat nor the dress-coat looks very well upon a gentleman who is shaped balloon-wise ; but it would be the fortune of the too rotund to look grotesque even in a *toga*. Let those who will, rejoice in breeches and stockings ; we will not give up our trousers. No amount of cruel coercion shall induce us to part with those treasured garments, emblems of liberty and freedom. And who shall say that one form of dress is more beautiful or more ugly than another ? English people may admire the harmonious colors and flowing draperies of Japan ; but the Japanese are smitten with the charms of the black coat and tall hat, and make haste to adopt them. As it is, Englishmen enjoy the reputation of being the best-dressed men in Europe ; if they changed their costume, they would probably become the most ridiculous : they are not like Orientals, and have no eye for harmonious color.—*Spectator*.

FURTHER NEWLY DISCOVERED PAPERS BY DE QUINCEY.

I.—ON MIRACLES.

WHAT else is the laying of such a stress on miracles but the case of "a wicked and adulterous generation asking a sign ?"

But what are these miracles for ? To prove a legislation from God. But, first, this could not be proved, even if miracle-working were the test of Divine mission, by doing miracles until we knew whether the power were genuine ; i.e., not, like the magicians of Pharaoh or the witch of Endor, from below. Secondly, you are a poor, pitiful creature, that think the power to do miracles, or power of any kind that can exhibit itself in an act, the note of a god-like commission. Better is one ray of truth (not seen previously by man), of moral truth, e.g., forgiveness of enemies, than all the powers which could create the world.

"Oh yes !" says the objector ; "but Christ was holy as a man." This we know first ; then we judge by His power that He must have been from God. But if it were doubtful whether His power were from God then, until this doubt is *otherwise*, is independently removed, you cannot decide if He *was* holy by a test of holiness absolutely irrelevant. With other holiness—apparent holiness—a simulation might be combined. You can never tell that a man is holy ; and for the plain reason that God only can read the heart.

"Let Him come down from the cross, and we," etc. Yes ; they fancied so. But see what would really have followed. They would have been stunned and confounded for the moment, but not at all converted in heart. Their hatred to Christ was not built on their unbelief,

but their unbelief in Christ was built on their hatred; and this hatred would not have been mitigated by another (however astounding) miracle. This I wrote (Monday morning, June 7th, 1847) in reference to my saying on the general question of miracles: Why these *dubious* miracles?—such as curing blindness that may have been cured by a *process*?—since the *unity* given to the act of healing is probably (more probably than otherwise) but the figurative unity of the tendency to *mythus*; or else it is that unity misapprehended and mistranslated by the reporters. Such, again, as the miracles of the loaves—so liable to be utterly gossip, so incapable of being watched or examined among a crowd of 7000 people. Besides, were these people mad? The very fact which is said to have drawn Christ's pity, viz., their situation in the desert, surely could not have escaped their own attention on going thither. Think of 7000 people rushing to a sort of destruction; for if less than that the mere inconvenience was not worthy of Divine attention. Now, said I, why not give us (if miracles are required) one that nobody could doubt—removing a mountain, *e.g.*? Yes; but here the other party begin to see the evil of miracles. Oh, this would have coerced people into believing! Rest you safe as to that. It would have been no believing in any proper sense: it would, at the utmost—and supposing no vital demur to popular miracle—have led people into that belief which Christ Himself describes (and regrets) as calling Him Lord! Lord! The pretended belief would have left them just where they were as to any real belief in Christ. Previously, however, or over and above all this, there would be the demur (let the miracle have been what it might) of, By what power, by whose agency or help? For if Christ does a miracle, probably He may do it by alliance with some Z standing behind, out of sight. Or if by His own skill, how or whence derived, or of what nature? This obstinately recurrent question remains.

There is not the meanest court in Christendom or Islam that would not say, if called on to adjudicate the rights of an estate on such evidence as the mere facts of the Gospel: "O good God, how can we do this? Which of us knows who this Matthew was—whether he ever lived, or, if so, whether he ever wrote a line of

all this? or, if he did, how situated as to motives, as to means of information, as to judgment and discrimination? Who knows anything of the contrivances or the various personal interests in which the whole narrative originated, or when? All is dark and dusty." Nothing in such a case can be proved but what shines by its own light. Nay, God Himself could not attest a miracle, but (listen to this!)—but by the internal revelation or visiting of the Spirit—to evade which, to dispense with which, a miracle is ever resorted to.

Besides the objection to miracles that they are not capable of attestation, Hume's objection is not that they are false, but that they are incommunicable. Two different duties arise for the man who witnesses a miracle and for him who receives it traditionally. The duty of the first is to confide in his own experience, which may, besides, have been repeated; of the second, to confide in his understanding, which says: "Less marvel that the reporter should have erred than that nature should have been violated."

How clearly do these people betray their own hypocrisy about the divinity of Christianity, and at the same time the meanness of their own natures, who think the Messiah, or God's Messenger, must first prove His own commission by an act of power; whereas (1) a new revelation of moral forces could not be invented by all generations, and (2) an act of power much more probably argues an alliance with the devil. I should gloomily suspect a man who came forward as a magician.

Suppose the Gospels written thirty years after the events, and by ignorant, superstitious men who have adopted the fables that old women had surrounded Christ with—how does this supposition vitiate the report of Christ's parables? But, on the other hand, they could no more have invented the parables than a man alleging a diamond-mine could invent a diamond as attestation. The parables prove themselves.

II.—WHY THE PAGANS COULD NOT INVEST THEIR GODS WITH ANY IOTA OF GRANDEUR.

It is not for us so idle a purpose as that of showing the Pagan backsliding—that is too evident—but for a far subtler purpose, and one which no man has touched, viz., the incapacity of creating grandeur for the Pagans, even with *carte blanche* in their

favor, that I write this paper. Nothing is more incomprehensible than the following fact—nothing than this when mastered and understood is more thoroughly instructive—the fact that having a wide, a limitless field open before them, free to give and to take away at their own pleasure, the Pagans could not invest their Gods with any iota of grandeur. Diana, when you translate her into the Moon, then indeed partakes in all the *natural* grandeur of a planet, associated with a dreamy light, with forests, forest lawns, etc., or the wild accidents of a Huntress. But the Moon and the Huntress are surely not the creations of Pagans, nor indebted to them for anything but the murderous deploing which Pagan mythology has operated upon all that is in earth or in the waters that are under the earth. Now, why could not the ancients raise one little scintillating glory in behalf of their monstrous deities? So far from raising a glory round Jupiter—he is sometimes made the ground of nature (not, observe, for any positive reason that they had for any relation that Jupiter had to creation, but simply for the negative reason that they had nobody else) — never does Jupiter seem more disgusting than when as just now in a translation of the *Batrachia* I read that Jupiter had given to frogs an amphibious nature, making the awful, ancient, first-born secrets of chaos to be his, and thus forcing into contrast and remembrance his odious personality.

Why, why, why could not the Romans, etc., make a grandeur for their gods? Not being able to make them grand, they daubed them with finery. All that people imagine in the Jupiter Olympus of Phidias—they themselves confer. But an apostle is beyond their reach. When, be it well observed, the cruel and dark religions are far more successful than those of Greece and Rome, for Osiris, etc., by the might of the devil, of darkness, are truly terrific. Cybele stands as a middle term halfway between these dark forms and the Greek or Roman. Pluto is the very model of a puny attempt at darkness utterly failing. He looks big; he paints himself histrionically; he soots his face; he has a masterful dog, nothing half so fearful as a wolf-dog or bloodhound; and he raises his own *manes*, poor, stridulous *Struldbrugs*.

Vainly did the ancient Pagans fight against this fatal weakness.

They may confer upon their Gods glittering titles of “ambrosial,” “immortal”; but the human mind is careless of positive assertion and of clamorous iteration in however angry a tone, when silently it observes stealing out of facts already conceded some fatal consequence at war with all these empty pretensions—mortal even in the *virtual* conceptions of the Pagans. If the Pagan Gods were really immortal, if essentially they repelled the touch of mortality, and not through the adulatory homage of their worshippers causing their true aspects to unsettle or altogether to disappear in clouds of incense, then how came whole dynasties of Gods to pass away, and no man could tell whither? If really they defied the grave, then how was it that age and the infirmities of age passed upon them like the shadow of eclipse upon the golden faces of the planets? If Apollo were a beardless young man, his father was not such—he was in the vigor of maturity; maturity is a flattering term for expressing it, but it means *past youth*—and his grandfather was superannuated. But even this grandfather, who *had* been once what Apollo was now, could not pretend to more than a transitory station in the long succession of Gods. Other dynasties, known even to man, there had been before his, and elder dynasties before *that*, of whom only rumors and suspicions survived. Even this taint, however, this *direct* access of mortality, was less shocking to my mind in after years than the abominable fact of its reflex or indirect access in the shape of grief for others who had died. I need not multiply instances; they are without end. The reader has but to throw his memory back upon the anguish of Jupiter, in the *Iliad*, for the approaching death of his son, Sarpedon, and his vain struggles to deliver himself from this ghastly net; or upon Thetis fighting against the vision of her matchless Pelides caught in the same vortex; or upon the Muse in Euripides, hovering in the air and wailing over her young Rhesus, her brave, her beautiful one, of whom she trusted that he had been destined to confound the Grecian host. What! a God, and liable to the pollution of grief! A Goddess, and standing every hour within the peril of that dismal shadow!

Here in one moment mark the recoil, the intolerable recoil, upon the Pagan

mind, of that sting which vainly they pretended to have conquered on behalf of their Pantheon. Did the reader fancy that I was fatiguing myself with any task so superfluous as that of proving the Gods of the heathen to be no Gods? In that case he has not understood me. My object is to show that the ancients, that even the Greeks, could not support the idea of immortality. The idea crumbled to pieces under their touch. In realizing that idea unconsciously, they suffered elements to slip in which defeated its very essence in the result; and not by accident: other elements they could not have found. Doubtless an insolent Grecian philosopher would say, "Surely, I knew that immortality meant the being liberated from mortality." Yes, but this is no more than the negative idea, and the demand is to give the affirmative idea. Or perhaps I shall better explain my meaning by substituting other terms with my own illustration of their value. I say, then, that the Greek idea of immortality involves only the nominal idea, not the real idea. Now, the nominal idea (or, which is the same thing, the nominal definition) is that which simply sketches the outline of an object in the shape of a problem; whereas the real definition fills up that outline and solves that problem. The nominal definition states the conditions under which an object would be realized for the mind; the real definition executes those conditions. The nominal definition, that I may express it most briefly and pointedly, puts a *question*; the real definition *answers* that question. Thus, to give our illustration, the insoluble problem of squaring the circle presents us with a good nominal idea. There is no vagueness at all in the idea of such a square; it is that square which, when a given circle is laid before you, would present the same superficial contents in such exquisite truth of repetition that the eye of God could detect no shadow of more or of less. Nothing can be plainer than the demand—than the question. But as to the answer, as to the *real* conditions under which this demand can be realized, all the wit of man has not been able to do more than approach it. Or, again, the idea of a *perfect common-wealth*, clear enough as a nominal idea, is in its infancy as a real idea. Or, perhaps, a still more lively illustration to some read-

ers may be the idea of *perpetual motion*. Nominally—that is, as an idea sketched problem-wise—what is plainer? You are required to assign some principle of motion such that it shall revolve through the parts of a mechanism self-sustained. Suppose those parts to be called by the names of our English alphabet, and to stand in the order of our alphabet, then A is, through B, C, D, etc., to pass down with its total power upon Z, which reciprocally is to come round undiminished upon A, B, C, etc., forever. Never was a *nominal* definition of what you want more simple and luminous. But coming to the *real* definition, and finding that every letter in succession must still give something less than is received—that O, for instance, cannot give to P all which it received from N—then no matter for the triviality of the loss in each separate case, always it is gathering and accumulating; your hands drop down in despair; you feel that a principle of death pervades the machinery; retard it you may, but come it will at last. And a proof remains behind, as your only result, that while the nominal definition may sometimes run before the real definition for ages, and yet finally be overtaken by it, in other cases the one flies hopelessly before the pursuit of the other, defies it, and never *will* be overtaken to the end of time.

That fate, that necessity, besieged the Grecian idea of immortality. Rise from forgotten dust, my Plato; Stagyrite, stand up from the grave; Anaxagoras, with thy bright, cloudless intellect that searched the skies; Heraclitus, with thy gloomy, mysterious intellect that fathomed the deeps, come forward and execute for me this demand. How shall that immortality, which you give, which you *must* give as a trophy of honor to your Pantheon, sustain itself against the blights from those humanities which also, by an equal necessity, starting from your basis, give you must to that Pantheon? How will you prevent the sad reflux of that tide which finally engulfs all things under any attempt to execute the nominal idea of a deity? You cannot do it. Weave your divinities in that Grecian loom of yours, and no skill in the workmanship, nor care that wisdom can devise, will ever cure the fatal flaws in the texture: for the mortal taint lies not so much in your work as in the original errors of your loom.

III.—GREAT FORGERS: CHATTERTON AND WALPOLE, AND "JUNIUS."

I have ever been disposed to regard as the most venial of deceptions such impositions as Chatterton had practised on the public credulity. Whom did he deceive? Nobody but those who well deserved to be deceived, viz., shallow antiquaries, who pretended to a sort of knowledge which they had not so much as tasted. And it always struck me as a judicial infatuation in Horace Walpole, that he, who had so brutally pronounced the death of this marvellous boy to be a matter of little consequence, since otherwise he would have come to be hanged for forgery, should himself, not as a boy under eighteen (and I think under seventeen at the first issuing of the Rowley fraud), slaving for a few guineas that he might procure the simplest food for himself, and then buy presents for the dear mother and sister whom he had left in Bristol, but as an elderly man, with a clear six thousand per annum,* commit a far more deliberate and audacious forgery than that imputed (if even accurately imputed) to Chatterton. I know of no published document, or none published under Chatterton's sanction, in which he formally declared the Rowley poems to have been the compositions of a priest living in the days of Henry IV., viz., in or about the year 1400. Undoubtedly he suffered people to understand that he had found mss. of that period in the tower of St. Mary Redcliff at Bristol, which he really had done; and whether he simply tolerated them in running off with the idea that these particular poems, written on *discolored* parchments by way of coloring the hoax, were among the St. Mary treasures, or positively said so, in either view, considering the circumstances of the case, no man of kind feelings will much condemn him.

But Horace Walpole roundly and audaciously affirmed in the first sentence of his preface to the poor romance of *Otranto*, that it had been translated from the Italian of Onuphrio Muralto, and that the ms. was still preserved in the library of an English Catholic family; circumstantiating his needless falsehood by other most superfluous details. *Needless*, I say, because a book with the Walpole name on the title-

page was as sure of selling as one with Chatterton's obscure name was at that time sure of *not* selling. Possibly Horace Walpole did not care about selling, but wished to measure his own intrinsic power as a novelist, for which purpose it was a better course to preserve his *incognito*. But this he might have preserved without telling a circumstantial falsehood. Whereas Chatterton knew that his only chance of emerging from the obscure station of a grave-digger's son, and carrying into comfort the dear female relatives that had half-starved themselves for him (I speak of things which have since come to my knowledge thirty-five years after Chatterton and his woes had been buried in a pauper's coffin), lay in bribing public attention by some *extrinsic* attraction. Macpherson had recently engaged the public gaze by his "Ossian"—an abortion fathered upon the fourth century after Christ. What so natural as to attempt other abortions—ideas and refinements of the eighteenth century—referring themselves to the fifteenth? Had this harmless hoax succeeded, he would have delivered those from poverty who delivered him from ignorance; he would have raised those from the dust who raised him to an aerial height—yes, to a height from which (but it was after his death), like *Ate* or *Eris*, come to cause another Trojan war, he threw down an apple of discord among the leading scholars of England, and seemed to say: "There, Dean of Exeter! there, Laureate! there, Tyrwhitt, my man! Me you have murdered among you. Now fight to death for the boy that living you would not have hired as a shoeblack. My blood be upon you!" Rise up, martyred blood! rise to Heaven for a testimony against these men and this generation, or else burrow in the earth, and from that spring up like the stones thrown by Deucalion and Pyrrha into harvests of feud, into armies of self-exterminating foes. Poor child! immortal child! Slight were thy trespasses on this earth, heavy was thy punishment, and it is to be hoped, nay, it is certain, that this disproportion did not escape the eye which, in the algebra of human actions, estimates *both* sides of the equation.

Lord Byron was of opinion that people abused Horace Walpole for several sinister reasons, of which the first is represented to be that he was a gentleman. Now, I,

* "Six thousand per annum," viz., on the authority of his own confession to Pinkerton.

on the contrary, am of opinion that he was *not* always a gentleman, as particularly in his correspondence with Chatterton. On the other hand, it is but just to recollect that in retaining Chatterton's mss. (otherwise an unfeeling act, yet chiefly imputable to indolence), the worst aggravation of the case under the poor boy's construction, viz., that if Walpole had not known his low rank "he would not have dared to treat him in that way," though a very natural feeling, was really an unfounded one. Horace Walpole (I call him so, because he was not *then* Lord Orford) certainly had not been aware that Chatterton was other than a gentleman by birth and station. The natural dignity of the boy, which had not condescended to any degrading applications, misled this practised man of the world. But recurring to Lord Byron's insinuations as to a systematic design of running Lord Orford down, I beg to say that I am no party to any such design. It is not likely that a furious Conservative like myself, who have the misfortune also to be the most bigoted of Tories, would be so. I disclaim all participation in any clamor against Lord Orford which may have arisen on democratic feeling. Feeling the profoundest pity for the "marvellous boy" of Bristol, and even love, if it be possible to feel love for one who was in his unhonored grave before I was born, I resent the conduct of Lord Orford, in this one instance, as universally the English public has resented it. But generally, as a writer, I admire Lord Orford in a very high degree. As a letter-writer, and as a brilliant sketcher of social aspects and situations, he is far superior to any French author who could possibly be named as a competitor. And as a writer of personal or anecdotic history, let the reader turn to Voltaire's *Siècle de Louis Quatorze*, in order to appreciate his extraordinary merit.

Next will occur to the reader the forgery of "Junius." Who did *that*? Oh, villains that have ever doubted since *Junius Identified!* Oh, scamps—oh, pitiful scamps! You, reader, perhaps belong to this wretched corps. But, if so, understand that you belong to it under false information. I have heard myriads talk upon this subject. One man said to me, "My dear friend, I sympathize with your fury. You are right. Righter a man cannot be. Rightest of all men you are." I was right—righter—rightest! That had

happened to few men. But again this flattering man went on, "Yes, my excellent friend, right you are, and evidently Sir Philip Francis was the man. His backer proved it. The day after his book appeared, if any man had offered me exactly two thousand to one in guineas, that Sir Philip was *not* the man, by Jupiter! I would have declined the bet. So divine, so exquisite, so Grecian in its perfection, was the demonstration, the *apodeixis* (or what do you call it in Greek?), that this brilliant Sir Philip—who, by the way, wore *his* order of the Bath as universally as ever he taxed Sir William Draper with doing—had been the author of 'Junius.' But here lay the perplexity of the matter. At the least five-and-twenty excellent men proved by posthumous friends that they, every mother's son of them, had also perpetrated 'Junius.'" "Then they were liars," I answered. "Oh no, my right friend," he interrupted, "not liars at all; amiable men, some of whom confessed on their deathbeds (three to my certain knowledge) that, alas! they had erred against the law of charity. '*But how?*'" said the clergyman. "Why, by that infernal magazine of sneers and 'all uncharitableness, the 'Letters of Junius.'" "Let me understand you," said the clergyman: "you wrote 'Junius'?" "Alas! I did," replied A. Two years after another clergyman said to another penitent, "And so you wrote 'Junius'?" "Too true, my dear sir. Alas! I did," replied B. One year later a third penitent was going off, and upon the clergyman saying, "Bless me, is it possible? Did *you* write 'Junius'?" he replied, "Ah, worshipful sir, you touch a painful chord in my remembrances—I now wish I had not. Alas! reverend sir, I did." Now, you see," went on my friend, "so many men at the New Drop, as you may say, having with tears and groans taxed themselves with 'Junius' as the climax of their offences, one begins to think that perhaps *all* men wrote 'Junius.'" Well, so far there was reason. But when my friend contended also that the proofs arrayed in pamphlets proved the whole alphabet to have written "Junius," I could not stand his absurdities. Deathbed confessions, I admitted, were strong. But as to these wretched pamphlets, some time or other I will muster them all for a field-day; I will brigade

them, as if the general of the district were coming to review them ; and then, if I do not mow them down to the last man by opening a treacherous battery of grapeshot, may all my household die under a fiercer "Junius"! The true reasons why any man fancies that "Junius" is an open question must be these three :

First, that they have never read the proofs arrayed against Sir Philip Francis ; this is the general case.

Secondly, that, according to Sancho's proverb, they want better bread than is made of wheat. They are not content

with proofs or absolute demonstrations. They require you, like the witch of Endor, to raise Sir Philip from the grave, that they may cross examine him.

Thirdly (and this is the fault of the able writer who unmasked Sir Philip), there happened to be the strongest argument that ever picked a Bramah-lock against the unknown writer of "Junius" apply this, and if it fits the wards, oh Gemini ! my dear friend, but you are right—righter—rightest ; you have caught "Junius" in a rabbit-snare.—*New Review*.

THE LARK.

BY F. W. B.

"Monte, monte, vive alouette !
Vive alouette, monte aux cieux !"

THE lark above our heads doth know
A heaven we see not here below.
She sees it, and for joy she sings :
Then falls with ineffectual wings.

O soaring soul ! faint not nor tire !
Each heaven attained reveals a higher.
Thy thought is of thy failure : we
List raptured, and thank God for thee !

—*Spectator*.

THE CELT IN ENGLISH ART.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

For many months past Mr. Burne-Jones's beautiful dream of the Brier Rose and the Sleeping Princess has floated like a vision at a London picture-dealer's. Everybody has seen it, therefore everybody is now in a position to judge of the new element imported into English art within a single generation by the Celtic temperament.

The return-wave of Celtic influence over Teutonic or Teutonized England has brought with it many strange things, good, bad, and indifferent. It has brought with it Home Rule, Land Nationalization, Socialism, Radicalism, the Reverend Hugh Price Hughes, the Tithes War, the Crofter Question, the Plan of Campaign. It has brought fresh forces into political life

—the eloquent young Irishman, the fervid Highland Scot, the enthusiastic Welshman, the hard-headed Cornish miner : Methodism, Catholicism, the Eisteddfod, the parish priest ; New Tipperary, the Hebrides, the Scotland Division of Liverpool ; Conybeare, Cuninghame Graham, Michael Davitt, Holyoake ; Co-operation, the Dockers, the *Star*, the Fabians. Powers hitherto undreamed of surge up in our parliamentary world in the Sextons, the Healys, the Atherley Joneses, the McDonalds, the O'Briens, the Dillons, the Morgans, the Abrahams ; in our wider public life in the William Morris, the Annie Besants, the Father Humphreys, the Archbishop Crokes, the General Booths, the Alfred Russel Wallaces, the

John Stuart Blackies, the Joseph Arches, the Bernard Shaws, the John Burnses; the People's Palace, the Celtic Society of Scotland, the Democratic Federation, the Socialist League. Anybody who looks over any great list of names in any of the leading modern movements of England—from the London County Council to the lectures at South Place—will see in a moment that the New Radicalism is essentially a Celtic product. The Celt in Britain, like Mr. Burne-Jones's enchanted princess, has lain silent for ages in an enforced long sleep; but the spirit of the century, pushing aside the weeds and briers of privilege and caste, has set free the sleeper at last, as with a blast from its horn, and to-day the Celt awakes again to fresh and vigorous life, bringing all the Celtic ideals, the Celtic questions, and the Celtic characteristics into the very thick and forefront of the actual fray in England. The *Times* may shake its sapient head, like Weithenin over the rotten dyke of the Lowland Hundred; but the Celt has revolted for all that, and the flood is upon us.

In literature, we all know already what the Celt has done for us. The tender and mystical side of our national temperament we owe to him: the Arthurian legend, the knightly romance, the dim tales of Lancelot and Galahad and Guinevere, the cycle of the Round Table, the search of the Holy Grail. Our fairy lore is in large part Celtic, as is also the great mass of our ballad poetry: the touch of fancy, of beauty, of melancholy, of pathos, of the marvellous, the mysterious, the vague, the obscure in all our literary work descends to us as an heirloom from the elder and less successful race in these islands. From it we derive our Carlyles and our Merediths. The lineaments of Milton's Satan belong essentially to the grandiose Celtic type; *King Lear* is a Cymric legend told in mediæval Latin by the Welshman, Geoffrey of Monmouth; *Macbeth* is a tale of terror from the Gaelic Scot. And so throughout. Whatever things are sublime, whatever things are vast, whatever things are magical, whatever things are fanciful—Titania, Mab, Oberon—in our national literature, we owe them to the Celt and to the Celt only. In our complex nationality the Teuton has contributed in large part the muscle, the thews, the hard-headed intellect, the organization,

the law, the stability, the iron hand; but the Celt has added lightness, airiness, imagination, wonder, the sense of beauty and of mystery, the sadness, the sweetness—Shelley's "Skylark," Keats's "Nightingale," the *Faëry Queen*, the *Idyls of the King*, the *Earthly Paradise*, Richard Feverel, the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the *Songs before Sunrise*.

In literature, I say, the battle is fought: the Celt's place is already amply acknowledged. In art, it has still, perhaps, to be pointed out. And the cycle of the Brier Rose forms a noble text on which to hang the preliminary exposition. It sums up, in itself, in the very highest degree, all the essentially artistic and essentially Celtic elements of the Celtic nature.

Whoever has examined the handicraft of savage peoples knows well that from a very early age two totally distinct types of art arise spontaneously among uncultured races. One is imitative, the other decorative. Palæolithic men, for example—the cave-dwellers of prehistoric Europe before the Glacial epoch—had an art of their own of a purely imitative and pictorial character. They represented on fragments of bone or mammoth ivory realistic scenes of their own hunting existence. Here, a naked and hairy brave, flint-spear in hand, stalks wild horses undismayed in the grassy plain; there, a couple of reindeer engage in desperate fight, with their antlers hard locked in deadly embrace; yonder, again, a mammoth charges, unwieldy, with wide-open mouth, or a snake glides unseen beneath the shoeless feet of an unsuspecting savage. All their rude works of art reproduce living objects, and tell, in their naïf way, a distinct story: they are pictorial records of things done, things seen, things suffered. Palæolithic men were essentially draughtsmen, not decorators. But their neolithic successors, of a totally different race—the herdsmen who supplanted them in post-glacial Europe—had an art of an entirely different type, purely and solely decorative. Instead of making pictures, they drew concentric circles and ornamental curves on their boats and dwellings; they adorned their weapons and their implements with knobs and nicks, with crosses and bosses; they wrought beautiful patterns in metal-work as soon as ever they advanced to the bronze-using stage; and they designed brooches and bracelets of exquisite ele-

gance ; but they seldom introduced into their craft any living object ; they imitated nothing ; and they never in any way told a pictorial story.

Now, these two types of art—the essentially imitative or pictorial, and the essentially decorative or æsthetic—persist throughout in various human races, and often remain as entirely distinct as in the typical instances here quoted. The great aim of the one is to narrate a fact ; the great aim of the other is to produce a beautiful object : the first is, so to speak, historical ; the second, ornamental. In developed forms, you get the extreme case of the one in the galleries at Versailles : you get the extreme case of the other in the Alhambra at Granada. The modern Eskimo and the modern Bushman resemble the ancient cave-dwellers in their love of purely pictorial or story-telling art : a man in a kayak harpooning a whale ; a man with an assegai spearing a springbok—these are the subjects that engage—I will not say their pencils—but their sharp flint knives or their lumps of red ochre. On the other hand, most Central African races have no imitative skill : they draw figures and animals ill or not at all ; but they produce decorative pottery and other ornamental objects which would excite attention at Versailles, and be well placed at the Arts and Crafts in the New Gallery. Everywhere racial taste and racial faculty tend most in the one or the other direction : a tribe, a horde, a nation is pictorial, or else it is decorative : rarely or never is it both alike in an equal degree of native excellence.

Of course, among civilized nations, where there has been much racial intermixture, much deliberate training, much incorporation of Greek and other school-taught influences, we get a great amalgam and medley of both types at once : the principles interosculate. Yet even here we may mark two distinct elements ; and these two distinct elements may perhaps best be discriminated as the Celtic and the Teutonic.

Teutonic art I would rudely typify—I confess to taking an extreme instance—by the common German colored print, the chromo-lithograph of the Fatherland. It represents, more or less coarsely, somebody or something—our Fritz, our Kaiser, our Bismarck, our Koch ; a grenadier, a cavalry officer, a Berlin celebrity, a popular

singer ; this hunting scene, this beer garden, these good children at play, this well-fed young man making well-bred love to that flat-faced young lady with obtrusive sentimentalism. But whatever else it may be, it is always and above everything a picture of something. The story forms the one great central interest : color, crude ; feeling, none ; execution, abominable ; decorative value on a wall, a minus quantity. Now, of course, I don't mean to say that these atrocious daubs represent the Teutonic element in art anyhow else than as showing the essential features of the type pushed to its extremest limits of caricature and vulgarity. But Teutonic art as a whole (by which, I need hardly say, I do *not* mean the art of Germany) is characterized by this strong love for the story-telling principle. It tends toward the definite representation of a scene, a moment, an event, an incident. It deals relatively little in ideal beauty of form as such, in the decorative spirit, in the pride of the eyes, in devotion to design, to color, to pure æsthetic perception. Technical mastery of drawing, of anatomy, of light and shade, of perspective, of all the principles which go to make up the correct representation of visible objects on the flat, exists in abundance : vigor is there, vitality is there ; strength abounds and overflows ; but poetry, grace, delicacy, feeling, the touch of charm, the touch of fancy, are almost always conspicuously absent.

Rubens gives one the Teutonic spirit in a very high and opulent form : rich, gorgeous, aristocratic, superb ; full of life, full of action ; dashing, oratorical, histrionic, magnificent ; ready to pour forth vast pictures on one with the lavish generosity of a great signior in the peerage of art ; but never passionate, never poetic ; too splendid to be touching, too masterful to waste himself on mere decorative detail. He paints like a soldier, a diplomatist, a courtier, a prince, who is lord by birth in the realms of Teutonic art ; but he never paints like an angel, or like a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, to melt us to pity. Vandyke and Rembrandt are progressively yet more Teutonic in type ; Van der Helst, Franz Hals, Paul Potter, Gerard Douw, Hondecoeter, and the rest—how much further the common ruck of later Dutch painters—show us the Teutonic art-spirit in its most typical avatar.

High technical perfection, many quaint tricks of art, the living image of a burgo-master, a regent, a young bull, a turkey-cock; much first-rate copper, much admirable light: no soul, no poetry, no tinge of the divine sadness that touches nearest the deep heart of man.

The Celtic element in art is just the opposite of this; and it finds, as I shall point out more fully hereafter, its highest embodiment in this sweet mystical idyl of the Sleeping Palace. It tells a tale, to be sure; but the tale it tells is no mere episode or incident: it is something profound, poetic, mysterious, vague, dim, magical, beautiful. It is decorative in spirit, not with the mere lifeless decoration of arabesque and fretwork, of tracery and moulding, but in a manner instinct with soul and with some indefinite spiritual yearning—a longing for and striving after “the light that never was on land or sea.” The carved capitals of its pilasters point to something deeper and fairer than mere handicraftsman’s workmanship; its diaper and its brocade are more than mere upholstery; the fringes of its tapestry are more than mere milliner-work. Ornament is there in abundance; design runs riot: onyx and lapis lazuli, chrysolite and chalcedony, beryl and jacinth stud its jewelled bowls or deck its quaintly-wrought scabbards; but all to enrich and enforce some fair central idea; to add noble attire and noble array to that which is itself already noble and beautiful.

In a word, to the Celtic type of artist, the picture itself, as a lovely and glorious thing, is the end and aim of all—not the tale which it tells, the scene which it portrays, or the person whom it celebrates.

From the very beginning, the Celtic race in Britain has been marked by a strong taste for the decorative side of art. The Celtic crosses, the Celtic brooches, the Celtic fretwork, the Celtic embroidery, are all noticeable for their exquisite sense of decorative fitness. Animal forms, human figures are freely introduced in some of them, it is true; but always in perfect subordination to decorative needs and decorative intentions. The Celtic manuscripts exhibit the self-same development of ornamental art; and to this day the Irish people, and to a somewhat less marked degree the Welsh and the Highland Scots, retain a curious potentiality for artistic culture in the direction of design, alike with the pencil, the needle, the chisel, and the graver.

Richness of detail and wealth of manual adornment deftly applied are native æsthetic heirlooms of the whole Celtic people.

On the other hand, the pictorial art of Britain, up to the middle of the present century, came almost entirely from the eastern and more Teutonic half of our island. It was of the marshland, marshy. Reynolds and Gainsborough, Constable and Crowe, Romney and Lawrence, were all Englishmen of the plains, profoundly imbued with the Teutonic spirit, though often in its most delicate and refined embodiment. I hope in saying this I shall not be misunderstood. I don’t for a moment mean to slight the incommunicable charm, the high-bred grace, the artistic perfection of many of their works in their own dainty or picturesque style: I merely desire to class them as belonging distinctly, with all their merits and all their defects (where they have any) to the Teutonic and not to the Celtic group of artists. But for two perfect examples of what I mean by Teutonism in English art, I would point in particular to Hogarth and to Wilkie. The Teutonic spirit there comes out wholly unchecked. To tell a story, however coarse or however homely, with appropriate force and blunt directness, is the informing end and aim of these painters and their contemporaries. With this type of artist, the picture itself, as a thing of beauty and a joy forever, is entirely subordinated to the tale it has to tell or the scene it has to depict: form and color sink at once into a secondary position: it is the action and the composition, the character and the reality, not the grace and the harmony that engross our attention.

Up to the middle of this century, art in England, as everybody knows, was almost purely restricted to this Teutonic type, and almost entirely confined to an aristocratic circle. “That is, of course, an old story,” you will say; “we have all heard that long ago.” Precisely so: in a certain aspect and from a certain point of view it is no doubt by this time a twice-told tale; but it has a deeper aspect as well—a political, an economic, and a racial aspect—which as yet, I imagine, has hardly ever been dwelt upon. For, till 1840, or thereabouts—I take roughly for an epoch the first faint beginnings of the Pre-Raphaelite movement—English art was not only purely Teutonic in type: it was purely aristocratic and purely pictorial as

well. The decorative arts, we all know, were at their lowest ebb. Architecture was dead. Textile fabrics were mechanical. Furniture wriggled in solid mahogany. Industrial products as a whole grinned frankly hideous. A simple and beautiful vase, a dainty wall-paper, a pretty chintz or calico, a well-designed carpet, was not to be bought for love or money. Pictorial art alone existed as a special aristocratic exotic; a luxury for the rich, like champagne and orchids. Not even John Ruskin had yet begun to proclaim, with the voice of one crying in a wilderness of Gradgrinds and Podsnaps, that pots and pans, jugs, bowls, and pipkins might be made beautiful for the masses by simple and appropriate handicraft. Beauty was supposed to be intended by Providence for the use of the wealthy alone: the poor man, lords and bishops devoutly held, could neither afford nor appreciate it.

Now, what I want particularly to point out here is that the great and victorious æsthetic movement—the movement which has revolutionized our industrial art—the movement which has restored and renewed the decorative faculty in our island—the movement which has transformed our houses and profoundly altered our public taste—the movement of which the "Arts and Crafts" is the final and visible embodiment—may be regarded in its wider aspect as just a particular part of the general racial, political, and social return-wave. It is a direct result, I believe, of the Celtic reflux on Teutonic Britain, and of the resurgence of the Celtic substratum against Teutonic dominance. The decorative movement is, first, distinctly Celtic; and next, to an equal degree, distinctly democratic. Its leaders are Welshmen, Irishmen, Highland Scots, Celtic Englishmen. Its adherents are, in large part, Radicals, Socialists, Home Rulers, Secularists. And this, I hold, is no mere accident: it is of the very essence of the movement. The Celt comes back upon us with all the Celtic gifts and all the Celtic ideals—imagination, fancy, decorative skill, artistic handicraft; free land, free speech, human equality, human brotherhood. How significant the fact that Henry George bears a Cornish surname, and that Alfred Russel Wallace (whose very patronymic means the Waleys or Welshman) was born at Usk, in purely Cymric Monmouthshire!

From the very beginning, the modern æsthetic movement in England—which is essentially a movement for the restoration of the decorative arts to their true place in our national life—has been due above everything to Celtic initiative. From the days of Owen Jones to the days of General Donnelly and Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen (I name first, as in duty bound, the official exponents), almost everybody who has taken any prominent part in it has borne what was on the very face of it an obviously Celtic patronymic. William Morris, who sums up in himself all the main-springs of the movement, is at once a Welshman, a poet, a painter, and a socialist. Mr. Burne-Jones's surname immediately betrays his more or less remote but indisputable Cymric origin. Mr. Oscar Wilde, whom only fools ever mistook for a mere charlatan, and whom wise men know for a man of rare insight and strong common-sense, is an Irishman to the core. I lived myself at Oxford in the years when æstheticism was still an exoteric cult; and I noticed in those days that almost every votary of the new creed was either confessedly a Welshman, a Highlander, an Irish Celt, or else had a demonstrable share of Celtic blood, and a marked preponderance of Celtic temperament in his mixed composition. Bear me out, you of Christ Church, of Magdalen, of Brasenose!

Still clearer is the connection between the decorative revival and the Celtic upheaval of radicalism and socialism. Mr. William Morris again comes readiest to the tip of one's pen as an apt illustration. Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Lewis Day, Mr. Henry Holiday are all of them radicals of a most pronounced type, and one at least of the trio is an avowed socialist. You have but to look down a list of members of the Arts and Crafts Society to see at a glance that the greater number of those dainty designers in form and hue are well known as advanced political thinkers. The Grosvenor and the New Gallery have always been strongholds of the revolutionary element in social matters as well as in art. The Fabians are mostly art-critics, designers, musicians, men of letters. The Celtic spirit rules throughout alike among the socialists and among the decorative artists. An acute observer may detect a strong flavor of radicalism in De Morgan lustre-ware, and a delicate dash of democracy in Miss May Morris's exquisite needlework.

What more instinct with Celticism than Mr. Whall's designs? What more Cymric in tone than Mr. Powell's glass-work?

In painting proper, this new Celtic and democratic spirit first showed itself in rebellion against the *bourgeois* Teutonicism of established academic art, when Holman Hunt, Rossetti, Millais, Madox Brown—an Italian, a Jersey Celt, a Londoner, a continental student—began their famous revolt from the canons of their time, and returned once more to the forgotten traditions of late mediæval painters. Of these four, I suppose it will hardly be denied that Rossetti is the one who has most profoundly modified and influenced the æsthetic movement. Essentially Celtic in type, like Botticelli (whose *Primavera* might almost be bracketed with the Brier Rose as a typical example of Celticism in art as the Attis of Catullus in its typical example in literature), his work is characterized by all the poetry, the pathos, the melancholy, the mystery, the subtle sweetness of the Celtic nature. Words that Matthew Arnold wrote of Welsh literature might almost be applied without alteration to Rossetti's art. Its very faults are pure Celt. It is too intent upon beauty and idealism to care for anatomic detail: too deeply impressed by its own inner conceptions to niggle over exact correspondence with external fact. It may not always be true; but it is better than truth: the poet-painter bodies forth for us the forms of things unseen, more exquisite than any literal and slavish fidelity to the lines of a living material model.

Yet Rossetti to the end shows us Celticism in a very Italian form. His affinities are mainly (in a long line of descent) with Fra Angelico, Filippo Lippi, above all, Botticelli. Burne-Jones, deriving his impulse in large part from Rossetti, yet shows us Celticism in its essentially British—that is to say, Cymric—development. It is not for nothing that the great idealist was born in democratic Birmingham, and educated at mediæval and High Church Oxford; not for nothing that he bears a good Cymric surname, betokening descent from the very autochthones of Britain. His tone is the tone of the Cymric songs and dirges, of the Arthurian legend, of the dim tales of chivalry. His scenery lies all in the lost land of Lyonesse. A spell like Merlin's broods over his dreaming halls. The plaintive wail of Aneurin is heard on the

faint breeze that stirs those shining leaves; the Celtic vagueness of Taliesen infects even the rich detail, at once so definite and so dim, of his pictured palaces. Was ever painting more delicate or poetry more mystic than the reflections of the girls' limbs in the parti-colored marble of the floor where the king sits sleeping on his jewelled throne in the Brier Rose cycle? We gaze at them, and dream of unspeakable things: polished marble to the many; rays of light reflected at the angle of incidence to the eye of science; but to those who can read the true loveliness and spirituality of that marvellous design, a poem in pigment, a hymn to divine beauty in the rhythm of pure form and the harmony of sweet color.

In those richly-wrought corridors of Mr. Burne-Jones's fancy, as in mediæval Wales, "the stranger who arrives at morn is entertained till sunset with talk of fair maidens and sad music of the harp." The figures of men and women that flit through those spacious halls are ideal, yet melancholy, passionate, yet dim. An Arthurian uncertainty envelops the scene. The touch of a wizard has made all things suffer a strange but beautiful change. Costumes and architecture are of no period in particular, save "once upon a time;" of no country one can specify, save of Celtic fairyland. "The world of the Mabinogion," says John Richard Green, in one of his finest rhapsodies, "is a world of pure phantasy, a new earth of marvels and enchantments, of dark forests whose silence is broken by the hermit's bell, and sunny glades where the light plays on the hero's armor." Might not those words as well have been written of Mr. Burne-Jones's pictures as of his ancestors' folk-lore? "Each figure as it moves across the poet's canvas is bright with glancing color." Yes, but color rich as gold and Tyrian purple, yet subdued by the perfect artistic instinct of the Celtic nature. And then the women who pass through this romantic world, how Cymric! how mediæval! how unearthly in their beauty! "White is my love as the apple-blossom, as the ocean's spray. Her face shines like the pearly dew on Snowdon's crest. The glow of her cheeks is like the light of sunset. Whoso beheld her was filled with her love. Four white trefoils sprang up where her foot trod the meadow." Might not four white trefoils appropriately spring up when Burne-Jones's sweet sad maidens have

passed that way? Might not all marvels take place, and all creeds come true, and all dreams fulfil themselves, in that mystic wonderland?

The Celtic spirit, I have said, is essentially decorative. It is also, what is perhaps but another embodiment of the self-same instinct, essentially orderly, structural, architectonic. It delights in Triads, in set forms, in recurrences of measured lines, in arrangements like the Triolet, the Ballade, the Sonnet, the Chant Royal. At a very early date, in Wales, literature had settled down into elaborate fixed moulds; in Celtic France it followed suit in due time with definitely organized rhythms, which display markedly the ingrained French dislike and horror of anarchy. I need hardly point out how closely this sense is allied with the decorative faculty. Decoration is order, symmetry, proportion; nothing in it must be bald, dull, flat, amorphous; continuity, regularity, richness with refinement, are its rules of being. Now, in the due employment of this decorative element, and its due subordination to the pictorial spirit, Mr. Burne-Jones is unequalled in the whole realm of art. His use of it differs in essence from the use of it made by Van Eyck or Van der Weyden, by Lippi or Pacchiarotto. The Celtic fancy in him lights up and inspires all the details of his work, as the Celtic imagination and the Celtic melancholy in Richard Jefferies made him read exquisite fairy tales everywhere into the pageant of summer. *Spiritus intus alit*: on Burne Jones's canvas soul pervades every gem, every fret, every fold, every fillet. No frippery intrudes. His tracery is a poem; his colonnades are an epic. The ornament is richer than any painter's before him; yet never for a moment do we feel it to be labored or overwrought. Perfect taste, nay more, pure fancy, prevents it from degenerating into the merest suspicion of excess, of gaudiness, of tinsel.

There is a Van Eyck in the new museum at Antwerp—a Madonna and Child with St. George and St. Donatian—the detail of which is almost as rich and as varied as any dream Burne-Jones ever realized on canvas. The carpets are richly dight with Oriental designs; the jewelry shines with emerald, sapphire, and amethyst; the draperies are pranked with flowers or stiff with brocaded figures; the very glass in the background stands out in rounded

knobs, each painted in with the minute care of old Flemish handicraft. It is a beautiful picture, and a picture one may gaze at many days untired—discovering each day some new and unsuspected beauty. And yet—oh, the difference! The detail in the Van Eyck—even fuller and richer than anything in the more famous Adoration at Ghent—is after all mere detail. It is exquisite, perfect, in admirable decorative taste, a monument of deft toil, a miracle of painting. But it is decorative detail, after all, in the accessories of a picture. In the Brier Rose the decoration and the picture are one. The subtlety of the ornament, the purity and transparency of the limpid coloring, the grace of the lithe festoons of living bramble, the Saracenic quaintness of the solid square pillars, the lustrous glaze on the tessellated floor, the mysterious figures wrought with care on drapery and jewel-work, all chime in with the dreamy air of that enchanted hall, to make up an harmonious whole that is one and indivisible.

Ghirlandajo's richness is the richness of a working jeweller. A little too much finery, a little too much tinsel, too much paste, too much pinchbeck. Add mentally a background from one of his trim and bespangled Nativities to a group of Botticelli's ideal figures, and you get a grotesque incongruity. Look at Flora's robe, all pied with daisies, on Flora's own lissome form, and you get a perfect harmony. But what Burne-Jones has done is to vivify and inform ornament, fine as Van Eyck's, rich as Ghirlandajo's, with a soul as intense and as pure as Botticelli's. No mediæval Fleming, no early Renaissance Italian, could ever give the last touch, however, that Burne-Jones has given to his poetic creations. For there is the nineteenth century, too, in his work; deep-questioning, mystic, uncertain, rudderless: faith gone; humanity left: heaven lost; earth realized as man's, the home and sole hope for the future. Those sad eyes of his wan maidens gaze forth upon the infinite. Those bronzed faces of his mailed knights have confronted strange doubts and looked close at nameless terrors. There is a pathos in it all, an earnestness, a pessimism, a meliorism, an obstinate questioning of invisible things, that no age but this age of ours could ever have compassed. Only a Celt, and only a Celt of our time, could have put so much spirituality into

the broidery of a robe ; could have touched with such sadness the frayed fringe of a coverlet.

Take the Memlings at Bruges—those most Celtic in tone of all purely Teutonic works of art—and observe to the full the vast gulf that divides them from the Celticism of our century. For our new æstheticism is by no means, as many people think, an antiquarian affectation—a deliberate attempt to revive the dead Florentines. There is something in the shrine of St. Ursula that in some ways goes straight to the heart as nothing else does that I know of on earth, except of course the Fra Angelicos in the bare cells at San Marco. Perhaps it is the innocence, the *naïveté*, the simplicity, the frankness of that charming little pictorial legend. So dainty they are, those small idyls, so delicate, so decorative ! Here, too, all is in delicious keeping with the main inspiring idea : child-like faith, masterly handicraft, mediæval architecture, soft castellated hills, pure tones of color, unassuming piety, smiling martyrdom, sweet virginal faces, patient and loving care in every touch or detail. And how pleasant, how graceful, how trustful it all is ! The brutality of the soldiers, the blood of the martyrs, all move us rather to sympathetic smiles than to tears or to pity. No Celtic sadness there, no unrest, no mysticism. No looking before and after ; no pining for what is not. All is as plain and straightforward and tangible and real as art can make it. All is delicately Flemish. With such a hope to bless, and such angels to cheer, the path to heaven shines

as definite and as certain as the way down the blue Rhine from Basle to Kölnminster.

One day this last summer, I came straight back from Bruges, and fresh from my Memlings, looked again at the Brier Rose. How exquisite, how sad, how tender, how soulful ! The deep melancholy of the Celtic temper—so human, so humanizing—the rich dower of a conquered race, long oppressed and ground down, speaks forth with mute eloquence from every storied line of it. Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought. From Ossian and Llywarch Hen to Burne-Jones and George Meredith, Celtic art in all forms has struck that note most consistently.

It is this profound infusion of Celticism and of the modern spirit into essentially decorative pictorial art that marks, to my mind, Burne-Jones's true greatness. I hope nobody will suppose, therefore, that I intend these few words for anything like art criticism. They are nothing of the kind : they are a simple study in ethnical characteristics. But as such, I trust they may possess some small value which my ideas about art in itself could not possibly pretend to. Comparative psychology, comparative ethnography, has a claim of its own to be heard on these questions ; what it says may be by no means the same as what art-criticism tells us ; yet it may be true in its way for all that, just as the botanist's description of a rose or a rare new shrub may be as true in its way as a florist's or a flower-painter's.—*Fortnightly Review*.

FORGED LITERATURE.

BY HENRY G. HEWLETT.

SPURIOUS and pseudonymous literature is probably nearly as old as literature itself. It was comparatively common in Ancient Greece and Rome, and may be said to have flourished among the Jews and early Christians. Bentley, in his *Dissertation upon Phalaris*,* enumerates a series of works fathered upon some of the great classical writers, which after deceiving many learned judges were discovered by

others of more discernment to be unauthentic. This list of counterfeits, he tells us, might have been much longer ; " in one short passage of Suidas there's an account of half a score." The Epistles ascribed to the Sicilian tyrant (about 570 B.C.), which were the subject of Bentley's dissection, he proved to the satisfaction of all succeeding scholars to be the work of an Attic Sophist belonging to a later age. Another such example may be mentioned. The extracts which Philo Byb-

* Second ed. Introd. pp. 13-15, 520, 539.

lius, a writer of the first century A.D., professed to have translated from the works of Sanchuniathon, an ancient Phœnician author contemporary with Semiramis, are, by the general consent of modern scholars, held to be the invention of the ostensible translator. His presumed motive for fabricating them was that, in his zeal to win converts to the doctrine of Euhemerus, that the gods were apotheosized men, he had adduced apt illustrations from Phœnician history which he had no real means of substantiating.*

Since Bentley wrote, the literature of Greece and Rome has been subjected to a searching criticism, and it is probable that many works which in his time were unhesitatingly ascribed to great names would be rejected as spurious by the consensus of the best living scholars. In the province of Biblical research less unanimity yet prevails in this country, but it may be safe to say that most qualified critics, German and English, would agree in discrediting the Mosaic authorship of Deuteronomy, if not of the whole Pentateuch; the integrity and synchronism of the prophecies attributed to Isaiah; the authenticity of the Book of Daniel and of some of the writings ascribed to Solomon. It would be venturing upon ground even more debatable to adduce analogous examples from the New Testament, but the most conservative divines will admit that the books of which its canon is composed were selected from a large mass of writings, more or less commonly accepted by the early Church as authentic and genuine scriptures of venerable authors, the bulk of which are now acknowledged to be either pseudonymous or spurious. By the testimony of such Fathers as Irenæus and Epiphanius, the second century was very prolific in literature of this type. "Infinita multitudo apocryphorum librorum et adulterinarum scripturarum" are the words of the first named.† Without impeaching the credit of any books which may still find defenders, it will suffice to instance a few notorious cases—e.g. the Epistle of Jesus Christ to Abgarus King of Edessa, the Book of Enoch, the Sibylline Oracles, and the writings of Dionysius the Areopagite.

Rigidly to apply our modern standard of ethics to these ancient examples of fab-

ricated literature would be obviously unjust, and discrimination is needful to determine their real character. One cannot scruple, indeed, to classify as common cheats the wily bibliopoles who, when Ptolemy Philadelphus was making a collection of Aristotle's works, "with a design of getting money of him, put Aristotle's name to other men's writings."* Nor can we hesitate to assign to a malicious motive the conduct of the historian Anaximenes who (according to Pausanias) succeeded in making his rival Theopompus hateful to the governments of Athens, Sparta, and Thebes, by fabricating an invective against them in imitation of his style, and publishing it in his name.† It would be rash, however, to assume that the priestly custodians of the Lycian temple, which boasted among its treasures a paper epistle written from Troy by Sarpedon, were consciously imposing upon the historian Licinius Mucianus, who (to Pliny's astonishment) was so credulous as to suppose it genuine.‡ The historical existence of Sarpedon may well have been believed by the priests as well as their visitor, and both have been innocently ignorant that paper (*papyrus*) was not likely to be used for letter-writing in the Homeric age. With respect to many of the spurious works fathered upon classical writers, it is unnecessary to suspect any one of intentionally uttering them under false names. To uncritical readers, superficial resemblances between the style of a master and that of his imitator would suffice to suggest identity of authorship, and a surmise to that effect started by one inventive brain would soon circulate as assertion and be handed down to the following age as certainty. Still less are we called upon to stigmatize as forgers, in a criminal sense, the authors of works, now admitted to be pseudonymous, which the early Christians accepted as authentic. Bearing in mind that it was from the Eastern Churches these fabrications usually proceeded, we may justly make large allowance for the difference which has always subsisted between the Western and the Eastern mind with regard to the value of truth.

* "Ammonius on Aristotle's Categories," cited by Bentley, *Phalaris*, p. 12.

† Cited by Bentley, *ut sup.*

‡ *Nat. Hist.* xiii. c. 13, cited by Bentley, p. 539.

* Smith's *Classical Dict. of Biography*.

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Add to this the consideration that the classical historians and biographers had established as a literary usage the practice of inventing orations for their heroes, statesmen, or generals, ideally appropriate to the occasions when they purported to have been delivered, and embodying the ideas and convictions the speakers were believed to entertain, but couched in language they never actually used and pervaded throughout by the mental bias of the writer. The example, again, set by Plato in idealizing the personality of Socrates, and passing his homely sense and keen dialectic through the filter of his own mind, could not fail to be taken as a precedent by members of the school which reconciled his philosophy with Christian doctrine. Further, it must be remembered how fierce and ceaseless was the strife between the "Catholic" party in the Church and "heresiarchs" of various complexions who disputed its assumption of orthodoxy, all equally convinced of the truth of their own views and anxious to convert the world to them; and how necessary an advocate must have deemed it, in the absence of any canonical standard of Scripture, to adduce the authority of some reverend name among the Apostles or their immediate disciples to refute the contention of his opponent that the tenet in dispute was an unsound innovation. It was but a step from the contemplation of this necessity to the employment of any legitimate device to effect the desired object. The literary usage and philosophical precedent above mentioned afforded ample sanction for idealizations upon a larger scale and for a worthier end than they served.

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For the authors of some of the later Christian apocrypha it would be difficult to offer the same excuses as for their predecessors. The clumsy interpolator of a well-known passage in Josephus (*Antig. Lib.* 18, c. 3) can hardly be acquitted of a design to invent evidence wherewith to silence the assertion of Hebrew opponents that the life of the Founder of Christianity was unrecorded by the historian of his era. It is possible, however, to believe that the Trinitarian controversialist who marginally annotated the first Johannine Epistle with the verse relating to the three heavenly witnesses, was innocent of intending that a future copyist of the MS. should insert his gloss as part of the text. The propensity of copyists to incorporate marginal comments indiscriminately appears to be so largely responsible for the interpolations and equivocal readings which have crept into the MSS. of the New Testament, that it would be unjust to impute sinister design to all that have been twisted to serve controversial ends.

Although, after the formation of a canon and the establishment of Catholic Christianity, one chief motive for the fabrication of pseudonymous literature ceased to operate, fresh occasions soon arose to call it into active being. I can do no more within the limits of this paper than glance at the salient aspects of a large and many-sided subject. The fabrications which I have space to notice may be conveniently

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Prominent in the first group, among the pseudonymous fabrications of tyranny, stands the Athanasian Creed, which, notwithstanding the avowal of revered divines that they wished they " were well rid of it," still disfigures the Anglican Prayer-Book. Though its actual origin and date are still uncertain, it is admitted by the general consent of theologians, " orthodox " and " heterodox " alike, to be falsely fathered upon the Alexandrian bishop of the third century whose name it bears. The prevailing opinion is that it emanated from a Spanish or French source in the fifth or sixth century.* This is not the place to discuss the value of its theological definitions, but the emphatic language of its damnable clauses leaves no room for doubt as to their primary object. To strengthen by the agency of spiritual terrorism the

hands of the power which arrogated to itself the sole authority of fixing Christian dogma, and to narrow the pale of the Church so as to exclude all who dared to exercise the private right of reason and conscience, was a design which the creed-maker accomplished only too well.

That the wielders of spiritual tyranny should not lack the complement of temporal dominion was the obvious aim of two fabrications which appeared in the eighth century, and are attributed by Gibbon to the hand of a single writer who " borrowed the name of St. Isidore."† The " Decretals and the Donation of Constantine " were intended, says the historian, to be " the two magic pillars of the spiritual and temporal monarchy of the popes." According to the narrative put forth by Pope Adrian the First in an epistle addressed to Charlemagne, the Donation of Constantine originated in his gratitude for having been healed of leprosy and baptized by St. Silvester, then Bishop of Rome. In pious recognition of his deliverance, the emperor relinquished " the seat and patrimony of St. Peter, declared his resolution of founding a new capital in the East, and resigned to the popes the free and perpetual sovereignty of Rome, Italy, and the provinces of the West." Though professedly credited by Pope Adrian and some of his successors, this monstrous fiction did not escape monastic criticism in the twelfth century, and in 1440 was mercilessly exposed by the Roman patriot, Valla. Half a century later it was generally abandoned, and eventually disavowed by the advocates of the Church in whose interest it had been forged.

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which has stood after its foundation crumbled beneath it, for no one has pretended to deny for the last two centuries that the imposture is too palpable for any but the most ignorant age to credit.*

The almost exclusive possession of clerly learning by the religious orders afforded to unscrupulous brotherhoods facilities for abusing it in their own interests with comparatively little risk of detection. From the *Scriptoria* of English monasteries issued a large number of royal and private charters purporting to endow them with valuable lands and franchises, which, when examined by modern experts, have been discovered to be palpable forgeries. The learned editor of the *Feodarium Prioratus Duxelmensis* (Canon Greenwell) devotes the bulk of his preface to an examination of "the foundation deeds of the Benedictine monastery established by" Bishop William de St. Carilef at Durham, which "form one inseparable and complete series of titles in connection with the confirming instruments of King William the Norman, Archbishops Lanfranc and Thomas, and bulls of several popes. This series, consisting of a large number of varied and pretentious documents," he finds himself compelled by the evidence to declare to be "a tissue of forgeries." The proofs of this charge consist both in substantial discrepancies between these documents and unimpeachable records elsewhere, and in glaring falsifications of names, dates, and seals. In the case of one document it can be shown that "out of eleven attesting archbishops, bishops, and abbots, six were dead at the time when the charter affects to have been executed." Similar evidences of falsity invalidate the rest of the series. Two motives appear to have dictated "the fabrication of the charters in question: the one, to provide written and readily authenticated proof of ownership of estates to which, though belonging to the convent, there was no book-title; the other, to establish claims to privileges to which the monks had no evidence of right, and that were probably assumptions without authority."†

The occasion of the forgery was probably a bitter dispute which arose between the monks and Bishop Marsh in 1221, when both parties appealed to Rome and

were called upon to produce their muniments.

Numerous examples of forged monastic charters upon a less extensive scale than the foregoing are given by Kemble in his *Codex Diplomaticus Ævi Saxonici, passim*, and by Sir Thos. Duffus Hardy in his Introduction to the Charter Rolls, pp. xxxi., xxxviii., xxxix.

The *History of the Monastery of Croyland*, ostensibly by its abbot, Ingulphus, which purports to embrace its annals and charters from the middle of the seventh to the early part of the twelfth century, and contains much curious information respecting the reign of the Conqueror, has been discredited since the seventeenth century, when Wharton and Hickes successively called attention to its fictitious statements. Sir Francis Palgrave, who subjected it to a careful examination in the *Quarterly Review* for June 1826, assigns various reasons for concluding it to be a forgery of the reign of Richard the Second. The code of laws in French, which the writer ascribes to the Conqueror, has been "ascertained," says Hallam, "to be a translation from the Latin made in the thirteenth century."‡ A further exposure of its anachronisms and misstatements has been made by Mr. H. T. Riley† and by Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy.‡ The last-named writer unequivocally brands it as "a monkish forgery."

Even the more trustworthy monastic chroniclers—e.g. Roger de Wendover and Matthew Paris—frequently insert documents accredited either to divine or human writers, which are obviously spurious and betray more or less clearly the purposes which occasioned their fabrication. Among those introduced into Wendover's Chronicle is "a letter that came from heaven" and was found "suspended over St. Simeon's altar at Jerusalem" in the year 1200. Its fulfilment of the direst penalties against Sabbath-breaking lent timely aid to the efforts of some of the clergy who were just then denouncing that offence.§ The copies of *Magna Carta* and the *Carta de Foresta* which Wendover and Paris seem to have accepted as authentic-

* *Literature of Europe*, i. 28, note.

† *Archæol. Journ.* part i. pp. 32-49; part ii. pp. 114-133.

‡ *Descriptive Catal. of Materials*, ii. 62, 63.

* Hallam's *Middle Ages*, c. vii, part i. p. 167.
† *Publications of Surtees Society*, vol. lviii. pref. pp. x.-lxxxii.

§ *Flores Historiarum*, ed. Hewlett; *Rolls Series of Chronicles*, vol. ii. pp. 295 sqq.

ly signed and promulgated by John, prove to be a *pasticcio* made up from a garbled and mutilated version of the single charter executed by that king, and of the two charters granted by his successor. The language of the later documents has been generally modified to suit the earlier date assigned to them; but a blunder of the manipulator in omitting to alter a reference made by Henry the Third to his "grandfather," Henry the Second, betrays the falsification. Dr. Luard, in his edition of Matthew Paris, adduces other clear proofs of forgery, and suggests a probable motive for it. The convent of St. Albans (whence these chronicles proceeded) cherished a bitter animus against Fawkes de Breauté, one of John's foreign mercenaries, by whose troops the monastery had been plundered during the Barons' War. The garbled version of John's great Charter here put forth contains an undertaking on the part of the king to expel Fawkes, among others, from the realm forthwith. The authentic Charter makes no mention of Fawkes, who continued for some years in the service of Henry the Third before his insolent defiance of law and order compelled the king to banish him. It was presumably with the hope of hastening that desired event that the forger sought to show his exile had already been decreed.*

Lest the frauds of English monks should be supposed uniquely shameful, it is but just to instance one or two which were hatched in Continental cloisters. The *History of Charles the Great and Orlando*, published shortly before the year 1122, as a personal narrative, by Charlemagne's secretary, Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, appears to have been the composition of a monk who (in the words of its latest editor) designed it "for edification, for encouragement of faith in the Church, war against infidels, and reverence to the shrine of St. James of Compostella.† That the last-named objected was uppermost in the writer's mind he takes much pains to make clear. Midway in his romantic account of the exploits of Charles and his paladins in Galicia, the assumed Turpin breaks off to describe how, by the emperor's command, he dedicated "the church and altar of St.

James with extraordinary splendor and magnificence." A chapter is devoted to the recital of the metropolitan rank and revenues bestowed on it. "All Spain and Galicia was made subject to this holy place; it was moreover endowed with four pieces of money from every house throughout the kingdom, and at the same time totally freed from royal jurisdiction; being from that hour styled the Apostolic See," etc. A labored comparison follows of its relation to the Sees of Rome and Ephesus, "which are undoubtedly the true Sees;" the second place in pre-eminence being emphatically claimed for it, with a significant hint in conclusion that, "if any difficulty should occur that cannot elsewhere be resolved, let it be brought before these Sees, and it shall by Divine grace be decided." Although in 1122 Pope Calixtus the Second "vouched for the authorship of Turpin," the work gradually lost credit, and when the object of its fabrication was detected it acquired the popular title of "*Le Magnanime Mensonge*."

Zeal for the shrine of St. James of Compostella inspired another forgery in the fifteenth century, when a "*Revelation*," purporting to be written by the Apostle's own hand, was suddenly discovered there after fourteen centuries of interment. From Bentley's account of the matter, it would seem that even in Spain certain sceptics raised the objection that this document "had some parts of it in modern Spanish, which was not in being in the time of the Apostle." This circumstance, indeed, proved no stumbling-block to its devout Catholic advocates, one of whom, "the learned Aldrete, endeavors to account for the modern Spanish in the Apostle's writing from the gift of prophecy that he was inspired with, by which he foreknew when his buried writings would be dug up, and therefore used the language that would then be in fashion."* He might surely have devised a more plausible explanation, by attributing the Apostle's linguistic skill to his share of the "miraculous gift of tongues."

Although monastic forgers rang the changes of imposture with some artistic variation, the sameness of motive tinges all their attempts with a sordid monot-

* *Chronicle of M. Paris*, ed. Luard; *Rolls Series of Chronicles*, vol. ii. pref. pp. 589 sqq.

† *Medieval Tales* (Universal Library), ed. Prof. H. Morley, introd. p. 5.

* *Phalarris*, pp. 522-3, citing B. Aldrete, *Varias Antigüedades de España*.

ony. There is more novelty in the forms of literary fraud prompted by inordinate vanity and thirst for notoriety. A notable example of this class is the *Voyages and Travels of Sir John Maundeville*, which appeared in the latter part of the fourteenth century. Its quaint and quasi-ingenuous narrative of an adventurous English knight's wanderings in the East quickly won it a popularity which was not a whit diminished by the monstrous extravagance of its fictions. Modern criticism long since established the fact that the book was partly compiled from the accounts of other travellers, and that the writer's statement that he composed it first in Latin, then put it into French, and lastly translated it into English, could not be true. The frequent mistranslations apparent upon a comparison of the two extant versions made it impossible to believe that, if he was an Englishman, "Maundeville had been his own interpreter."* It was reserved for the latest editor of the book, Mr. G. F. Warner, following in the track of earlier scholars, fully to expose its fictitious character and furnish a probable clew to its authorship. He claims to have shown that the writer's account of his travels was substantially made up from numerous earlier sources, including the *Golden Legend* and the narratives of Odoric de Pordenone, Jacques de Vitry, and other genuine voyagers to the East. There seems little doubt, indeed, that the author was a stay-at-home traveller. Good reasons are assigned by Mr. Warner for identifying him with a physician named Jean de Bourgogne, who, according to the statement of his executor, Jean d'Outremeuse, assumed in his last will the name of Sir John Maundeville, with the rank of Earl of Montfort in the English peerage, alleging that he had left his native land and sought refuge in travel to escape the consequences of an accidental homicide. No such dignities as those claimed by the testator appear to be known to our heralds. There are grounds for suspecting D'Outremeuse, who is known as a chronicler of Liège, to have been an accomplice in Bourgogne's fraud. His *Myreur des Histors* not only embodies much of Maundeville and of the writers from whom he had bor-

rowed, but refers to a description of Tartary as his own which is nowhere to be found except in the *Voyages and Travels*.*

In 1649 England was the scene of a remarkable literary imposture, in whose composition personal and partisan motives were apparently blended, which not only equalled its forerunners in attaining immediate success, but, when eventually exposed and confessed, won for its author a meed of glory instead of shame. Within a few days after the execution of Charles the First appeared the *Εἰκὼν Βασιλική*, ostensibly written by the king's hand, affecting to be his own defence of the policy he had adopted, and to portray the attitude of devout faith in which he had borne his sufferings and martyrdom. The sympathy which the work excited was widespread. "At home and abroad 90,000 copies were circulated in a twelve-month." Charles the Second is said to have declared that "if it had come out a week sooner it would have saved his father's life." So powerful was the impression it made in England that the Council of State desired their Latin Secretary, Milton, to answer it—a commission fulfilled in his *Εἰκονοκλαστής*. Without disputing whether "the late king, as is vulgarly believed, or any secret coadjutor," were the real author, Milton accepted the presumption that the book was from the hand of Charles, while he saw through the "drift of a factious and defeated party" to use it, "not so much in defence of his former actions as the promoting of their own future designs." He detected, too, one of the most suspicious features of the book, viz. that the prayer which the king was stated to have placed in the hand of Bishop Juxon upon the scaffold, "as a special relic of his saintly exercises," was "stolen word for word" from Sidney's *Arcadia*, where it is put into the mouth of Pamela. Upon this feature, however, Milton only passes the characteristic comment that a love-story which represents "a heathen woman praying to a heathen god" was unfit "in time of trouble and affliction to be a Christian's prayer-book." There is no reason to suppose that he penetrated the secret of the fabrication, which was confined to the possession of a few royalists and too well kept to be divulged until the Restora-

* Introduction to edition of *Maundeville* in the National Library, by Prof. Henry Morley.

* Publications of the Roxburghe Club, 1890.

tion, when Dr. John Gauden avowed the authorship and claimed his reward. It appears that the book (after its design had been approved by Duppa, Bishop of Salisbury, who contributed one or two sections) was finished during the king's imprisonment at Carisbrooke, where a copy was sent to him for correction. He is said to have wished that it should be issued in the name of another, but, when urged that it would be more effective in his own, "took time to consider of it." His execution intervening before consent was given, the publication took place without it. Gauden, having made good his claim to Charles the Second, was created Bishop of Exeter in 1660, and soon translated to the See of Worcester.* Notwithstanding this recognition of his service, more than a generation passed before the truth was made generally known. Even then the bulk of the ultra-loyal Tories refused to part with their cherished illusion, and half a century afterward a preacher before the House of Commons boldly contended that the *Eikōn* was authentically the work of King Charles the First.

In the composition of the memorable imposture which "George Psalmanazaar" palmed upon the English public in 1704, the literary element was comparatively subsidiary; the *Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa* that he was induced to publish being only an expansion of the narrative of adventures which he had told in detail to scores of fashionable audiences. Ushered into London society under the auspices of the bishop, Dr. Compton, and accredited to him by the Rev. Mr. Innes, the chaplain of a Scotch regiment abroad, the young man quickly became the lion of the town. He gave out that he was the son of a nobleman in Formosa, who entrusted his education to a learned stranger on a visit to the island, by whom he was instructed not only in the language and literature of his native country, but in Latin. His tutor, who passed for a travelled Japanese, having inflamed his curiosity with accounts of Europe, suddenly announced that he was

about to revisit it, whereupon the youth begged leave to go with him. By way of Goa and Gibraltar they reached Avignon, where, at the Jesuits' College, the tutor revealed that he was a missionary of the order, and had disguised himself that he might convert his pagan pupil. Thanks to the training which Psalmanazaar's mind had undergone, he was able to rebut the sophistry of Father de Rodes and his brethren, but, alarmed at their threats of the Inquisition, made his escape and entered the service of the Elector of Cologne. Two attempts to convert him—one by a Lutheran, the other by a Calvinist minister of Sluys—were also unsuccessful. The arguments, however, which Mr. Innes, the chaplain of Brigadier Lauder, governor of the town, urged on behalf of the Anglican faith, effectually convinced his reason, and he willingly embraced "a religion not embarrassed with any of those absurdities which are maintained by the various sects in Christendom." This plausible story might perhaps have retained longer hold of public belief if the author had not unwarily committed himself to print at the solicitation of an enterprising publisher. The work in which he undertook to narrate the history of his native island is an elaborate tissue of absurdities. Commencing with a gratuitous attack upon the "ignorance" of the Dutch and other historians who had affirmed Formosa to belong to China, whereas it was really a dependency of Japan, he proceeded to give a minute account of its conquest, its civil government, and established creed, with particulars of the religious rites, language, and customs of the natives, illustrated by engravings of their public buildings, modes of dress, and character of writing. The illustrations showed their architecture to be a medley of classical and Chinese styles. Tiger-, leopard-, and bear-skins, it would seem, were the appropriate materials for the clothes of these tropic islanders; yet, to account for his strangely fair complexion, the writer mentioned that the upper classes (to which he belonged) habitually spent the hot season in underground caverns, dense groves, or tents kept cool with water. The language evidently contained a number of Greek radicals, which was not made less surprising by the statement that Greek was taught in the native schools. Raw meat and roots formed the

* See Prof. H. Morley's *First Sketch of English Literature*, pp. 585-6, where the story of the fabrication is concisely told. For the detailed evidence which established Gauden's authorship, see Toland's *Life of Milton*, ed. of 1698, pp. 27-29.

usual diet of this remarkable people, with vipers' blood as a condiment. An annual sacrifice of 18,000 boys' hearts to their gods had had no apparent effect in reducing the population.

In spite of these enormous demands on the credulity of its readers, the book reached a second edition, and the author was sent by his patrons to Oxford, in order to prepare himself for returning to Formosa as a missionary. Here he had the ill-fortune to encounter Halley, then Savilian professor, and two other *savants*. Some searching questions which they put to him respecting the sun's position at noon and the duration of twilight in the island he was utterly unable to answer, and their published account of the interview sealed the fate of his imposture. After exhausting the patience of his remaining dupes, he relinquished the profession of roguery and settled down to a creditable literary career. In a posthumous work he made a candid confession of his fraud, in which he charged Innes with having been his accomplice. Its main design was ingeniously framed to tempt the *gobe mouche* appetite of a frivolous and marvel-loving society. The means taken to introduce it under clerical and episcopal sanction were not less skilfully adapted to a time when Anglicanism was vaunted as the golden mean between Jesuitism and Dissent, and the Church was exhibiting the first symptoms of a missionary spirit.*

The eighteenth century has earned an unenviable celebrity for the number and audacity of its literary impostors. For particulars respecting the felonious exploits of two rogues, William Lauder and Archibald Bower, who were both tracked by the same critical detective, Dr. Douglas, the reader may consult Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, and the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

A more ingenious as well as successful fraud was the attempt of James Macpherson to conceal his personality behind the mask of Oisín, or Ossian, a Highland poet of the third century, whose epical poems of *Fingal* and *Temora* he professed to have discovered and translated from the Erse in 1762-3. Though their gen-

uineness was at once disputed by Johnson, who challenged "the translator" to produce his MSS., and was doubted by Hume, Gibbon, and other critics, the bulk of Macpherson's fellow-countrymen, headed by Blair and Lord Kames, warmly defended his good faith, and extolled the merits of Ossian as a second Homer. In answer to Johnson's challenge, which was repeated by other sceptics, Macpherson produced no original MSS., but satisfied his partisans by publishing what he affirmed to be transcripts from the Erse. The friends he made were influential enough to advance his fortune, and, after a prosperous career as a placeman, he died rich and honored in 1796, having kept his secret to the last. The fervor of national enthusiasm, which he adroitly turned to account in 1762, had by this time cooled, and the exposure of his fabrication, which soon followed his death, was effected in his own country. A committee of inquiry appointed by the Highland Society in 1797, who completed their labors in 1805, reported that, after a diligent search among traditional and written sources, they had been unable to find one poem identical "in title and tenor with the poems of Ossian." In a critical essay on the subject by Malcolm Laing, the historian of Scotland, published in 1800, and the notes appended to his edition of Macpherson's works, he minutely examined the materials extant respecting the legendary Gaelic heroes, in order to show the spurious character of the epics into which their names had been introduced. Its picturesque descriptions of Highland scenery, rhetorical flow of sentiment, and command of rhythmical language, account for the attraction which *Ossian* exercised at the time of its appearance, and may still to some extent retain. The presence of these characteristics of refinement and the absence of any of those *indicia* common to the poetry of a ruder age, have long been accepted as substantial proof of its being a production of the eighteenth, not of the third century.*

The particulars of Chatterton's fabrication, in 1768-9, of the poems which he attributed to Thomas Rowley, a priest of the fifteenth century, are too familiarly known to justify repetition. To a critical

* A fuller account of this imposture, with further evidence in elucidation of the motives which prompted it, was given by the present writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* for May, 1879.

* See Knight's *Cyclopædia*, arts. "Macpherson" and "Ossian."

reader of our own day, modernness of thought and style will appear so plainly stamped upon the face of them, that he may consider Professor Skeat's ample demonstration of their sham archaisms to be almost superfluous.* It is well, however, to recall the fact that though Chatterton's imitations, touched as they were by vivid flashes of genius, failed to baffle the acumen of Tyrwhitt, Warton, Gray, and Johnson, they successfully imposed upon many erudite antiquaries and scholars, including Dr. Milles, Dean of Exeter and President of the Antiquarian Society (who published a sumptuous edition of the poems, and learnedly expatiated upon their Homeric and Chaucerian affinities), Jacob Bryant, Lord Lyttelton, and Dr. Fry, President of St. John's, Oxford. It can scarcely be doubted that Chatterton baited his line to catch that "doctrinal ignorance," as Montaigne calls it, which "knowledge so often begets." Vanity may be presumed to have prompted his mystifications in the first instance, and pride to have induced him to persist in his original story; but he may fairly be acquitted of sordid motives. It is pathetic to reflect that if his boyish peccadillo had been treated with a little less harshness, the tragedy of his fate might have been averted and a fresh voice added to the choir of English poets.

The forgery of Shakespearian MSS., by which William Henry Ireland (whether as principal or agent) succeeded in duping a distinguished circle of scholars and men of letters in 1795-6, is another noteworthy instance of the type exemplified by Macpherson and Chatterton. It differed indeed from their fabrications in two respects, viz. that the MSS. themselves, not mere transcripts of them, were submitted to ocular inspection, and that in the judgment of unbelieving critics, not less distinguished than the believers, the literary value of whatever was new or "original" in the collection was absolutely worthless. These circumstances only serve to heighten the wonder of the forger's success. Drs. Parr, Valpy, and Joseph Warton among scholars, George

Chalmers and John Pinkerton among antiquaries, Sir Isaac Heard and Francis Townshend, professional heralds, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, James Boswell, and H. J. Pye, poet-laureate, representative men of letters, were eager to avow their faith in the MSS. as indubitable autographs of Shakespeare, and bearing the unmistakable stamp of his genius. Granting that the antique aspect of sixteenth-century handwriting, parchment, ink, and seals was so skilfully imitated as to deceive the paleographers who examined the MSS., it remains inexplicable that a student so conversant with Elizabethan English as Chalmers could have been blind to the grotesque exaggerations of spelling which abound in every line of the text. Still more amazing appears the blindness which led Sheridan to accept the crude and tumid *Vortigern* as even a "youthful production" of the author of *Hamlet*, and to give Ireland 300*l.* for the privilege of producing it at Drury Lane, besides half the profits of its representation for sixty nights. How John Kemble, who was forced to play the leading part, avenged the insult thus offered to the genius whose fame was linked with his own, need not be told afresh. In an *Inquiry into the Authenticity of the MSS.* which Malone, the most competent Shakespearian critic of the day, published soon after the collapse of *Vortigern*, he effectually established their spurious character by a minute collation of their language and spelling with those commonly employed in Elizabethan literature. The labored attempt of Chalmers to adduce rebutting evidence was rendered futile by the prompt appearance of a pamphlet in which the forger, a young law-student, made an explicit confession of his fraud. Filial desire to gratify the taste of his father, an enthusiastic Shakespeare-worshipper, curiosity to see "how far credulity would go in the search for antiquities," and vanity, intoxicated by the success of his first deception, were the incentives which avowedly actuated him. In another confession, made shortly before his death in 1835, he recanted his former statement, and represented his father as having been the chief concocter of the forgery. Whoever was concerned in it evidently saw that the Shakespeare-idolatry which then prevailed in antiquarian and literary circles had reached the point of infatuation,

* Had Chatterton's MSS., now at the British Museum, been submitted to examination during his lifetime, it is impossible that any expert in the handwriting of the fifteenth century could have been for an instant deceived by them.

and embraced the opportunity of turning it to profit.*

In the present century, though the literary forger has been far from inactive, his successes, owing to the general spread of culture and the special development of critical discernment, have happily been few and short-lived. In 1803, a M. Vanderbourg, ostensibly on behalf of a deceased friend, M. de Surville, published a volume of lyrics which revealed the existence of an ancient poetess hitherto unrecorded, named Marguerite Eleanore Clotilde, *depuis* Madame de Surville. Her career covered the greater part of the fifteenth century—one of her themes being the relief of Orleans by Joan of Arc in 1429, and another the victory of Fornovo by Charles the Eighth in 1495. She was also fortunate enough to be able to render an ode of Sappho into French verse "many years before any one else in France could have seen it."† Though promoted to a place in Auguis' *Recueil des Anciens Poëtes*, these lyrics did not impose upon the trained judgment of Sismondi, who observed that it was only necessary "to compare Clotilde with the Duke of Orleans or Villon" to ascertain her real date.‡ Another critic discovered in them "many ideas and expressions which were unknown in the language at the time of their pretended composition, and many imitations "of Voltaire and other poets."§ There can be little hesitation in crediting their authorship to M. Vanderbourg himself.

A brief notice will suffice for one or two minor forgeries which must be fresh in the memory of many living persons. About thirty years since a well-known publisher bought a collection of letters alleged to be in the handwriting of Shelley, one of whose oldest surviving friends testified to belief in their authenticity. They were ushered into the world by a preface from the pen of Robert Browning, but withdrawn a few days after publication upon the discovery that they were made up from

articles by Sir Francis Palgrave in the *Quarterly Review*. A year or two later, a volume of letters by Schiller was announced as forthcoming, a preliminary certificate of their genuineness having been obtained from his last surviving daughter. Before they left the press they were clearly shown to be spurious. A notice of the impostures of M. Simonides, whose career has but recently terminated, will bring these examples of fraudulent apocrypha down to our own time. His chief successes are believed to have been gained in duping the authorities of great national libraries by the sale of sham antique MSS., but for obvious reasons the particulars of these cases have not been generally disclosed, and the statements on the subject which have appeared in the public journals must be accepted with some reserve. The eminent scholar Dindorf is said to have been one of his victims in Germany. It has been stated that the trustees of the British Museum were deceived into buying from him a false memorandum addressed by Belisarius to Justinian, but the statement has been since denied. That he sold to Ismail Pasha a forged MS. of Aristotle, and to a wealthy English peer two spurious letters of Alcibiades to Pericles, for which he obtained high prices, is an assertion more credible, and as yet uncontradicted. His most remarkable failure seems to have been at Athens, where he tried to persuade a committee of twelve scholars that a MS. of Homer, written on lotus-leaves, was a genuine codex of very early date. Eleven of the number are said to have been satisfied, "but the twelfth discovered that it was a faithful copy of the text of Homer as published by the German critic Wolff, and that the MS. reproduced the whole of the printer's errors in that edition."*

The literary fabrications which come within the second group I have selected, viz. such as are devoid of evil intention and due to the indulgence of satirical, mischievous, or playful humor, are not prominent at an earlier period than the seventeenth century. Among the first that I am acquainted with was a tract published in 1649, just after the suppression of the theatres by the Parliamentary authorities, which purported to be Mr. William Prynne, his *Defence of Stage Playes*, or a *Retraction of a former Book of his* called

* Particulars of the extravagant lengths to which this idolatry was carried, and further details of Ireland's imposture, are given in the paper already referred to (*Two Imposters of the Eighteenth Century*), in the *Cornhill Magazine* for May 1879.

† Hallam's *Lit. of Europe*, i. 170.

‡ *Hist. des Français*, xiii. 593.

§ I. D'Israeli's *Curios of Lit.* iii. 300.

* Obituary notice in the *Times*, October 1890.

Histriomastix. In this *jeu d'esprit* of some mocking Cavalier, the grim old Puritan is made to blame the barbarous conduct of the Parliamentary army in taking "away the poor players from their houses, being met there to discharge the duty of their callings," and to vindicate himself from being supposed to countenance such cruelty because he had once denounced the stage—"when I had not so clear a light as now I have." Prynne's vain protest against this practical joke, which he circulated by means of handbills, must have doubled the enjoyment of its malicious perpetrator.*

Not less droll was Swift's shaft of ridicule at the prophetic almanac-maker, John Partridge, which he started by issuing (under the name of Isaac Bickerstaff) a set of *Predictions for the Year 1708*. Among them was announced the death of Partridge himself on the 29th of March.

After the date had gone by, Swift published . . . "The Accomplishment of the First of Mr. Bickerstaff's Predictions: being an Account of the Death of Mr. Partridge the Almanac-Maker on the 29th inst." Other wits kept up the joke. Partridge, in his next almanac, declared that he was "still living in health, and they are knaves that reported it otherwise." In the first number of the *Tatler* . . . Steele, in the name of Bickerstaff, continued the joke, and explained to Partridge that if he had any shape he would own himself to be dead, "for since his art was gone, the man was gone."†

Another satirical missile, impelled by political animus and aimed at a higher quarry, was among the minor productions of Johnson in 1739, when he was struggling into notice. It was entitled *Marmor Norfolciense*, and assumed to be an essay upon "an ancient prophetic inscription in monkish rhyme lately discovered near Lynne in Norfolk." The design of the mystification was to attack the Hanoverian dynasty and the Whig Government of Sir Robert Walpole.‡

Dr. Birch, a solid historian and lexicographer of the last century, is the reputed author of a fabrication which, though intended in jest, succeeded in falsifying many veracious literary chronicles. Among the discoveries of George Chalmers the antiquary, who diligently ransacked the piles

of miscellaneous periodicals at the British Museum, was a unique copy of *The Englishe Mercurie*, imprinted at London by Her Highness's Printer, 1588, which has since repeatedly been described as the earliest English newspaper. The researches, however, of a later antiquary, Mr. Thomas Watts, among the papers which Birch left behind him, disclosed the original draft of the *Mercurie*, on modern paper, with corrections made for the press.*

In 1781 John Pinkerton (who subsequently became an archæologist of repute) initiated a form of literary fabrication which became too common. A collection of ancient Scottish ballads which he published in that year was generally accepted as a valuable contribution to the national history. In the preface to a work upon *Ancient Scottish Poets* published some years later, he confessed, with a candor bordering on effrontery, that his former volume had been a compilation of genuine antiques and imitations of his own. He exculpated himself from the suspicion of base motives in this deception by affirming that he had declined the publisher's offer of half the profits of the book. Unfortunately, innocence of intention is ineffectual to avert the consequences of a thoughtless action. Similar excuses might doubtless have been made by Pinkerton's numerous successors in the art of manufacturing modern antiques. Allan Cunningham is said to have confessed that he palmed off some ballads of his own upon a collector of ancient relics, who published them without suspicion. Robert Surtees notoriously imposed in the same way upon the credulity of Scott, when supplying him with materials for the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and also victimized Hogg with some spurious Jacobite ballads. Thomas Campbell was similarly duped, when editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, by a waggish contributor who pretended to have rescued from neglect the works of a seventeenth-century dramatist named Clithero.

Perhaps the deftest artist in this department of fabrication was George Steevens, the Shakespearian commentator. Animated by an impish spirit of trickery, to which jealousy of rival antiquaries may have lent a spice of malice, he industriously devised cunning snares for their feet. He would, for example, disseminate fictitious illustra-

* I. D'Israeli's *Curios of Lit.* iii. 315.

† Prof. H. Morley's *First Sketch of Eng. Lit.* p. 783.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 851; Boswell's *Life* (ed. of 1826), i. 97.

* I. D'Israeli's *Curios of Lit.* i. 157, note.

tions of Shakespeare's text, in order that Malone, who was his chief butt, might be entrapped into adopting them and give him the gratification of correcting the blunder in his next edition. Under the pseudonyms of Collins and Amner, he would insert paragraphs in the daily press purporting to be curious extracts from rare books, copies of which no one who wished to verify the passages ever succeeded in discovering. Among these curiosities was the romantic story (that has found its way into Todd's *Life of Milton*) of the poet's having been seen asleep under a tree by a lady who became enamored of his beauty, and placed in his hand some impassioned verses of Guarini, which, when he awoke, so fired his fancy that he made a journey to Italy in the hope of tracing her. Another was the story of the deadly upas-tree of Java, which long obtained credit as one of the fairy-tales of science.*

It would be easy to adduce examples of the same type of fabrication from recent annals, but limitations of space allow of no more than a brief reference to the third group in my list. Literary mystifications, inspired by a purely dramatic aim, wherein, for the sake of obtaining the closest *vraisemblance*, the artist has carried imitation to the point of effecting illusion, appear to be a comparatively modern product. De Foe's *Journal of the Great Plague in London*, published in 1722, and *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, published in the following year, are perhaps the earliest instances in our literature. Both were successful in passing for genuine narratives, one being quoted by Dr. Mead, and the other by Lord Chatham, as the records of eyewitnesses to the scenes depicted. Another of De Foe's fictions, *The Apparition of one Mrs. Veal to her friend Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury*, was written as an advertisement for Drelincourt's *Sermons upon Death*, which the ghost impressively commended as a *viaticum*. The sale of the whole edition, which had been a burden on the publisher's hands, and of several others in succession, quickly followed. The *Memoirs of Captain Carleton, by himself* (1728), a work which has been attributed to De Foe, but apparently with little reason, contains an account of Lord Peterborough's campaign in Spain, wherein John-

son "found such an air of truth that he could not doubt of its authenticity."* Sir Walter Scott, who edited the book in 1809, Lord Stanhope, and many other writers, have regarded it as a veracious narrative. The keen criticism to which the *Memoirs* have been subjected by a recent historian of the Spanish War of Succession, Colonel Parnell, has rendered it almost certain that they are substantially fictitious.†

During the last half-century the fashion for modern antiques, *rococo*, and "make-believe" in literature has so rapidly spread that it must suffice to name a few of the most successful achievements in various provinces. In historical fiction, *Lady Willoughby's Diary*, by the late Mrs. Rathbone; *Mary Powell*, by Miss Manning; and *With Essex in Ireland*, by the Hon. Miss Lawless, have won special celebrity. In the field of adventurous travel such writers as Edward Trelawney, *Adventures of a Younger Son*; Charles Cochran, *Journal of a Tour by Senor Juan de Vega*; and George Borrow, *Lavengro*, may be more than half-suspected of having obtained their realistic effects by a dexterous interweaving of fact and fiction. The romantic narrative of South-sea life by the American writer, Herman Melville, *Omoo*, must have charmed many readers into conviction of its truth. The recently published Letters, affecting to be the replies of the "Inconnue" to those addressed to her by Prosper Mérimée, have aroused an amount of curiosity which argues eloquently for the writer's skill.

No one who has been at the pains to follow the retrospective survey thus outlined will have failed to observe (1) the facility with which in uncritical ages pseudonymous or spurious writings obtained general acceptance as authentic or genuine, and maintained their hold unshaken until brought to the test of scientific criticism. The *Epistles of Phalaris*, for example, and the Jewish and Early Christian apocrypha, seem to have been accepted from the date of their appearance without serious demur, and enjoyed a tenure of belief that lasted through many centuries; the *Chronicle of Ingulphus*, the *Charters of Durham Priory*, and the *Travels of Maundeville* were only discov-

* Boswell's *Life* (Oxford ed. of 1826), iv. 300.

† *War of the Succession in Spain*, by Col. the Hon. A. Parnell, pp. 316-326.

* I. D'Israeli's *Curios of Lit.* iii. 297-304.

ered to be forgeries within recent years : (2) the success with which, even in periods of prevalent culture, a skilful fabricator has often floated his imposture by flattering a popular appetite or ministering to the enthusiasm of a clique, and made easy dupes of men illustrious for their learning and acumen. Psalmanazaar, Macpherson, Chatterton, Ireland, and Simonides are typical examples of this class. The names of their dupes, Dean Milles, Bryant, Dr. Parr, George Chalmers, Sheridan, and Dindorf emphasize the warning addressed by St. Paul to those who, "professing themselves to be wise, became fools."

One conclusion, which is amply warranted by the evidence, has an obvious bearing upon a burning question of current controversy—the authority of putative Scriptures. The controversy, indeed, is but an old one revived, and the conclusion is not drawn for the first time. Two centuries ago Toland, in his *Life of Milton*, referring to the fabrication of the *Εἰκὼν Βασιλική*, which Gauden successfully foisted upon the world for nearly forty years as the authentic work of Charles the First, added this judicious comment :—

When I seriously consider how all this happened among ourselves within the compass of forty years, in a time of great learning and politeness, when both parties so narrowly watched over one another's actions, and what a great revolution in civil and religious affairs was partly occasioned by the credit of that book, I cease to wonder any longer how many supposititious pieces, under the name of Christ, His apostles, and other great persons, should be published and approved in those primitive times when it was of so much importance to have them believed ; . . . I doubt rather the spuriousness of several more such books is yet undiscovered, through the remoteness of those ages, the death of the persons named, and the decay of other monuments which might give us true information.*

Warned by the remembrance of so signal an illusion, and many other examples scarcely less remarkable, the inquirer who is invited by the Church to submit his reason and conscience to the authority of her sacred books, ascribed to venerable

names, and reputed of hoar antiquity, is more than justified in maintaining an attitude of sceptical vigilance, and demanding the strictest proofs of their authenticity and genuineness. If it be replied that the demand is unreasonable, since under the circumstances of the case no strict proofs can be furnished, *cadit questio*. The exorbitant assumption that it is possible to erect a fabric of mental and spiritual domination upon a foundation of documentary evidence which it is impossible fully to test, must be frankly surrendered. But the surrender of a fallacious claim to vest the authority of a creed in the books which avouch it, need involve no sacrifice of aught that is vital in the creed itself. Let the basis of its support be shifted from the letter to the spirit, and its doctrines be left to stand upon their own merits. Upon this broad and deep foundation two of the wisest religious teachers of our time are content that Christianity should rest. The lamented Döllinger's "innermost thought," as we learn from Lord Acton's faithful portraiture of him, "was that religion exists to make men better, and that the ethical quality of dogma constitutes its value."† In the profound and masterly treatise which consummates Dr. Martineau's lifelong services to the cause of rational religion, he thus distinguishes the sound from the unsound criteria of truth :

We cannot say, "This doctrine is divine because it is found in a canonical book, and that is human because confined to the Apocrypha . . ." or, "This argument is demonstrative because attributed to Jesus Himself, and that is subject to doubt as reported only of Stephen or Timothy." Neither Church nor Scripture can serve, on these easy terms, as our "Rule of faith and practice," and yet both may provide adequate guidance to the highest truth and goodness. To reach it, however, without use of the discriminative faculties, and be carried blindfold into the Eternal light, is impossible. . . . The tests by which we distinguish the fictitious from the real, the wrong from the right, the unlovely from the beautiful, the profane from the sacred, are to be found within, and not without, in the methods of just thought, the instincts of pure conscience, and the aspirations of unclouded reason.†

—Nineteenth Century.

* Life prefixed to edition of Milton's *Works*, 1698, p. 29. Conf. Dr. Martineau's *Seat of Authority in Religion*, p. 179.

* *Eng. Hist. Review*, Oct. 1890, p. 705.

† *The Seat of Authority in Religion*, pp. 296-7.

THE ETHICS OF WINE-DRINKING AND TOBACCO-SMOKING.

BY COUNT LYOF TOLSTOI.

I.

WHAT is the true explanation of the use which people make of stupefying stimulants and narcotics, of brandy, wine, beer, hashish, opium, and of others less extensively indulged in, such as morphia, ether, fly-agaric? How did it first originate, and what caused it to spread so rapidly and to hold its own so tenaciously among all sorts and conditions of men, savage and civilized? To what are we to attribute the incontrovertible fact that wherever brandy, wine, beer, are unknown, there opium, hashish, fly-agaric, etc., are sure to be common, while the consumption of tobacco is universal?

What is it that impels people to stupefy themselves? Ask any man you meet what it was that first induced him to drink alcoholic liquors and why he drinks them now. He will reply: "It is pleasant to do so; every one drinks;" and he may possibly add, "to keep up my spirits." There is another category of persons—those who never take the trouble to ask themselves the question whether it is right or wrong to drink alcoholic liquors—who will urge as an all-sufficient reason, that wine is wholesome, and imparts strength to him who drinks it—viz., they plead as a satisfactory ground a statement which has been long ago proved to be utterly false.

Put the same question to a smoker: ask him what first led him to smoke, and what compels or induces him to keep up the habit now, and the answer will be the same: "To drive away melancholy; besides, the habit is universal; everybody smokes."

The same or some analogous plea would most probably be advanced by those who indulge in opium, hashish, morphia, and fly-agaric.

"To drive off the blues; to keep up my spirits; because every one does the same." Reasons of this kind might, without glaring absurdity, be advanced as grounds for the habit of twirling one's fingers, of whistling, of humming tunes, of playing a tin whistle; in a word, of occupying oneself in any one of a thousand ways

that do not entail the destruction of natural riches, nor necessitate an enormous expenditure of human labor, of doing something, in fine, which is not fraught with mischief to oneself and others. But none of the habits in question are of this harmless character. In order that tobacco, wine, hashish, opium, may be produced in sufficient quantities to keep pace with the present enormous rate of consumption, millions and millions of acres of the best soil, among populations sorely in need of land, are set apart for the cultivation of rye, potatoes, hemp, poppy, vines, and tobacco, and millions of human beings—in England one-eighth of the entire population—devote all their lives to the manufacture of these stupefying stimulants. Nor is this all. The consumption of these products is, beyond all doubt, highly pernicious, is fraught with terrible evils, the reality of which are admitted by all—evils that work the ruin of more men and women than are laid low by all the bloody wars and infectious diseases that decimate the human race. And people are aware of this; so perfectly well aware of it, indeed, that the statement cannot for a moment be credited that they set in motion the baneful cause of it all, merely to *drive away melancholy, to keep up their spirits, or solely because every one does it.*

It is obvious, therefore, that there must be some other explanation of this strange phenomenon. On all the highways and byways of life we are continually meeting with affectionate parents who, though perfectly ready to make any—the heaviest—sacrifice for the welfare of their offspring, do not hesitate one moment to squander upon brandy, wine, beer, opium, hashish, and tobacco, a sum of money amply sufficient to feed their miserable, hunger-stricken children, or at least to insure them against the worst kinds of privation. It is perfectly evident, therefore, that the man who, placed by circumstances or his own acts in a position that imposes upon him the necessity of choosing between the infliction of hardship and misery upon the family that is dear to him, on the one hand, and abstinence from stupefying stimulants and narcotics, on the

other, chooses the former alternative, is impelled to this choice by something far more potent than the desire to keep up his spirits, or the speculative consideration that every one else does the same. And so far as I am competent to hazard an opinion—and my qualifications consist solely in a theoretical knowledge of the judgments of others, gleaned from book-reading and in close personal observation of men, of my own self in particular at a time when I still drank wine and smoked tobacco—I would formulate that potent cause as follows :—

Man, during the course of his conscious existence, has frequent opportunities for discerning in himself two distinct beings : the one blind and sensuous ; the other endowed with sight, spiritual. The former eats, drinks, rests, sleeps, perpetuates itself, and moves about just like a machine duly wound up for a definite period ; the seeing, spiritual being, which is linked to the sensuous, does nothing itself, but merely weighs and appreciates the conduct of the sensuous being, actively co-operating when it approves, and holding aloof when it disapproves the actions of the latter.

We may liken the being endowed with sight to the needle of a compass, one extremity of which points to the north and the other to the south, and the entire length and breadth of which is covered by a layer of some opaque substance. The needle thus remains invisible so long as the ship or vehicle that carries the compass is moving in the direction toward which the needle is pointing ; nor does it move or become visible until the vessel or vehicle deviates from that direction.

In like manner, the seeing, spiritual being, whose manifestations we are wont in the language of every-day life to term conscience, always points with one extremity to good, and with the opposite one to evil, nor do we perceive it until such time as we swerve from the direction it indicates—viz., from good to evil. But no sooner have we performed an action contrary to the direction of our conscience than the consciousness of the spiritual being manifests itself, indicating the degree of the deviation from the direction pointed out by conscience. And as the mariner who has discovered that he is not moving toward the port for which he is bound cannot continue to work with his

oars, his engines, or his sails until he either rights the vessel and steers her in accordance with the indications of the compass, or else succeeds in shutting his eyes to the fact that there is a deviation, so also the man who discerns the discord between his conscience and his sensual activity cannot continue to exercise that activity until he either brings it once more into harmony with the dictates of his conscience, or else hides from himself the testimony borne by his conscience to the irregularity of his animal life.

All human life may be truly said to be made up of one of two kinds of activity ; (1) The bringing of one's conduct into harmony with the dictates of conscience ; or (2) the concealing from one's self the manifestations of conscience, in order to make it possible to continue to live as one is living

Some people are engaged in the former occupation, others in the latter. There is but one way to accomplish the former : moral enlightenment, increase of light within ourselves, and of attention to what the light reveals. There are two methods of attaining the second object—that of concealing from ourselves the manifestations of conscience : an external and an internal method. The former leads us to engage in occupations calculated to withdraw our attention from the teachings of conscience, while the latter consists in darkening the conscience itself.

Just as a man has it in his power to blind himself to an object that is immediately under his eyes in one of two ways : either by fixing them upon other and more striking objects, or by obstructing the organs of vision—thrusting some foreign body upon them—so, in like manner, a man can hide from himself the manifestations of his conscience, either by having all his attention engrossed by occupations of various kinds, cares, amusements, pastimes, or else by obstructing the organ of attention itself. When it is a question of persons of a blunted or limited moral sense, outward distractions are frequently quite sufficient to hinder them from noting the testimony borne by their consciences to the irregularity of their lives. With people of sensitive moral organization such mechanical devices are seldom enough.

External means do not entirely draw off the attention, or wholly prevent it from

recognizing the discord between actual life and the requisitions of conscience. And the knowledge of this antagonism hinders people from living; in order, therefore, to remove this obstacle, and continue to live irregularly, they have recourse to the unfailing internal method of darkening conscience itself. And this is effectually accomplished by poisoning the brain by means of stupefying stimulants and narcotics.

Let us suppose, for instance, that a man's life is not what, according to the promptings of conscience, it should be, and he does not possess the force necessary to remould and reform it in accordance with these exigencies. On the other hand, the distractions which should have diverted his attention from the consciousness of this antagonism are either insufficient in themselves, or else repetition has worn off their point, and they no longer produce the looked for result. It is then that a man, desirous of continuing to live in spite of the testimony of his conscience to the irregularity of his life, determines to poison, to paralyze completely for a time, that organ through which the warnings of conscience are made manifest, just as a person might throw a handful of flour or snuff in his eyes in order to deliver himself from the sight of a disagreeable object.

II.

It is not inclination, therefore, nor pleasure, nor distraction, nor amusement that gives us the clew to the universal habit of consuming hashish, opium, wine, and tobacco, but the necessity of concealing from one's self the records of one's conscience.

One day, while walking along a street, I passed by a number of *droschky*-drivers, who were gathered together in groups conversing, when I was struck by the remark which one of them addressed to another: "Who doubts it? Of course he would have been ashamed to do it if he'd been sober."

A sober man scruples to do that which a drunken man will execute without hesitation. These words embody the essential motive that induces people to have recourse to stupefying drugs and drinks. People employ them either for the purpose of stifling remorse, after having performed an action disapproved of by their conscience, or else in order to induce a state

of mind in which they shall be capable of doing something contrary to the dictates of their conscience, and to which the animal nature of man is impelling him.

A sober man has conscientious scruples to visit lewd women, to steal, to commit murder. A drunken man, on the contrary, is troubled with no such scruples. Hence it is that if a person wishes to do something which his conscience forbids him to do, he first stupefies his faculties.

I recollect being struck by the statement made by a man-cook on his trial for the murder of the old lady—a relative of mine—in whose service he had been living. From the account he gave of the crime, and the manner in which it was perpetrated, it appears that when he had sent his paramour, the maid-servant, out of the house, and the time had come for him to do the deed, he seized a knife and repaired to the bedroom where his intended victim was; but as he drew near he felt that in his sober senses he could not possibly perpetrate such a crime. "A sober man has conscientious scruples." He turned back, gulped down two tumblers of brandy that he had provided beforehand, and then, and not before, felt that he was ready to do the deed, and did it.

Nine-tenths of the total number of crimes that stain humanity are committed in the same way: "First take a drink to give you courage."

Of all the women who fall, fully one-half yield to the temptation under the influence of alcohol. Nearly all the visits made by young men to disorderly houses take place when the faculties have been blunted and dulled by intoxicating liquor. People are well acquainted with this property of alcohol to deaden the voice of conscience, and they deliberately make use of it for this very purpose.

Nor is this all. Not only do people cloud their own faculties, in order to stifle the voice of conscience, but, knowing what the effect of alcohol is, whenever they wish to make other people perform an act that is contrary to the dictates of their conscience, they purposely stupefy them, in order to render them temporarily deaf to its remonstrances. In war, soldiers are always made drunk, when they are about to be sent into close hand-to-hand combat. During the storming of Sebastopol, all the French soldiers were completely intoxicated. After the storming of a fortress in

the Central Asian War, when the Russian soldiers showed no inclination to plunder and kill the defenceless old men and children of the place, Skobelev ordered them to be duly plied with brandy till they were drunk. Then they rushed out to accomplish the ghastly work.

Every one is acquainted with individuals who have drunk themselves out of their social sphere in consequence of crimes that tortured their conscience. It requires no extraordinary powers of observation to remark that people who in their lives set at naught the moral laws are much more addicted than others to stupefying stimulants and narcotics. Brigands, gangs of robbers, prostitutes, cannot dispense with alcohol.

Every one knows and acknowledges that indulgence in these things is a consequence of the remorse of conscience; that in certain immoral avocations stimulants are employed for the purpose of stifling the conscience. In like manner, every one knows and avows that the use of these stimulants does effectually deaden the voice of conscience, that a drunken man is capable of accomplishing acts, from the very contemplation of which in his sober moments he would have shrunk back in horror. About this there is no conflict of opinion. It is admitted on all hands without demur or reserve. And yet, strange to say, whenever the consumption of stupefying stimulants does not result in such acts as robbery, murder, violence, etc.; whenever they are indulged in, not as a consequence of remorse for terrible crimes, but by persons who follow professions which we do not regard as immoral, and are taken not all at once in large quantities, but continually, in moderate doses, it is taken for granted—no man can say why—that these stupefying stimulants have no effect upon the conscience, and certainly do not stifle or even deaden its voice.

Thus it is taken for granted that the daily consumption by a Russian in easy circumstances of a small glass of brandy before each meal, and of a tumbler of wine during the repast; by a Frenchman of his daily allowance of absinthe; by an Englishman of his port wine and porter; by a German of his lager-beer, and the smoking by a well-to-do Chinaman of a moderate dose of opium, besides a certain quantity of tobacco, are indulged in solely for pleasure, and have the desired effect

on the animal spirits, but none at all on the conscience.

It is furthermore taken for granted that if after this customary stupefaction no robbery, murder, or other heinous crime is perpetrated, but only foolish and evil acts are performed, these acts are spontaneous, and are in no way the result of the stupefaction. It is taken for granted that if these persons committed no criminal act, they had therefore no need to gag their consciences, and that the life led by people addicted to the continual use of stimulants and narcotics is in every way excellent, and would have been in no respect different if these people had abstained from thus clouding their faculties. It is taken for granted, in fine, that the continuous consumption of stupefying stimulants does not in the least obscure the conscience of those who thus indulge in them.

On the one hand, then, every one knows by experience that his frame of mind, his mental mood, undergoes a change after he has indulged in alcohol and tobacco, and that what he was, or would have been, ashamed of before this artificial excitation, he has absolutely no scruples about afterward; that after every sting of conscience, after the least painful of its pricks, one is possessed by a violent longing for some stimulant or narcotic; that under the influence of such stimulants it is very difficult to survey one's life and position; and that the continual consumption of an invariable moderate quantity of stimulants produces precisely the same kind of physiological effect as the instantaneous consumption of an excessive quantity. And on the other hand, people who indulge moderately in drinking alcohol and smoking tobacco flatter themselves that they take these things, not at all to silence their conscience, but solely to please their taste and obtain pleasure.

But one has only to give the matter a little serious, unprejudiced consideration—without attempting to cover and excuse one's own action—in order to acquire the conviction, in the first place, that if a man's conscience be deadened by his taking a large dose of alcoholic or narcotic preparations, the result is identical when he indulges in them continuously, though in smaller doses; for stimulants and narcotics always produce the same physiological action, which begins by abnormally intensifying, and ends by proportionately

dulling and blunting the activity of the brain; and this, independently of the circumstance whether they are taken in greater or smaller quantities. In the second place, if these stimulants and narcotics possess at any time the property of benumbing the conscience, they are equally endowed with this property at all times, to the same extent if murder, robbery, and violence be perpetrated under their influence, as when only a word is spoken, a thought harbored, a feeling cherished, which would not have been spoken, harbored, or cherished without their influence. In the third place, if these brain-poisoning stimulants and narcotics are indispensable to robbers, brigands, and professional courtesans in order to drown the voice of their consciences, they are not less necessary to persons who follow certain other professions which are condemned by their own consciences, although regarded as legal and honorable by the vast majority of their fellow men.

In a word, it is impossible not to see that the habit of indulging in intoxicating stimulants in large or small doses, periodically or continuously, in the higher or the lower social circles, is always induced by the same cause, namely, the need of muffling the voice of conscience, in order not to be compelled to take notice of the jarring discord between actual life and the requisitions of conscience.

III.

Therein lies the true cause of the universality of the habit of indulging in brain-poisoning stimulants, among others in tobacco, which is probably the most widespread and baneful of all.

It is claimed for tobacco that it gladdens the heart of the smoker, clears up his thoughts, attracts and gratifies him in precisely the same manner as any other habit he may have acquired, but that under no circumstances has it the effect possessed by alcohol of paralyzing the activity of the conscience. But it is only necessary to analyze more carefully than is the wont, the conditions under which a peculiarly strong craving for tobacco manifests itself, to acquire the conviction that brain-clouding by means of tobacco fumes like brain-clouding by means of alcohol, exerts a direct action on the conscience, and that the need for this kind of stimulant is peculiarly intense precisely when the desire to stifle

the voice of conscience is at its height. If it were true that tobacco only gladdens the heart and clears up the thoughts, no such passionate craving for it would be felt under such clearly defined circumstances, and people would not be heard averring that they are ready to dispense with food rather than deny themselves a smoke, a statement which, in many cases, we know to be literally true.

The male cook already alluded to, who murdered his mistress, told the court, on his trial, that when he had entered the bedroom and cut her throat with the knife, and seen her fall back uttering a hoarse, guttural sound, while the blood spurted out in a torrent, he was struck aghast at what he had done. "I had not the courage to finish her," he exclaimed, "so I went out of the bedroom into the parlor, sat down, and smoked a cigarette." It was only after he had clouded his brain with tobacco fumes that he summoned up the force necessary to return to the bedroom and ply the knife until his victim was dead, when he began to ransack her movable property.

Now, it is obvious that the craving he felt to have a smoke under these peculiar circumstances was not due to a desire on his part to clear his thoughts or gladden his heart, but to the necessity of stifling a voice that was hindering him from consummating the deed he had planned and partially executed.

Every smoker can, if he will, discern the same clearly defined need of stupefying his thinking faculties with tobacco fumes at certain critical moments of his life. Speaking for myself, I can distinctly call to mind the times when I, while yet a smoker, felt this peculiarly pressing need of tobacco. It was always on occasions when I was desirous not to remember things that were thrusting themselves upon my memory, when I was anxious to forget, to suspend all thought. At one time I would be sitting alone, doing nothing, conscious that I ought to be engaged at my work, but averse to all occupations. I would then light a cigarette, smoke it, and continue to sit in idleness. Another time I would remember that I had an engagement for five o'clock, but that I had lingered too long in another place and it was now too late. The thought that it was too late being disagreeable to me, I would take out a cigarette and drive it away in

tobacco fumes. If I felt cross and peevish, and was offending another man by the tone or contents of my speech, and recognizing my duty to cease, yet resolved to give way to my peevishness, I would smoke and continue to show my ill-temper. When sitting at the card-table I had lost more than the sum to which I had determined to limit my losses, I would light a cigarette and play on. Whenever I had placed myself in an awkward position, had done anything reprehensible, had made a blunder, and feeling myself bound to acknowledge the true state of affairs in order to extricate myself from it, was yet unwilling to do so, I shifted the blame on to others, took out a cigarette and smoked. If, when working at a book or story I felt dissatisfied with what I was writing, and saw it to be my duty to cease, but felt an inclination to finish what I had thought out, I took out a cigarette and smoked. Was I discussing some question, and did I see that my opponent and myself, viewing the matter from different angles of vision, did not and could not understand each other, if I felt a strong desire to make him hear me out notwithstanding, I began to smoke and continued to talk.

The characteristic that distinguishes tobacco from other kinds of brain-clouding stimulants, besides the rapidity with which it stupefies the faculties, and its apparent harmlessness, consists in what may be termed its portativeness, in the ease with which it can be employed upon every trivial occasion. Thus the consumption of opium, alcohol, hashish involves certain arrangements which one cannot make at all times and in all places, whereas the tobacco and paper necessary for making cigarettes you can always carry about with you without the slightest personal inconvenience. Then, again, the opium-smoker and the drunkard excite loathing and horror, whereas there is nothing repulsive about the tobacco-smoker as such; but, over and above these advantages, tobacco possesses another property that materially contributes to render it popular; while the stupefaction induced by opium, hashish, alcohol, extends to all impressions received, and to all actions performed over a relatively long period of time, the deadening effect on the brain of tobacco can be regulated in accordance with the exigencies of each particular case. Do you wish, for instance, to do something which you know

you ought not to do? Smoke a cigarette, muddle your faculties just to the extent that is absolutely indispensable to enable you to do what you should have left undone, and you are at once as fresh as ever, and can think and speak with your wonted clearness. Are you too painfully conscious that you have done something which you should have refrained from doing? Smoke a cigarette, and the gnawing worm of conscience will be quickly smothered in the fumes of your tobacco, and you can turn forthwith to another occupation, and forget what occasioned your annoyance.

But making an abstract from all those particular cases in which every smoker has recourse to tobacco, not for the purpose of satisfying an habitual craving, or of whiling away the time, but as a means of silencing the voice of his conscience, which protests against certain acts that he has already performed or intends to perform, do we not clearly discern the strictly defined relation and interdependence between people's way of living and their passionate love of smoking?

When do boys begin to smoke? Almost invariably when they have lost the innocence of childhood. Why is it that people addicted to smoking can leave it off the moment they raise themselves up to a higher moral level, and others recommence as soon as they drift into a dissolute social circle? Why is it that almost all gamblers are smokers? Why is it that among the female sex the women who lead blameless, regular lives are the least frequently addicted to smoking? Why do courtesans and the insane all smoke without exception? Habit, no doubt, is a factor in these cases which cannot be ignored, but after having given it our fullest consideration, we must still admit that there is a certain well-defined, undeniable interdependence between smoking and the need for silencing one's conscience, and that smoking does undoubtedly produce that effect.

To what extent can smoking stifle the voice of conscience? We have no need to seek for the materials for a solution of this question in exceptional cases of crime and remorse; it is amply sufficient to observe the behavior of the ordinary—one might almost say of any—smoker. Every smoker abandoning himself to his passion, loses sight of, or rides roughshod over, certain of the most elementary rules of so-

cial life, the observance of which he demands from others, and which he himself respects in all other cases, whenever his conscience is not completely silenced by tobacco. Every person of moderately good breeding in our social sphere holds it to be unseemly, ill-mannered, churlish, merely for his own pleasure to interfere with the peace and comfort of others, and *à fortiori* to injure their health. No one would take the liberty to flood with water a room in which people were sitting; to scream and yell in it; to turn on hot, cold, or fœtid air, or to perform any other acts tending to disturb or injure others; and yet out of a thousand smokers scarcely one will hesitate to fill with noxious fumes a room the atmosphere of which is being breathed by women and children who do not smoke. If before lighting their cigarette or cigar, they ask the company present, "Have you any objection?" every one knows that he or she is expected to answer, "Not the least!" (although it is inconceivable that it should be anything but disagreeable to a non-smoker to have the air he respire poisoned, and to find stinking cigarette ends in glasses, tumblers, cups, plates, candlesticks, or even were it only in ash-trays). And even if we suppose that non-smoking adults can support the discomforts in question, surely no one will maintain that it is agreeable or wholesome for children, whose permission nobody ever thinks of asking. And yet people who are perfectly honorable and humane in all other respects smoke in the company of children, at table, in small rooms, poisoning the air with the fumes of tobacco, and never feel the faintest prick of conscience.

It is commonly urged in favor of the practice—and I used to advance the plea myself—that smoking conduces to efficient mental work; and there is no doubt that if we confine our consideration to the quantity of intellectual work done, we shall find this plea well grounded. To a man who is smoking, and who has consequently ceased to gauge and weigh his thoughts, it naturally seems that his mind has suddenly become thronged with ideas. As a mere matter of fact, however, his ideas have not become more numerous, but he has simply lost all control over them.

A man who works is always conscious of two beings within himself—the one who is engaged in work, and the one who sits

in judgment upon the work done. The severer the judgment he passes, the slower and the more perfect is the work done, and *vice versa*. If the judge be under the influence of a stimulant or a narcotic, there will be more work done, but of an inferior quality.

"If I do not smoke, I cannot work; I cannot get my thoughts upon paper; and even when I have begun, I cannot go on." So people commonly say, and so I said myself in times gone by. Now, what is the meaning of this statement? It means that you have nothing to say, or that the ideas to which you are endeavoring to give expression have not matured in your consciousness—are only dimly dawning upon you—and the living critic within you, unclouded by tobacco fumes, tells you so. Now, if you were not a smoker, you would, under these circumstances, either wait patiently until you had acquired a clear conception of the subject about which you wished to write, or else you would strive, by throwing yourself manfully into it, to master it thoroughly, weighing and discussing the objections that suggest themselves to your mind, and generally elucidating your thoughts to yourself. Instead of this, however, you take out a cigarette, and smoke; the living critic within you becomes clouded, stupefied, and the hitch in your work is removed; that which seemed petty, unworthy, while your brain was still fresh and clear, now appears great, excellent; that which struck you as obscure is no longer so; you make light of the objections that occur to you, and you continue to write, and find to your joy that you can write quickly and much.

IV.

"But can it be possible that such a slight, almost imperceptible, change as is produced by the mild flush of excitement that ensues upon our moderately indulging in wine or tobacco should work such grave results? No doubt, to a person who smokes opium, takes hashish, drinks alcohol so immoderately that he falls down helpless and bereft of his reason, the consequences may be very grave indeed; but it is very different when a person only takes as much as suffices to cause a pleasurable excitement. This state can surely be productive of no such wide-reaching results." This is the objection that people usually make. It seems to them that

mere incipient inebriation—the partial eclipsing, or rather the mellowing, of the light of consciousness cannot entail serious results of any kind. Now, it is as reasonable to think thus as to imagine that, although a watch may be seriously injured by striking it against a stone, it is not liable to any damage whatever from the introduction of a splinter of wood, or some other foreign body, into its internal mechanism.

It should not be lost sight of that the labor which is mainly instrumental in moving and moulding human life does not consist in the movement of human hands, feet, or backs, but in modifications of consciousness. Before a man can perform anything with his hands and feet a certain change must necessarily have taken place in his conscience. And this change determines all the ensuing actions of the man. Now, these modifications of human consciousness are always slight, well-nigh imperceptible.

The Russian painter Bruloff was once engaged in correcting a drawing of one of his pupils. He touched it very slightly with his pencil here and there, with the result that his pupil cried out: "Why you have only given the drawing one or two scarcely appreciable touches, and it has undergone a complete transformation!" Bruloff sententiously replied: "Art begins only there where scarcely perceptible touches effect great changes."

This saying is strikingly true, and not merely when restricted to art, but when applied to all human existence. We are justified in affirming that true life begins only where scarcely perceptible touches begin to tell, where such changes as are produced are infinitesimally small, and seem to us of no account. It is not where vast outward changes take place, where people move backward and forward, crossing each other, clashing with each other, fighting and slaying each other, that true life is to be found; it is where infinitesimal differential changes occur.

Take Rasskolnikoff,* for instance. His true life did not coincide with the moment when he killed the old woman or her sister. When he set about murdering the old woman, and especially when he was killing her sister, he was not instinct with

genuine life; he was acting as a wound-up machine acts, doing what he could not possibly refrain from doing; firing off the charge that he had accumulated within himself long before. One old woman lay killed before him, the other stood there in his presence, and the axe was ready in his hand.

Rasskolnikoff's true life coincided not with the moment when he met the old woman's sister, but the time when he had not yet entered a stranger's lodging bent upon murder; when he had no axe in his hands, no loop in his greatcoat on which to hang it, when he had no thoughts of the old woman whatever; it coincided with the time when, lying on the sofa in his own room, not thinking of the old woman, nor of the question whether it was lawful or not in obedience to the will of one human being to wipe out the earthly existence of another unworthy human being, but was debating with himself whether he should or should not live in St. Petersburg, whether he should or should not take his mother's money, and meditating upon other matters that had no reference whatever to the old woman. It is at such conjunctures that the greatest attainable clearness of mental vision is of the very utmost importance for the right solution of such questions as may then arise; it is at such moments that one glass of beer drunk, one little cigarette smoked, can hinder that solution, can cause it to be put off, can silence the voice of conscience, and can bring about a solution of the question in a sense favorable to our baser nature, as was the case with Rasskolnikoff.

Upon what takes place after a man has already formed his decision and has begun to embody it in action, many important issues of a material order may, no doubt, depend; edifices may be pulled down in consequence, riches may be scattered to the winds of heaven, human bodies may be deprived of life; but absolutely nothing can be done but what was already included in the consciousness of the man himself. The limits of what can take place are fixed by this consciousness.

Let me not be misunderstood. What I am saying now has nothing in common with the question of free will and determinism. The discussion of such matters is superfluous here, seeing that it has no connection with the question at issue, and I

* The hero of Dostoevsky's novel, "Crime and Punishment."

believe I may say it is quite superfluous for any intelligible purpose whatever. Putting aside, then, the question whether a man is or is not free to act as he pleases (a problem which, it seems to me, is not properly stated), all that I am here concerned to maintain is, that as human activity is determined by scarcely appreciable changes in consciousness, it follows (whether we admit so-called free will or not) that too much attention cannot possibly be given to the state of mind in which these changes occur, just as the most scrupulous care should be taken of the condition of the scales in which we are about to weigh precious objects. It is incumbent upon us, as far as in us lies, to surround ourselves and others with the conditions most favorable to that precision and clearness of thought which are so indispensable to the proper working of our consciousness; and we should certainly refrain most scrupulously from hindering and clogging this action of consciousness by the consumption of brain-clouding stimulants and narcotics.

For man is at once a spiritual and an animal being. His activity can be set in motion by influencing his spiritual nature, and it can likewise receive an impulse by influencing his animal nature. In this he resembles a watch which can be moved by moving either the hands or the main wheel. And as it is much more expedient to regulate the movement of a watch by its internal mechanism than by moving its hands, so it is far more judicious to determine a man's activity by means of his consciousness than by means of his animal nature. And as in a watch we should be most concerned to maintain those conditions which insure the smooth working of the inner mechanism, so in man we should lay most stress on the attainment and maintenance of unclouded purity and sharpness of consciousness, through which man's activity is most easily and most conveniently determined. Of this there can be no doubt; every one feels and knows that it is true. But very often people also feel the necessity of deceiving themselves. They are not so much concerned that their consciousness should work smoothly and well, as that they should persuade themselves that what they are bent on doing is right and good; and in order to acquire that persuasion they deliberately have recourse to means which they know will in-

terfere with the right working of their consciousness.

V.

People drink and smoke, therefore, not merely for want of something better to do to while away the time, or to raise their spirits; not because of the pleasure they receive, but simply and solely in order to drown the warning voice of conscience. And if that be so, how terrible are the consequences that must ensue! In effect, just fancy what a curious building the people would construct who, in order to adjust the walls to a perpendicular, should refuse to employ a straight plumb-line, and for the purpose of measuring the angles should object to use an ordinary carpenter's square, preferring to the former a soft plastic plumb-rule, that bends and adjusts itself to all the irregularities of the walls, and to the latter a carpenter's square that folds and yields to the touch and adjusts itself equally well to an acute and an obtuse angle!

And yet this is exactly what is done in every-day life by those who stupefy themselves. Life is not regulated by conscience, it is conscience that plies and adjusts itself to life.

This is what we see taking place in the life of private individuals. This it is which also takes place in the life of all humanity—which is but the sum total of the lives of private individuals.

In order thoroughly to realize all that is involved in this clouding of one's consciousness, the reader has only to call distinctly to mind his frame of mind at each of the chief periods of his life. He will remember that at each of these periods he found himself face to face with certain moral problems which he was bound to solve in one sense or the other, and upon the right solution of which the well-being of his whole life depended. To arrive at this solution after an exhaustive survey of all the factors and phases of the problem is an utter impossibility without putting a very severe strain upon the attention. Now, this effort of attention constitutes work. Whatever work we put our hands to, there is always a period in its progress—generally the commencement—when its disagreeable features very strongly impress us, when it seems peculiarly arduous and irksome, and human nature in its weakness suggests the

wish to abandon it altogether. Physical work seems irksome in the beginning, intellectual labor appears still more irksome. As Lessing remarks, people have the habit of ceasing to think as soon as the process of thinking becomes difficult, and in my opinion precisely when it becomes fruitful. A man feels instinctively that the problems that come up before him clamoring for a solution, the Sphinx's riddles that must be answered on pain of death, cannot be properly thought out without strenuous and, in many cases, painful labor, and this he would gladly shirk. Now, if he were bereft of the means of clouding his mental faculties, it would be impossible for him to expunge from the tablets of his conscience the questions on the order of the day, and, *volens volens*, he would find himself in conditions that necessitated an answer, and admitted neither of excuse nor delay. But, behold, he discovers an effective means of putting off these questions whenever they present themselves for a solution; and he does not fail to make use of it. The moment life demands an answer to these questions, and they begin to worry and harass him, he has recourse to those artificial means, and delivers himself from the vexation of spirit engendered by the disquieting questions. His consciousness no longer presses for a speedy solution, and the problems remain unsolved until the next interval of lucidity. But when the following period of lucidity comes round the same thing is repeated, and the individual continues to stand for months, for years, sometimes during his whole life, face to face with the same moral problems without moving one step forward in the direction of a solution. And yet all the movement and progress of human life consists exclusively in the right solution of moral problems. This curious mode of procedure presents considerable analogy with the conduct of a man employed to recover a lost pearl lying at the bottom of a shallow river, who, to escape entering the cold water, prevents himself from seeing the pearl by deliberately stirring up the mud, and repeating the process whenever the water shows signs of becoming clear again. A man addicted to the habit of stupefying his faculties by artificial means will often continue stagnant during the whole course of his existence, standing in the same place, looking out upon the world through the mist of the

vague self-contradictory life-philosophy that he once accepted; at the beginning of every new period of lucidity pressing hard against the same wall, against which he pressed in the same way ten, fifteen, twenty years before, and in which he lacks the means to make a breach, because he persists in deliberately blunting the edge of the thought which alone was capable of effecting it.

Every one has it in his power to verify the truth of this assertion upon himself and upon others. Let him conjure up before his mind's eye the principal events of his own life for the period during which he has been indulging in smoking and drinking, and let him pass in review the same period in the life of others. He will then clearly perceive the line of demarcation, the characteristic trait that separates smokers and tipplers from people who are free from those habits. For the more a man stupefies himself with these stimulants and narcotics the more stolid, quiescent, and stagnant he becomes intellectually and morally.

VI.

Terrible indeed are the evils that have been more than once described to us, which opium and hashish bring upon those who consume them; terrible, likewise, are the effects—which we can every day observe—of alcoholism upon the inveterate drunkard; but more terrible beyond comparison for the entire community at large are the effects of moderate drinking and smoking, habits largely indulged in as harmless by the majority of the people, more especially by the so-called educated classes of our social world.

These consequences cannot be otherwise than terrible if we admit what it is impossible to deny, that the guiding force of the community—political, administrative, scientific, literary, artistic—is wielded for the most part by men who are not in a normal condition of mind, by men who, to call things by their names, are in a state of intoxication. It is usually taken for granted that a man who, like most of the members of our well-to-do classes, indulges in a little spirits every day before each meal, is during the hours of work next day in a perfectly normal state of mind. This is a grievous error. The man who yesterday drank a bottle of wine, a tumbler of *vodka*, or two large measures

of beer, is to-day in a state of subsiding intoxication or incipient sobriety, a state of dejection which follows upon yesterday's excitement; consequently, he is mentally oppressed as well as depressed, and this feeling is but intensified by smoking. A man who drinks and smokes moderately but regularly every day, requires—in order to restore his brain to its normal condition—at least one week, probably more than a week, of total abstinence from spirits and tobacco. Now, no smoker or bibbler ever voluntarily abstains for such a long time.

It follows, therefore, that by far the greatest part of all that is done in this world of ours, both by those whose profession it is to guide and teach others and by those who are thus guided and taught, is done in a state of ebriety.*

And I trust this will not be taken either as a joke or an exaggeration: the extravagant disorder, and especially the senselessness and folly, of our life springs mainly from the state of continuous inebriation in which the majority of people deliberately place themselves. Is it conceivable that people not drunk should calmly set about doing all the extraordinary things

* But how are we to explain the undeniable fact that people who neither drink nor smoke are frequently on an incomparably lower intellectual and moral level than inveterate toppers and smokers? And how is it that people who drink and smoke often give proof of the highest intellectual and moral qualities?

To this objection the answer is, in the first place, that we are ignorant of the degree of excellence which these persons would have attained if they never drank nor smoke. In the second place, from the circumstance that spiritually vigorous people, while subjecting themselves to the debasing action of brain-poisoning stimulants, yet manage to perform marvellous and sublime deeds, we can only draw the conclusion that they would have accomplished still greater things had they not clouded and clogged their faculties. It is highly probable that, as an acquaintance of mine once remarked, Kant's books would not have been written in such strange, clumsy language had their author not been such an inveterate smoker. Lastly, it should not be forgotten that the lower a man's position in the moral and intellectual sphere, the less acutely he feels the jarring discord between consciousness and life, and, consequently, the less pronounced is the need of stupefying himself; it is for a like reason that the most sensitive natures, those who are painfully, nay, morbidly conscious of this discord between life and conscience, become addicted to narcotics, which work their ultimate ruin.

that are being accomplished in our world, from the Eiffel Tower to obligatory military service? It is utterly inconceivable. Without the slightest need, or even semblance of need, a company is formed, a large capital subscribed; people go to work to make estimates and draw plans; millions of working days and millions of *poods** of iron are spent in the construction of a tower; and, when finished, millions of persons consider it their duty to repair to the summit of this tower, stay a short time, and then crawl down again, and the only effect produced on the minds of men by this tower, and the frequency with which ascents are made in it, is the desire and the resolve to go and erect still loftier towers in other places. Now, is it conceivable that these things should be done by sober people? Or, take another case; all European States are, and have for scores of years been, busily engaged in inventing and perfecting effectual weapons to kill people; and they carefully teach the science of organized murder to all young men who have reached manhood's estate. All are well aware that incursions of barbarians are no longer possible, and that these preparations for murder are intended by Christian, civilized nations to be employed against each other; all feel that this is unseemly, painful, nefarious, ruinous, immoral, impious, and senseless; and yet all persist in carrying out their preparations for mutual destruction; some by arranging political combinations, making alliances, and settling who is to slaughter whom; others by directing the work of those who are engaged in getting things ready for the slaughter; and others, again, by submitting against their own will, against their conscience, against their reason, to these preparations for murder. Now, could sober men act in this way? None but drunken men, men who never have a lucid interval of sobriety, could do these things, could live on in spite of this perpetual, irreconcilable, terrible conflict between life and conscience, in which not only in this matter, but in all other respects, the people of our world live and have their being.

At no other period of the world's history, I feel convinced, did mankind lead an existence in which the dictates of con-

* A Russian *pood* is about thirty-six English pounds.

science and their deliberate actions were in such evident conflict as at present.

It seems as if the human race in our days had got fastened to something that is holding it back, impeding its progress. There would seem to be some external cause which hinders it from attaining the position that belongs to it of right, in virtue of consciousness. The cause in question—or, if there be several, the main cause—is the physical state of stupefaction to which the overwhelming majority of human beings reduce themselves by means of alcohol and tobacco.

The deliverance of humanity from this terrible evil will mark an epoch in the life of the race, and, apparently, this epoch will arrive in the near future. The evil is already recognized. A change in the consciousness of men in reference to the use

of brain-poisoning stimulants and narcotics has already taken place: people are beginning to realize the terrible mischief they produce, and they are manifesting this feeling in acts; and this imperceptible change in their consciousness must inevitably bring in its train the emancipation of humanity from the influence of all such brain poisons. This emancipation of mankind from the thralldom of 'brain poisons' will open their eyes to the demands of their consciousness, and they will forthwith begin to put their life in harmony with its dictates.

This process seems to have already begun. And, as is usual in such cases, it is beginning in the higher social classes, after all the lower orders have become infected with the evil.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE CRUSHING DEFEAT OF TRADE UNIONISM IN AUSTRALIA.

BY H. H. CHAMPION.

THESE colonies have now (the 15th day of November) been for exactly three months the scene of the greatest "struggle between capital and labor" that our generation has witnessed, and Victoria has been its cock-pit. The strike deserves a place among the decisive battles of the world, on account both of the size of the armies engaged and of the magnitude of the issues involved and, as I believe, settled. I will try to put before English readers a clear account of its causes, its incidents, and its results, with as much fairness as one of the combatants may. It was a curious chance that one who moved the resolution which ended the London Dock Strike of 1889 should land at the port of Melbourne three days before the declaration of hostilities in this greater conflict. I may think myself fortunate in having been present at Labor's Austerlitz as well as at its Moscow.

Imagine a society in which there is hardly a man whose father did not work for his living with his hands; where there is practically no leisured class, and the comparative absence of poverty does away with the need for a Poor Law; where there is universal suffrage and payment of members, and every politician trembles at the labor vote; where, in the towns, economic

conditions have established, and powerful trade-union organizations maintained, eight hours as the nominal working day, and, from eight to ten shillings as a customary daily wage; where the agricultural and pastoral districts clamor for laborers in vain, though they offer three meat meals a day and a wage which will allow any single man who does not drink to excess to save 20*l.* a year; and where, if the whole of "the resources of civilization" were unreservedly at the disposal of property, they amount only to 600 police (mostly Irish) in a city of half a million inhabitants, and a standing army of 400 artillerymen in a colony bigger than Great Britain. Then suppose that the leaders of the trade unions deliberately enter on a conflict with employers; have their orders unquestioningly and loyally obeyed by the whole of the federated organizations of a continent; are permitted to levy, without publishing acknowledgments, pecuniary tribute on the richest working-class population in the world, in addition to obtaining 15,000*l.* from Great Britain; and are able to put enough pressure on half-a-dozen politicians to make them change sides and wreck a ministry. Conceive that, after three months' fighting, these leaders are unmistakably and avowedly beaten on every

point at issue. Then you will have a fair idea of the remarkable defeat which has just befallen in Australia "an army of lions led by asses," and of which the effects, good and bad, will inevitably be impressed upon the labor movement wherever the workman looks upon trade-unionism as the means of his deliverance from the land of bondage.

As not infrequently happens, the real causes of this strike have been little noticed either by the combatants or by their critics, more attention being paid to the trifling points which evoked a declaration of hostilities than to the serious matters which created the situation. I have no hesitation in saying that the *casus belli* was the intention of the federated unions, declared months ago, to establish the "non-union wool boycott"—that is, to compel shearers who were unwilling to join the Shearers' Union to do so under pressure from their employers by getting the maritime unions to refuse to load or carry any bales of wool that had not the stamp of a sheep station known to be worked under Union rules. It was this proposal of the shearers' and seamen's unions to play into each other's hands which drove the pastoralists and shipowners to combine; and as the shipowners happen also to represent the majority of the coalowners of Australia, you had at once the three largest and richest interests of the country compelled by the instinct of self-preservation to put their backs against the wall and fight for life. Minor interests, which had suffered a great deal of unnecessary harassing from the unions whose balance of judgment had been entirely upset by a long series of unquestioned successes, joined the combination of the larger capitalists. In other words, the workmen, having brought enormous pressure to bear through the federation of their unions upon single employers, forced the latter to comprehend that combined action is a game two can play at. It is important that this be borne in mind, for it is sought to show that the first aggressive action was taken by the employers' side—namely when the Shipowners' Association refused to consider the grievances of the marine officers so long as these were "affiliated" to the Trades Hall Council and therefore in alliance with, and, when it came to counting votes, in subjection to, the unions of seamen, they are supposed to command. That incident was

indeed the first act of open warfare, but it could never have taken place had not the larger question looming in the background shown that issue must be joined in a few days on the "wool boycott."

To well understand the folly of the decree which therefore is really responsible for the crushing blow trade-unionism has received, one must understand the position of the shearers throughout Australia. The gathering-in of the season's wool-clip is far and away the most important single industrial operation in Australia. It is shorn from the millions of sheep in Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia, which pick up their living from the scanty herbage of "runs" that sometimes contain 4000 square miles in one holding. The ordinary staff on such stations is very small, but, at the approach of the shearing season, the owners summon ten, twenty, or fifty shearers, according to the capacity of their woolshed, and these men get through from eighty to one hundred and twenty sheep a day for three or four weeks at one station. The work is hard, entailing considerable physical exhaustion, but it is well paid. The wages vary from 20s. per 100 sheep with lodgings provided, to 13s. 6d. per 100 with board and lodging. The men are mostly drawn from the "selectors" and the sons of small farmers, who are glad to pick up from 12l. to 30l. by a few weeks' work and thus obtain the means of purchasing, stocking, and improving their own small holdings. A small proportion of the men devote themselves almost entirely to shearing, and, commencing at Queensland in the north, travel down the continent for six or eight months of the year, riding from station to station. They mostly own a couple of fair horses. It will be seen that such men, accustomed to the free, independent life of the bush, possessing the means of locomotion, having often a holding from which they can obtain a sufficient, if hard, living without seeking employment, and obtaining, when they do shearing, wages which in six weeks exceed the yearly income of the agricultural laborer in Dorset or Essex, and which, if used with moderate care, will in a short time make them wealthy men, can hardly be regarded as the most suffering victims of capitalist oppression. Such men could never have been persuaded to form a union without some just cause. It was given

about three years ago by the short-sighted greed of a very few pastoralists who threatened to reduce the rate of shearing at a time when the wool market was rising, and who, where they supplied the men with food, charged them exorbitant prices for bad stuff, making thereby an illicit and utterly dishonest profit of as much as 100 per cent.

The dissatisfaction that followed was, in a period of revival of trade-unionism, seized by a Mr. W. G. Spence, who had shown marked ability as an organizer in consolidating the Amalgamated Miners' Association. It is one of the most extraordinary achievements within my knowledge that this man should, inside of three years, have organized the majority of these pastoral nomads over a territory larger than Russia in Europe into the Amalgamated Shearers' Association. But in doing so he made, or let me say allowed to be made by his agents, one fatal mistake.

The extent to which the capitalist in Australia has been at the mercy of the workman is almost inconceivable to the English mind, and has no parallel in Ireland. The other day there was a dispute, happily settled by conference, at the Broken Hill Silver Mines. The 7,000 men were "out" and in a sullen mood, and for the protection of millions of property there were just fourteen policemen.

So with the pastoralists: the bad seasons up to 1888 had left them involved with banks and loan companies, so that failure or even delay in getting their wool-clip, worth tens of thousands of pounds, meant irretrievable ruin. Thus they were not likely to raise difficulties, even had they not as a body shared, as they do, in the general Australian belief that trade-unionism is a good thing for all classes. But the agents of the Shearers' Union were not all wise men. Though in nineteen cases out of twenty they could have had their way by using reasonable civility, they resorted to bullying. Now, the pastoralists are not at all like the *rois fainéants* of British industry. As a rule they are men who have fought a good fight with nature, and those who have not gone under are pretty certain to have a full share of the pluck and determination which has made "the name of Britain trebly great," and of which the possessors are apt to resent bullying in an awkward manner. In many cases where the pastoralist

resisted their bullying, the shearers camped out on the roads in sparsely-populated districts, waylaid non-union men who were going to do the work, and compelled them to join the union. This sort of thing may be very successful for a time, and it was. But the union forgot that just as one volunteer is worth two pressed men, a trade society that turns itself into a press-gang by its very success gets to resemble more and more closely a regiment recruited from potential deserters, and it is not good to order such regiments to lead forlorn hopes. By such means the proportion of wool-sheds shearing under "the union agreement" became very large. Then the culminating act of folly was perpetrated when it was decided to compel the non-union men to come in by appealing to the carriers, wharf laborers, and seamen, to "taboo" every bale of wool that did not bear the mark of a union shed. This suicidal proposal originated, I understand, in Queensland. Its parent, if he can now be found to own his brilliant idea, should be pensioned by the capitalists of the world in order that he should devote all his time to incubating similar schemes calculated to wreck the hopes of labor.

How came it that this proposal was accepted by the trade councils of all the colonies? Among them are men of experience in such matters, and some who have been driven to emigrate by the failure of strikes based on similar miscalculations in the old country. Why was no warning voice raised?

There one touches the inherent weakness of democracy. There are always in the crowd men who bid for power on the principle of the company-promoters who buy properties on the chance of floating them. If they float, they can pay. If not, they can go bankrupt with a light heart, for they have nothing to lose, not even reputation, and a dozen insolvencies may not prevent success on the thirteenth attempt. There are always in the crowd scores of enthusiasts, generally quite sincere, and invariably cursed with "the flow of words and constipation of the intellect" which mark the man of warm heart and ill-balanced judgment. These men, who in other walks of life would buy shares in companies for extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, try a "system" at Monte Carlo, or send wedding presents to Mr. H. M. Stanley, are hardly less a curse to the

labor movement than the designing demagogue, for they give him his power. There is authority for the assertion that the world has suffered much from the union of high abilities and low desire in the few, but it might be argued that there is even more danger when the many have high desires and no ability to distinguish between means of their gratification.

The argument would be interesting, but does not concern the present narrative; for nothing can be more certain than that the leaders of the strike in Australia have exhibited the lowest order of both desire and ability. One of them in Queensland, named Morrisson, was accused of having applied for the post of public executioner by a member of the Legislative Assembly, who called for a return of the applicants in order to prove his point. Rather than face that inquiry Morrisson resigned his position in the trade-unions. When abilities that are insufficient to gratify their owner's desire to become common hangman are devoted, for a consideration, to furthering the brotherhood of man, and suffice to raise their possessor to the front rank among labor leaders, the brotherhood of man seems a long way off.

Yet we should not to be too hard on the enthusiasts. They are the salt of the earth. If they did not prove by exhaustive experiment that nineteen out of twenty of the supposed paths of social progress led to destruction, it is to be feared that practical men would never have the courage to try the twentieth. Nevertheless, enthusiasm is a luxury which must be sparingly indulged in even by wealthy countries. It has cost the Australian workmen close on a couple of millions in wages in these three months.

The leaders and their followers warmly welcomed the suggestion that non-union wool should be boycotted. No one pointed out the insuperable difficulties in the way of this bold scheme. If any one had had the temerity to do so, the enthusiasts would undoubtedly have solemnly adjudged him to be either knave or fool, and he might never have got into Parliament. So the preparations went gayly ahead. The maritime unions at all the ports gleefully assented to handle no wool tainted by the touch of non-union shears, and the trade councils of the different colonies promised their support to the scheme, which a series of undisputed successes in

minor quarrels presumably led the unions to think quite feasible. On the 5th of July last it was stated by the officials of the Shearers' Union, that the union comprised less than half the shearers in Victoria, but that its membership was steadily increasing. These two statements, which I have no reason to disbelieve, prove, first, that the "wool boycott" was an attempt by a minority of the shearers to coerce a majority; and, secondly, that if their officials had had the sense to leave well alone, the vast majority of shearers would, in a short time, have joined the union.

This action led the pastoralists to combine for their own defence. The strength of their combination may be judged from its finances. They now propose that each member of it should pay a yearly subscription of 1*l.* per 1000 sheep, and agree to pay, if need arises, 5*l.* per 1000 sheep into a Defence Fund. No steps have yet been taken to press pastoralists to join, but they have spontaneously sent in their names in such numbers that, on the above basis, the income of the union will be 80,000*l.* a year, and its Defence Fund 400,000*l.* Almost the first act of this powerful combination was to send for Mr. Spence in order to arrange a peace. His terms were that the boycott would be countermanded if the members of the pastoralists' union were pledged to employ none but union men—that is, either to dismiss non-unionists or compel them to join the Shearers' Union. The pastoralists refused these terms, and every one was fairly warned that the arrival of the first bale of non-union wool at a port would be the signal for the commencement of a pitched battle. The employers made their preparations: the labor leaders made none, other than speeches of the *à Berlin* pattern.

Meanwhile the storm in the shipping trade was brewing. So long ago as the 3d of June, at a dinner of the Employers' Union (at which Mr. John Hancock, the then President of the Trades Hall Council, was present as a guest), the chairman of the Shipowners' Association, Mr. E. E. Smith, made a speech which showed unmistakably that the patience of the shipping companies was exhausted. But the warning was unheeded. Owing to suicidal competition and the scarcity of labor, the Seamen's Union had been enabled to obtain many concessions—so much so that

the burden of the complaint of the marine officers had been mainly, not that they were being paid too little, but that the seamen under them were often getting a higher wage than the second and third officers. Yet the Seamen's Union contemplated a demand for yet another rise in wages which was to be formally made on the 25th of August.

Early in July, Captain Sharpe, of the s.s. *Corinna*, belonging to the Tasmanian Steam Navigation Company, dismissed a man named P. Magan, who was the delegate of the union on that vessel. Captain Sharpe said that he dismissed Magan "in the interests of his employers," not knowing or caring whether he was the union delegate or not. It is said that the quarrel was literally "a storm in a teacup," and that Magan complained of the quality of the tea supplied. It is certain that in the first instance the Seamen's Union accused the chief steward of obtaining Magan's discharge, and that when the Stewards' Union successfully defended their man, the Seamen's Union sought to make Captain Sharpe the victim. This they did in a letter which is worth reproduction in full as an excellent example of "the way not to do it :"—

FEDERATED SEAMEN'S UNION OF AUSTRALASIA.

Sydney : 8th July, 1890.

DEAR SIR,—I am instructed by the members of the above Society to state that we intend to have our delegate, P. Magan, reinstated on board the *Corinna*. If he is not reinstated by the return of the ship to Sydney the crew will be given their twenty-four hours' notice. We intend to protect our members from being victimized by chief stewards and others, and intend, at all hazards, to have P. Magan reinstated.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM MUSTO,

President and Acting Secretary.

Captain Sharpe, s.s. *Corinna*.

These are brave words, but, like all applications of the *sit pro ratione voluntas* demand, ill-advised when there is not sufficient power to act up to them. The agents of the company replied that Magan had been discharged "because a change was considered advisable in the company's interests ; but there is no objection to his joining one of the other vessels of the company." This reply will, in the mind of any reasonable man, clear the owners of any suspicion of desire to victimize Magan. But the Seamen's Union called out the crew of the *Corinna* and forbade its members to ship in any vessel under Captain Sharpe.

It was while the steamship owners were smarting under this arbitrary treatment that the Marine Officers' Association demands for higher pay came before them. On the 24th of May the marine officers had affiliated with the Trades Hall Council. This affiliation meant, if it meant anything, that the officers would support the seamen and the seamen the officers in any quarrel that either had with the owners. When they discovered that this affiliation had taken place, the Steamship Owners' Association refused to consider the claims of the marine officers until they withdrew from their alliance with the men under their command. On this being made known, Mr. Hancock (who, as President of the Strike Committee, must be held mainly responsible for its blunders) said "he looked upon the letter from the Steamship Owners' Association as an insult to the Council." This was on the 25th of July, and on the same night the Secretary of the Trades Hall Council reported that he had received from twenty trade-unions intimation that on an average over 10 per cent. of their members were unemployed—a fact full of significance to all who know the causes of failure in strikes. Some days were spent in fruitless negotiations, but the shipowners, while admitting the case of these officers deserved consideration inasmuch as their salaries were low in comparison with those of the seamen,* though high in comparison with those demanded by plenty of officers who applied to them for employment, declared that the officers must decide once for all whether they were going to be the servants of the steamship companies or of the Trades Hall Council. "Under which king, Bezonian, speak or die."

On the 15th of August the Marine Officers' Association, having received assurance that if they held by the Trades Hall

* I have been enabled, by the kindness of Messrs. Huddart, Parker & Co., Limited, to examine their pay-books and extract the actual amount paid on recent voyages to a dozen men chosen at random. I find that, for a period of thirty days, the lowest wage paid to any of these twelve men was 7*l.* 12*s.* 2½*d.*, and the highest 9*l.* 13*s.* 10½*d.*, the average being 8*l.* 8*s.* Fresh provisions are supplied, and the following is the crew's bill of fare. *Breakfast* : Porridge and molasses, one hot dish and potatoes : coffee or tea. *Dinner* : One hot dish and potatoes (plum pudding, soup and vegetables twice weekly) ; tea. *Supper* : Cold meat or one made dish and potatoes ; tea.

Council all the unions affiliated thereto would stand by them, gave the Shipowners' Association notice that, unless the demands were at once conceded, its members would leave the ships at the expiration of twenty-four hours' notice required by their agreements, and the strike began. On that evening at the Trades Hall, a committee of finance and control of the strike was appointed, with full power to make all arrangements. Mr. Hancock, who was appointed its president, said he "would have the shipowners taught a lesson as to what labor could do when it was firmly banded together"—a threat which he has carried out in a sense he did not then expect. The marine officers came out of their ships: they were at once replaced. Then the seamen refused to sail with non-union officers, and where seamen were obtained the wharf laborers refused to load or unload. Similar actions took place in the capitals of the other colonies, which are all seaports. So far the strike fairly paralyzed the shipping trade, but was confined to it.

I must now be pardoned if I speak a good deal of myself; but since the strike leaders have, for want of a better means of diverting attention from their own blunders, accused me of being the cause of their failure, it is clear that I must have been a factor in the result, and I have no desire to evade any responsibility for what I did.

I arrived in Melbourne on the 12th of August, and was, of course, in absolute ignorance of the dispute. On the 22d I was invited to attend a meeting of the Trades Hall Council, and was warmly received. On the 26th, by which time I had learned a little about the origin of the quarrel, there was a large meeting called by the Employers' Union to lay their case before the public. I attended, and was immensely struck by the (to English ears) extraordinary moderation of the speakers and the alarming enthusiasm of the audience. There was no sign of bluster, vacillation, or anger. The demeanor of the spokesmen was that of one who has his back against a wall. I went away with the conviction that my friends at the Trades Hall who had applauded Mr. John Hancock when, in the first report of the Strike Committee, he said that a few days would suffice to bring "a handful of pigheaded employers to their senses" had "caught a

Tartar," and that it was the South Metropolitan gas-stokers' strike of 1889 over again.

I procured a file of the *Age* newspaper, and determined to read the lengthy reports of strikes, labor disputes and trade-union meetings from 1886 up to date, in order to be fully advised of all the facts of the situation. This task was as great as would be the reading up of the Irish question for a similar period in a great London daily. I had not half completed it when I was called upon to address a mass meeting of some 50,000, convened in Flinders Park by the Strike Committee, on Sunday, the 31st of August; but I had seen enough to impel me to warn my audience, with all the emphasis I could command, that while they were perfectly justified in refusing to work with non-unionists or to handle non-union goods, they would not be justified in physical interference with non-union workmen.

During the next few days, I had finished my reading and made up my mind that if the working-class in Australia were to be saved from a crushing defeat that would surely have disastrous effects in Great Britain, some one must speak out very plainly. I therefore published, on the 6th of September, my view of the case, some kind of summary of which was telegraphed to England. The statement, though very long, was reprinted in full in the leading journals in all the colonies, and fully discussed both in the press and on platforms. Though I had only been just three weeks in Australia when it was written, not one of its facts has been disputed nor one of its conclusions upset. But it advised a surrender of some of the impossible claims of the Strike Committee, and its acceptance would have been an admission that I knew more about their own business than they did.

The four most prominent members of the committee and the secretary of the Trades Hall informed me they could find no fault with the settlement I proposed, but preferred to fight it out on the chance of getting better terms. So they did fight it out for another two months, with the result that my forecast was fulfilled to the letter—that they have had to surrender unconditionally, have caused enormous loss, principally to the working-class, have wasted all the money sent from England, have lost their prestige, have welded the

employers into a solid and* irresistible force, and have destroyed the possibility of even intercolonial federation of labor for ten years. The reader may find some difficulty in understanding why I should be blamed for having caused the failure of the strike. Those who have experience of workmen may enlighten him.

The strikers might have got out of their difficulty without my assistance had they been careful, but they advanced from folly to folly. One of the most glaring blunders committed was with regard to the gas-supply. Some coal from the ships in harbor was unloaded by non-unionists, and on its arrival at the gasworks the stokers debated whether they should strike. They were all union men, and for the space of three hours discussed the question, finally resolving to place themselves in the hands of the Strike Committee to do exactly what was thought best with them. This misplaced confidence apparently awoke no sense of responsibility in their leaders, who ordered them to strike work. For two days there was a little difficulty about the lighting of the streets, and men going to work were assaulted in the neighborhood of the gas-works. But this step had set public opinion dead against the Strike Committee, for it showed that these gentlemen were willing to cause their fellow-citizens any amount of inconvenience without cause. It was, in fact, an act of war directed against those who had previously been non-combatants, and who, not unnaturally, accepted the challenge. Consequently, when case after case of intimidation and assault was proved, and the streets round the office where the gas company was receiving applicants for work became blocked by an unruly mob, the public warmly applauded the Government for issuing a proclamation against riotous assembly, and showing that it meant business by calling out the mounted rifles (a sort of militia), by summoning to the city the small permanent force and serving out ball cartridge to them, and by enrolling special constables. These steps had a magical effect, and Victoria was the only colony in which no serious breach of the peace occurred. Plenty of non-union labor was immediately available for the gas-works, and the supply was never seriously interfered with. The Strike Committee vented their wrath in abuse of the Government for taking steps to prevent the

disorder which the strikers themselves pretended to deprecate, and the comic element was supplied at the Trades Hall by the more enthusiastic and thoroughgoing advocates of the boycott scheme, who tried in vain to persuade the strike leaders that they should show their consistency by deliberating in darkness rather than use the gas made by non-union labor.

Every link in the chain of labor having thus broken when the slightest strain was put upon it, it was decided to try and stop the coal-supply and thus stop not only the gas but all industries dependent on steam, including the railways belonging to the people themselves. Australia is supplied with coal from New South Wales, mainly from the neighborhood of Newcastle. Hitherto there has been no working arrangement, and not even regular communication, between the labor parties in the different colonies. It was decided to hold an inter-colonial labor conference, and as the Employers' Unions were to meet, in order to decide on common action, in Sydney, that city was chosen as the scene for the conference of labor. This conference succeeded in getting the coal-miners to stop work, to which move the employers replied by telegraphing to Japan and England for supplies of fuel. It sat for twenty-one days and played its last card by issuing an appeal to the shearers all over Australia to come out on strike so as to destroy the wool-clip (valued at twenty millions). The fatuity of this step will be seen when it is remembered that less than half the shearers were in the union, and that many of these had been coerced into joining it. The appeal was therefore entirely unavailing against pastoralists who had discountenanced the union, while it caused grave inconvenience to the pastoralists who had employed union labor. Thus at one stroke this edict turned those who had been the best friends of the Shearers' Union into its bitterest foes, demonstrated the numerical weakness of the union, and cut off the main source of supply of strike funds. It was allowed to remain in force long enough to prove that there was very little force in it, and then withdrawn amid a tempest of ridicule, during which the labor conference disbanded.

It was after this disbandment that a man named Edwards, in Sydney, without any consultation with or authority from the other colonies, telegraphed to England

for a loan of 20,000*l.* on the grounds that this would insure success. Ten times the amount would not in any way have influenced the result, and the loan could at most only have postponed for a couple of weeks the inevitable day when the strike leaders must be called upon by a hungry mob to account for their stewardship. I conceived it to be my duty to inform the recipients of Mr. Edwards' appeal that the loan could by no possibility repair the effects of the wanton mismanagement of the strike, especially as I foresaw that the money would be required for better purposes at home very shortly. I knew, further, that the workmen who would subscribe the money, should it ever be raised, would do so under the false impression that the large sums sent to the dockers last year were contributed by the Australian trade-unions. Now, the balance-sheet issued on the 20th of November, 1889, signed by Messrs. Hancock and Bennett, the president and secretary of the Trades Hall, shows that of 20,887*l.* remitted up to that date by them to the London dockers but 5,817*l.* came from the trade societies, and the remainder from the general public, which, in the present instance, was as strongly opposed to the Trades Hall as it is in favor of high wages and any kind of trade-unionism which will bear the test of argument.

When I first proposed to myself to take up the labor question seriously, a wise man, whose advice I did not take, recommended me at least to lay to heart a passage from DeFoe which I think I can yet remember word for word: "If I might give a short time to an impartial writer, it would be to warn him of his fate. If he will venture on the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him make war upon mankind, neither to give nor to take quarter. If he speaks of the vices of rich men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law. If he tell of their virtues, when they have any, the mob attacks him with slander. Let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless."

When the Labor Conference at Sydney disbanded, "the game was up." Various acts of violence took place, especially in the mining districts, but the miners, who had never been quite clear what all the trouble was about, sent their president,

Mr. Thompson, from Newcastle to Sydney to make inquiries. He was informed that it was thought desirable that the miners should continue to refuse to hew coal indefinitely in order to spare the strike leaders the humiliation of an avowal that they had made a mess of the whole business. On his return to Newcastle the miners, curiously enough, took the view that their own stomachs were of more importance to them than the fine susceptibilities of men whom they were rude enough to accuse of selling them, and elected to return to work under an agreement never to strike again to support a "boycott." There was a good deal of distress in Sydney, and the president of the late Labor Conference, Mr. Brennan, who accepted an invitation to the farewell banquet to Lord Carrington, was, on his next public appearance, assaulted by the men he had led up a blind alley. The *saute qui peut* was sounded. The Marine Officers' Association severed its connection with the Melbourne Trades Hall by a letter drafted for them by Mr. Hancock, who immediately abused them publicly as "traitors" and "renegades" for having formally sent in his own letter to the Strike Committee. Finally, on the 13th of November, Mr. Hancock informed a large meeting of the trades in Melbourne: "The strike is at an end, and they could make the best arrangement that they possibly could with their late employers. (A Voice: Thank you for nothing.)" So reports the *Evening Standard* of that date.

I have said that this strike has settled certain questions which are being discussed pretty eagerly in Great Britain. It has conclusively shown that the most gigantic federation of labor, unless it is handled with a greater strategic ability than is at present available in Australia, will break like an egg against an ironclad when faced by the resolute opposition of employers who are also federated. It has shown that, difficult as it is for employers to sink their rival interests against a common enemy they will do so, and receive public support in the most democratic countries, so soon as labor makes a demand which the public holds to be arbitrary or unfair. It has shown that a community composed of men of British descent draws the line very firmly at demands based on the idea that any power outside Parliament should coerce

a man into striking, and has no sympathy with methods forbidden by law. The bitter experience of Australia will indeed have

been wasted unless the obvious deductions from this failure are drawn in other countries.—*Nineteenth Century*.

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VOLTAIRE AND HIS FIRST EXILE.

THE eighteenth century will ever form one of the most remarkable epochs in the literature of France, and the most extraordinary character to be met with in the annals of that age, as poet, philosopher, dramatist, or historian, is unquestionably Voltaire. The contemporary idea of him which possessed the English mind was very much formed from the attacks which he directed against religion, and was in all probability represented fairly enough by the saying of Dr. Johnson, that he would sooner sign a sentence for Rousseau's transportation than that of any felon who had gone from the Old Bailey for many years, and that the difference between him and Voltaire was so slight that it "would be difficult to settle the proportion of iniquity between them." Then it came to pass that his memory became the reflection of a "fleering shallow scoffer," some sort of human monkey grimacing at all things virtuous and good, whom our forefathers learned to detest. But when the right sense of historic proportion is developed in men's minds, says Mr. Morley, the name of Voltaire will stand forth with the names of other great decisive movements of European progress, such, for instance, as the Reformation, the great revival of Northern Europe, or the Renaissance the earlier revival of the South. Voltairism, whatever opinions are held respecting it, may be said to have owed its birth to the flight of its founder from Paris to London, an event which was the turning-point of his life, serving as it did to extend his views, complete his education, and make a man of him. He left France, as it has been expressed, a poet, he returned to it as a sage. It was about the middle of May 1726, when he was in the thirty-third year of his age, that Voltaire first set foot on English soil, and even then he could look back upon a troubled past and years filled with "strife, contention, impatience, and restless production." The retrospect need not be a lengthy one.

When Prussia was yet a dukedom, while William and Mary reigned in England

and Louis XIV. had still twenty-one years of life before him, as Newton was about to become Master of the Mint, and Dryden was translating Virgil, François Marie Aronet was born, November 1694, the second son of M. François Aronet, a notary of some repute. As with Homer and the great Duke of Wellington, his birthplace is unknown or in dispute, as though his life had been beset by the spirit of scepticism from its very commencement. Like Fontenelle, he came into the world a puny infant, with but a flickering breath of life in him, and like him also, not only enjoyed unusual length of days but retained extraordinary faculties unimpaired to the very last. In the autumn of 1704, a few weeks after the battle of Blenheim, young Aronet, aged ten, was sent to the Eton of eighteenth-century France—the Jesuit college of Louis-le-Grand rue S. Jacques—in the very heart of old Paris, at the time attended by two thousand boys of the most distinguished families of the kingdom. Here he remained as a boarder seven years, and learned, as he says, "Latin and nonsense." Yet even before he had been a year at school he gave proof of the unsurpassed faculty for facile verse-making which always distinguished him, and some of his compositions written about the age of twelve were notable enough to be referred to in the *salon* of Ninon de l'Enclos, a friend of his mother, then a lively old lady turned of eighty. Young Aronet's godfather was the Abbé de Château neuf (Ninon's last lover), whose clerical repute lay chiefly in the line of gallantry, and he it was who brought the little poet to make his bow to the venerable fair one whose perennial charms had been worshipped by so many generations of lovers. The veteran Aspasia was delighted with the boy, his ready answers, sprightly talk, and manners of the prettiest, and Ninon's famous legacy of eighty guineas with which to purchase books, was the fruit of the visit. But to the poetry of school-day quickly succeeds the prose of life, and it

erelong became necessary for François to think of a profession. "I desire none," said the youth, "except that of literature." But literature, in the opinion of his father, was the pursuit of a man who would soon die of hunger, and so, though law, with its wigs and sheepskins pointing toward high honors and deep flesh-pots, had no charm for him, he became a law student, and ultimately an *avocat* with the right of pleading for money, as he himself put it, if he had a loud enough voice. And in the sequel, young Aronnet's voice proved so loud that his pleadings were heard in courts far wider and more extensive than those of the French capital.

Meanwhile, he was eighteen, and in Paris, and had an occupation which it was a pleasure to him to neglect. His godfather the Abbé had introduced him to other votaries of pleasure besides the aged Ninon, among others to the Epicurean Society of the Temple—the ancient monastery of the Templars, where in later times Louis XVI. and his family were confined—which chiefly existed for the purposes of elegant and sometimes by no means elegant dissipation. He himself was nowise lacking in some of the most remarkable qualifications for social success. Madame de Genlis admits that he alone of the men of his century possessed the lost art of talking to women as women love to be talked to; and a portrait of him painted when he was four-and-twenty shows him "full of grace and spirit, with a mocking mouth, refined profile, possessed of the air of a gentleman, a luminous forehead, and a fine hand in a fine ruffle."

Distressed and annoyed at the loose and extravagant habits of his younger son, M. Aronnet made interest with the Marquis de Châteauneuf, surviving brother of the godfather Abbé, to take young François with him as page to the Hague, where he had just been appointed French Ambassador. The Marquis and suite arrived at their destination September 28, 1713; but the diplomatic career of the attaché was a short one, for—rash boy of nineteen—he lost little time in falling into new misadventure by conceiving an undying passion for a young countrywoman without a sou, daughter of a Madame Dunoyen, wife of a French Catholic gentleman from whom she was separated. Olimpe Dunoyen, then a young lady of twenty-one, was not exactly pretty, as Voltaire used to say

some sixty years after, though amiable and winsome, romantic and adventurous to a degree. October and November passed away, and still "soft eyes looked love to eyes that spoke again;" but alas! one dreadful evening early in December, when the page returned to the embassy, the ambassador confronted him, informed him that all was discovered, and that he must hold himself in readiness for immediate departure. To the last day of his stay the love-stricken swain sent long letters to the lady of his dreams, continuing to write even from the cabin of the yacht which bore him from the enchanted shore. A year or two later the fascinating "Pimpette" became a countess—Madame la Comtesse de Winterfeld—but her lover, to the end of his days, preserved a tender recollection of the woman he had so ardently loved in the springtime of life, when the "world lay all enamelled before him, a distant prospect sungilt."

In the autumn of 1715 Louis XIV. slept with his fathers, and the Regent d'Orleans reigned in his stead. Presently some satirical verses appeared entitled "Things that I have seen," wherein the writer enumerated a number of evil things that he had remarked in the late reign, and as the piece was so arranged that nearly every line began with *J'ai vu*, the poem was commonly called *Les j'ai vu*. The last line ran that all these ills the writer had seen, and yet was not twenty years old:—

"J'ai vu ces maux, et je n'ai pas vingt ans."

The police, because Voltaire was twenty-two and known as a writer of epigrams, thought this sufficient evidence to prove him the author of the libel, and in reply to his remonstrance an escort conducted him to an octagonal chamber—subsequently shown to visitors, as long as the building stood, as Voltaire's room—in one of the towers of the Bastille, where he was put under triple bolts with ten feet of solid and ancient masonry between him and the May day world of Paris. But never did captive possess a lighter heart. The brightness of the world shut out, he employed himself, though denied pen, ink, and paper, upon his epic poem *La Henriade*, one entire canto of which is said to have come to him in the stillness of the night watches. After nearly eleven months' imprisonment the poet was per-

mitted once more to look upon the sky and the gardens of the Palais Royal. One resolution he formed in the silence of his solitary cell—to change his name when he was restored to freedom; he had not succeeded well as Arouet, henceforth he would court Fortune's smiles as Arouet de Voltaire. Why he chose that name is an enigma not yet solved, the most probable explanation being that it was the anagram of Arouet, l. j. (*le jeune*); at any rate, he entered the Bastille in May 1717 François Marie Arouet, he came out of the Bastille the April following, Arouet de Voltaire. It is said that a nobleman of the Court about this time conducted him to an interview with the Regent. "Be patient," the prince is reported to have said to him, "and I will take care of you." "I thank your Royal Highness for taking care of my board," returned the irrepressible youth, "but I beg of you to trouble yourself no further for my lodging."

In the year 1718 his first tragedy, *Œdipe*, was produced with decisive success, and performed forty-five successive nights—a run not previously equalled on the French stage. The story goes that at one of the performances the author, exulting in his triumph, appeared holding up the high priest's train and swinging it this way and that, with nods and becks and wreathed smiles, as though laughter holding both his sides and not gorgeous tragedy in sceptred pall, came sweeping by. Madame de Villars, the beautiful wife of Louis XIV.'s famous Marshal, inquired who the young man was who seemed so desirous to ruin the play. Upon learning that it was the author, she desired that he might be brought to her box and presented to her. She cast her eyes on him, and the kindly glance bestowed in the susceptible hour of success was followed perchance by other glances; at any rate the poet fell prostrate before the charms of the lovely wife of the hero of Denain. She did but play with him, however, tradition would have us believe; and as Goethe tells us that his love affair with Frederika caused him to lose two entire years of his life, so Voltaire was wont to express contrition for the fruitless passion which for awhile completely arrested his powers of thought and work.

In the month of December 1725 young Arouet was dining one evening with the Duke at the Hotel de Sully, still recogniz-

able as 143 Rue S. Antoine,* when a servant came up to him, and whispered that some one wished to speak with him at the house door. He found there a hackney coach with two men, who forthwith laid hands on him and belabored him over the shoulders with sticks, while the Chevalier de Rohan, a dissolute man about town, and nephew of his host, and with whom Voltaire had had a quarrel some few evenings previously at the Opera, encouraged his "workmen" in their task. With torn frills and deranged hair the young poet rushed back into the palace and demanded vengeance of the Duke on the aggressor. But Monseigneur de Sully only shrugged his shoulders and proposed nothing, and Voltaire, thus deprived of any satisfaction by the law, attempted to vindicate himself by calling out the person who had insulted him. He set to work to take fencing lessons, the Rohan family were uneasy, the police on the *qui vive*, a *lettre de cachet* was procured, and Voltaire once again found himself a prisoner in the Bastille. But there was no desire to keep him in confinement, and as he expressed his willingness to take a run across the Channel and visit "the land of free thought and free writing," his offer was gladly accepted; he was released on the 2d of May, and within a week shook from off his feet the dust of ungrateful France. But his friends in Paris did not forget him, and ere long Horace Walpole, ambassador at the French Court, brother of Sir Robert, then Prime Minister of England, wrote, at the instance of the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, commending the refugee from the city of the Bastille to the good offices of Bubb Doddington. The letter opened the doors of the great Whig houses of the kingdom to the exile, as his previous acquaintance with Bolingbroke, whom he had visited at his place, La Source, some five miles from Orleans in the opening days of 1723, gave him favorable access to the circles of the Tory party.

It was one of the most beautiful days of May, Nature pranking herself in her spring robe of green leaves, of many colored blossoms and of golden sunshine, when Voltaire first set foot on British soil at Greenwich. It chanced, it would seem, to have been the day of the great Greenwich Fair, and the traveller describes the

* Parton's "Life of Voltaire," vol. i. p. 185.

river as covered with shipping, gay with flags in honor of the King and Queen, who were upon the water in a gilded barge, escorted by boats with bands of music. Continuing his rambles, he passed into the park, and as he viewed the crowds of well-dressed citizens, the beauty of the women, the horse-races, the river and the mighty city in the distance, the exile was willing to believe that England was always gay, its skies ever clear and bright, and the people intent upon naught but pleasure. Such were his first hours in England, but he was soon to learn that there had been much illusion for him in the scene. He was in London the same evening, and met, as he relates, some ladies of fashion, perhaps at Lord Bolingbroke's house at Battersea. But they lacked the air of vivacity which he had remarked in the gay crowd who participated in the ravishing spectacle which he had witnessed at Greenwich, they even seemed constrained and reserved as they sat sipping their tea, flirting their fans, talking scandal or playing cards. Nor was it long ere one of these fine ladies explained to the perplexed foreigner that the scene he had witnessed with so much satisfaction in the morning was not one which people of fashion would frequent, that the pretty girls he had so greatly admired were only servants or rustics, and that the brilliant youths who had caracoled so gayly about the park were probably students or apprentices on hired horses.

Quickly too was the stranger to view another side of the shield, and learn how often, in England at all events, "winter lingering chills the lap of May," for next day the wind was east, and a fashionable physician explained to him that at such a time the very animals wore a dejected look, and the most robust lost at least all their good humor, assuring him that the wind blew from that quarter when Charles I.'s head was cut off and when James II. was dethroned.

No long time after, Voltaire was upon the Thames one day in a boat, when one of the rowers observing that his passenger was a foreigner, began to boast the superior liberty of his country, declaring with the added emphasis of an oath, that he would rather be a boatman on the Thames than an archbishop in France. The following day Voltaire saw the very same man in prison, ironed, and praying an alms

from the passers-by, and so took occasion to ask him whether he still thought so scurvily of a French archbishop. "Ah, sir," replied the man, "what an abominable Government we have! They have forced me away from my wife and children to serve in one of the King's ships, and have put me in prison and chained my feet lest I should run away before the vessel sails." Some days later Voltaire visited Newmarket, where he beheld, besides the King and royal family, a great number of the nobility and a "prodigious number of the swiftest horses in Europe flying round the course, ridden by little postilions in silk jackets;" but he appears to have remarked more swindling than magnificence about the assemblage, and, on the whole, to have preferred Greenwich Park to Newmarket Races.

Voltaire was thirty-two years of age when he thus found himself compelled to begin the world anew in a foreign land, of whose language he was almost entirely ignorant, while, to add to his misfortunes, he lost some twenty thousand francs soon after his arrival in England owing to the failure of a Jewish banker.

Nevertheless he rose to the occasion and with characteristic energy set himself to study English. An amusing story is told of him about this time. Finding that the word *plague* with six letters was monosyllabic, and that *ague* with only the four last letters of *plague* was dissyllabic, he fervently desired that the *plague* might take half the English language and the *ague* the remainder. But the progress he made in his studies was remarkably rapid, and when he had been at work a little over a year, he was able to write the following lines of English verse to Lady Laura Harley, whom he greatly admired, though her husband put a speedy end to the romance:—

"Laura, would you know the passion
You have kindled in my breast?
Trifling is the inclination
That by words can be expressed.
In my silence see the lover—
True love is by silence known;
In my eyes you'll best discover
All the power of your own."

Ultimately Voltaire succeeded in translating portions of *Hudibras* into good English verse, though he never learned how to spell the name of the party whom he describes as "Wighs." Proper names generally seem to have proved somewhat of a

stumbling-block to him ; thus, Sir John Vanbrugh figures as "Chevalier Wanbruck," and the identity of Mrs. Oldfield the actress—Pope's "poor Narcissa"—is almost lost when we find her apostrophized as "Ofids" or even "Ophils." Well was it on one occasion for Voltaire that he had thus turned his attention to acquiring a knowledge of English, which, by the way, he still took a pleasure in speaking as a very old man when upward of eighty years of age. Being followed one day by a furious crowd anxious to make him comprehend how Britons in Hogarth's time felt toward the race whom they regarded as their natural foes, the poet lost not a whit of his presence of mind, but mounting a mile-stone, thus addressed the infuriated rabble : "Brave Englishmen, is it not sufficient misfortune not to have been born among you ?" He spoke, we are assured, with such eloquence, that the people wished : t last to carry him home on their shoulders, but, knowing well the capriciousness of crowds, the exile wisely slunk away.

For some time Voltaire resided in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, the street where in Turner the painter was born, and whither Porson's footsteps often turned, in order that he might meet at the Cider Cellar the favorite boon companion, of whom he remarked that "Dick can beat us all—he can drink all night and spout all day." He was welcomed, too, at Wandsworth in the house of Everard Falkener, afterward English Ambassador at Constantinople, whose sons he delighted to entertain in after years at Ferney, when he would tell them stories of the time when their father was a father to him in England.

Voltaire seems to have known almost every person of note in this country, and it is only surprising how scanty is the information to be gleaned concerning him in contemporary records. He was received not only at Bolingbroke's town house, but also at Dawley Court, one wing of which may yet be seen standing not very far from Twickenham. He was a familiar guest at Bubb Doddington's magnificent new seat, Eastbury, in Dorsetshire ; he frequented Pope's society, and at a great dinner at his house spoke on one occasion so lightly of Christianity that Mrs. Pope—the poet's mother—a good Catholic, rose from the table and quitted the room. He lived

during three months with Lord Peterborough, and appears to have been brought in contact, among others, with Gay, Congreve, Thomson, Young, and Swift, whom he termed the *Rabelais Anglais*. It was in this country also that Voltaire made the acquaintance of M. Fabrice, who held poor George I. in his arms while they drove galloping to Osnabruck that night in *extremis*, from whom he obtained many materials toward the composition of Charles Douze : and he mixed also with Lord Lyttleton, to whom in conversation one day he uttered the couplet *Sur les Anglais* :—

"Capricious, proud, one axe avails
To chop off monarchs' heads or horses' tails."

Oddly enough, the future author of *La Pucelle*—a poem written for a generation whose notions of decency were much on a par with those of the ladies who told and heard the stories of the Decameron—and Edward Young, who had as yet neither written "Night Thoughts" nor entered holy orders, became great friends ; and we are told by Spence that the conversation between them turned on one occasion upon the dialogue in the tenth book of "Paradise Lost," between Sin and Death :

"Within the gates of Hell sat Sin and Death
In counterview within the gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into chaos, since the friends passed
through,
Sin opening ; who thus now to Death began :
'O Son, why sit we here each other viewing ?'"

Voltaire, who admired Milton little more than he did Shakespeare, vehemently objected to the personification of Sin and Death. Young replied by the well-known epigram of which the best version is that given by Dr. Johnson :—

"You are so witty, profligate, and thin,
At once we think you Milton, Death, and Sin."

While he was in England a daughter of the author of "Paradise Lost" was discovered to be residing in London, old, infirm, and pinched with poverty. "In a quarter of an hour," Voltaire tells us, "she was rich."

It was while living in Surrey Street, Strand, that Congreve was visited by Voltaire ; the dramatist spoke of his works as trifles that were beneath him, and inti-

mated that he preferred to be visited as a private gentleman. "If you were nothing but that" replied the exile, "I should never have come to see you." Warm as was Voltaire's attachment to Bolingbroke, he relates but one trifling anecdote of his intercourse with him. The conversation turned one day upon the alleged avarice of the Duke of Marlborough, and some one appealed to Bolingbroke to confirm the statement: "He was so great a man," was the reply, though the speaker belonged to a different political party to the general—"He was so great a man that I have forgotten his faults." Another of Voltaire's friends was old Duchess Sarah, who told him much that she remembered of her great husband's dealings with the Swedish monarch Charles XII., and assured him that she was convinced that Queen Anne, toward the close of her reign, had a secret interview with James II., in which she promised to name him as her successor if he would renounce the Roman Catholic religion. Among his intimates at this time also must be remembered the unfortunate Byng, whom, twenty years later, when the cry for vengeance against him was echoed from every corner of the kingdom, Voltaire strove so earnestly to save.

Of all the events that occurred in England during his residence there, the one that appears to have made the deepest impression on Voltaire's mind was the stately funeral of Sir Isaac Newton; but he nevertheless spread throughout Europe the scandal that neither infinitesimal calculus nor gravitation would have availed to obtain for him the appointment of Master of the Mint had not the witty Catherine Barton, Sir Isaac's charming niece, made a

conquest of the Earl of Halifax, her uncle's old and trusted friend.

During the whole of the year 1727, Voltaire seems to have been engaged in preparing for publication an issue of *La Henriade* by subscription. The king, George II., was no lover of "boetry," but Queen Caroline was, and to her, after Bolingbroke had declined the honor, the poem was dedicated. Her Majesty courteously acknowledged the compliment, and the king, according to custom, sent the author a present of two thousand crowns (*écus*).

Three years was a long exile for an offence such as Voltaire had committed, yet it was toward the end of March 1729 ere he became once more a recognized inhabitant of the city whence he had been compelled to fly. The import of this visit to England, so far as Voltaire's influence in France and among continental nations is concerned, it is almost impossible to overestimate. The discreditable incidents of the beating had blown over; guineas had been acquired to an amount by no means trifling for a man so chary of expense and so skilful in the art of investing money; and above all, he had studied our literature, history, and institutions, as no Frenchman had ever done before. But the main influence which England exerted upon him was through its general atmosphere of free thought. What though his "English Letters" was denounced and every copy that could be found was seized, it was in vain that the volumes were burned by the public executioner (in June 1734), when in lighting the pyre he did but unconsciously help to start the general conflagration of the French Revolution.—*Temple Bar.*

WEIGHING THE STARS.

BY J. E. GORE, F.R.S.A.

SOME very interesting results have recently been obtained with reference to the weight of certain stars. It may be asked what is meant by weighing a star? How is it possible to calculate the weight of those far-off suns, the distance of which from the earth is so great that only in a few cases can it be measured with any approach to accuracy? In the case of a

single star, that is, a star unaccompanied by a physically-connected companion, the calculation is impossible. Even if we knew the star's distance to a single mile, this knowledge would not help us to calculate its size and weight. The reason of this is that the fixed stars have no *apparent* dimensions. Even when examined with the highest powers of our largest tele-

scopes they still appear as mere points of light—minute disks of no measurable diameter. Hence their *real* diameter remains unknown. Even their relative brilliancy does not help us in the matter. For the stellar distances hitherto determined show that the brightest stars are not always the nearest to the earth. The nearest of them all—Alpha Centauri—is certainly one of the brightest; but, on the other hand, Arcturus, a star of about the same brilliancy as Alpha Centauri, is—if the measures of its distance are reliable—at a distance about 25 times greater than that of 61 Cygni, a star of only the fifth magnitude! This latter star is actually a little nearer to us than the brilliant Sirius, “the monarch of the skies.”

In the case of a binary, or revolving double, star, however, the case is different. Although we cannot measure the actual diameter of the disks of the component stars, we can measure the distance between them, and then—if their distance from the earth can be determined—we are enabled to calculate by Kepler's third law of orbital motion the sum of the masses of the components in terms of the sun's mass.

The components of a double star may, however, be so close that they cannot be separated by the highest powers of our largest telescopes. We cannot, therefore, in these cases, measure the distance between the components. To all intents and purposes they are to the telescopic observer single stars, and the fact of their duplicity would remain undetected.

But here a new method of research, discovered in recent years, comes to our aid. By means of the spectroscope we can determine the rate in miles per second at which a star is approaching or receding from the earth. If, then, a star, apparently single in the telescope, consists in reality of two close components revolving round each other in a short period, we can find in some cases the velocity of the components in miles per second, although we know nothing of the star's distance from the earth. For, suppose the plane of the stellar orbit to pass through the earth, or nearly so. Then, when the line joining the components is at right angles to the line of sight, one of the stars will be rapidly approaching the eye, and the other receding from it. All the dark lines in the spectrum of the first star will

consequently be displaced toward the blue end of the spectrum, while those of the second will be equally shifted toward the red end—if the masses of the components are equal. Each line will therefore appear double, and from the observed distance between them we can easily compute the velocity. When the motion becomes perpendicular to the line of sight the motion to and from the eye ceases, and the lines again become single. We have then merely to determine the times at which the lines appear single and double. As the lines will evidently double twice during each revolution, we must double the observed interval to obtain the period of revolution of one component round the other. The velocity and period thus found enable us at once to compute the actual dimensions of the system in miles, and its mass with reference to that of the sun.

In the course of spectroscopic researches on stellar spectra, undertaken at the Harvard Observatory for the Henry Draper Memorial, Professor Pickering found that the calcium line K. in the spectrum of the star Zeta, in Ursa Major, more popularly known as Mizar—the middle star in the “tail” of the Great Bear or handle of “the Plough”—appeared at times double, while on other occasions it was seen single and well defined. Other lines of the spectrum showed a similar variation. This doubling of the spectral lines was found to recur at regular intervals of about 52 days, thus indicating that the star was in reality a close double, with the components so close that no telescope yet constructed has hitherto been able to reveal its duplicity. Photographs of the spectrum of Mizar, taken on 70 nights in 1887–1889, show that the relative orbital velocity is about 100 miles per second, and the period of revolution of one component round the other about 104 days. From the observed dates on which the spectral lines appeared double, Professor Pickering predicted that they would be again double on or about December 9, 1889. This prediction was duly fulfilled on December 8, thus proving the reality of the discovery. Assuming that the orbit is circular, with its plane passing through the earth, or nearly so, he finds that the distance between the components is about 143 millions of miles, or about the distance of Mars from the sun, and their combined

mass about 40 times the mass of the sun. Considering the brightness of the star, and its probably vast distance from the earth, this great mass is not very surprising. Mizar has long been known as a wide double star, the companion being of about the fourth magnitude, and visible with a small telescope. Its duplicity was discovered by Riccioli in 1650, and it was measured by Bradley in 1755. It was the first pair photographed by the American astronomer Bond. It must now be looked upon as a triple star. Close to it is a fifth-magnitude star, known as Alcor, which is visible to the naked eye, and was considered by the ancients as a test of keen vision. It is now, however, plain enough to good eyesight, and is sometimes spoken of as a "naked eye double." Mizar is therefore a most interesting star; double to the naked eye, a closer double with a moderate telescope, and yet again double to the eye of the spectroscope. Between Mizar and Alcor is an eight-magnitude star, discovered by Einmart in 1691.

Professor Pickering thinks that the greatest distance between the components of Mizar may perhaps be about $1\frac{1}{2}$ times its annual parallax, and is probably far too small to be ever detected by any telescope. Klinkerfues found for this star a very small parallax, indicating a distance about 5 million times the sun's distance from the earth, or a journey for light of about 76 years! The spectroscope has thus enabled us to discover the existence of an invisible body! If the orbit is slightly inclined to the line of sight, the dimensions and corresponding mass of the system would be increased. It seems improbable that the plane of motion passes *exactly* through the earth, for in that case there would be an occultation twice in each revolution which would probably produce some diminution in the light of the star, as in the case of variable stars of the Algol type. I am not aware that any such regular variability has been observed in the light of Mizar. We must therefore conclude that the mass of the system is really more than that computed by Professor Pickering.

A similar spectroscopic result has been found in the case of the bright star Beta Aurigæ, for which the observations indicate a period of about 8 days, with a diameter of the orbit of about 16 millions of miles. From these data I find that the combined mass of the components would

be much less than in the case of Mizar—about $1\frac{1}{2}$ that of the sun. A similar variation was found to occur in the star 44 Ophiuchi. This star has been strongly suspected of fluctuations in its light, and it may possibly be a variable of the type of Algol. Professor Vogel finds a similar motion in the bright star Spica—the leading brilliant of the constellation Virgo, or the Virgin—with a period of about 4 days. Here however the lines are merely shifted, not doubled, or at least not distinctly so, as in Mizar and Beta Aurigæ. This indicates that one of the components is so faint that its spectrum is not seen, or only seen with difficulty, and that the observed motion is chiefly that of the brighter component. From the observed velocity—about 53 miles a second—Vogel computes that, for components of equal mass, the total mass of the system would be about $2\frac{1}{2}$ times the mass of the sun.*

With reference to the Algol variables, it has long been suspected that the decrease in their light at minimum might possibly be due to the interposition of a dark eclipsing satellite. This periodical variation in the light of Algol itself, seems to have been known to the ancients, as its name implies the "demon star." The true character of its variation was, however, first determined by Goodricke, in 1782, when its period from minimum to minimum of light was 2 days 20 hours 48 minutes 59½ seconds. This has slowly diminished to its present value of 2 days 20 hours 48 minutes 51 seconds, according to a recent investigation by Chandler. Some few years since Professor Pickering undertook a mathematical investigation of the case, and showed that a dark eclipsing satellite revolving in a nearly circular orbit round Algol, in the period indicated by the light variation, would explain the observed phenomenon within the limits of errors of observation, and he pointed out that the orbit of the bright star might be determined by spectroscopic observations without any knowledge of the star's distance from the earth.

Assuming the correctness of this hypothesis, and taking into consideration the observed diminution of light at minimum, Mr. Maxwell H all computed that the den-

* Mr. Fowler has quite recently found that the bright star Vega is also a close double, with a period of only 24 hours 41 minutes, and a mass about $22\frac{1}{2}$ times that of the sun.

ity of Algol is only one-fourth that of water. From spectroscopic observations made by Professor Vogel at Potsdam in 1888 and 1889, he concludes that the decrease of light is really due to an eclipsing satellite. He found that before the minimum of light the star is receding from the earth at the rate of $24\frac{1}{2}$ miles a second, and, after the minimum, approaching with a velocity of $28\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The observations also show a motion of translation of the system in space at the rate of about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles per second, toward the earth. Assuming the orbit to be circular with its plane passing through the earth, Professor Vogel computes the diameter of Algol at 1,061,000 miles, and that of the dark companion 830,000 miles, with a distance between them of 3,230,000 miles. He makes the mass of Algol four-ninths of the sun's mass, and that of the companion two-ninths, or a combined mass equal to two-thirds of the mass of the sun. Taking the sun's density as 1.44, and its diameter 866,000 miles, I find that the above dimensions give a mean density for the components of Algol of about one-third of that of water, not differing much from Maxwell Hall's result, and showing the correctness of his conclusion that, "in the case of the components of Algol, as Mr. Lockyer argues in the case of the sun, we are undoubtedly dealing with masses of gas." The spectrum of Algol is of the first or Sirian type, all the spectral lines being faint except those of hydrogen, a type of spectrum which indicates that the star is very hot, and therefore probably in the gaseous state. This confirms the conclusion as to its density derived from the spectroscopic evidence of its orbital motion, and proves the correctness of the hypothesis that the variation in its light is due to a dark eclipsing satellite.

Professor Vogel assumes that both the components of the Algol system have the same density. But if this be so, we have the curious case of two bodies not differing largely in volume, of which one is intensely hot, and the other nearly a dark body. Vogel does not, however, consider it necessary to assume that the satellite is *absolutely* dark. It may be still in a very heated condition, but to agree with the observed variation the light of the companion cannot be greater than one-eightieth of that of Algol itself. As the spectrum of Algol is of the first type, we may conclude, I think, that the intensity of its light is greater than that of our sun. The light emitted by the satellite may therefore possibly be equal to several thousand times the light of the full moon without interfering with the hypothesis. Professor Vogel refers to the parallel case of Sirius and its comparatively dark companion.

The brightness of Algol and its comparatively small mass might be taken to indicate a relative proximity to the earth; but if its parallax were even one second of arc (a highly improbable value), the greatest distance between the components would amount to only one twenty-ninth of a second, a distance quite beyond the dividing power of even the largest telescopes.

It is to be hoped that the spectroscopic method may be applied to other stars of the Algol type, but some of these are so faint that a very large telescope would be required for the purpose. The following are, however, sufficiently bright to repay examination with telescopes of moderate power: Lambda Tauri, magnitude $3\frac{1}{2}$, and Delta Libræ, of the 5th magnitude. The others we must leave to the great Lick telescope or Mr. Common's 5-feet reflector.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

CHRISTIANITY AND BUDDHISM.

BY F. MAX MÜLLER.

Who has not suffered lately from Theosophy and Esoteric Buddhism? Journals are full of it, novels overflow with it, and oh! the private and confidential letters to ask what it all really means. It is nearly as bad as the Anglo-Jewish craze and the Original Home of the Aryans. Esoteric

Buddhism has no sweet odor in the nostrils of Sanskrit and Pali scholars. They try to keep aloof of it, and to avoid all controversy with its prophets and prophetesses. But it seems hard on them that they should be blamed for not speaking out, when their silence says really all that

is required. Many people, no doubt, are much distressed in their minds when they are told that Christianity is but a second edition of Buddhism. Is it really true? they ask. Why did you not tell us all this before? Surely you must have known it, and were only afraid to tell us. Then follow other questions: Does Buddhism really count more believers than any other religion? Is Buddhism really older than Christianity? And does it really contain many things which are found in the Bible?

Now, let us suppose that all this were true. Would it make Christianity less true if it were in a minority, and if the majority of human beings were on the side of Buddhism? Would it make Christianity less true if it were young, and if Buddhism were older by five hundred years? Would it make Christianity less true, if Buddhism contained many things which are taught in the Bible also?

The apostles of Esoteric Buddhism may really have been doing more good than they are aware of, if they have helped to bring questions like these before a larger public, and made people see that truth does not depend on majorities, that truth does not depend on antiquity, and that truth does not cease to be truth because it is held by others besides ourselves.

It is not to be wondered at, however, if people who know their own religion only, and even that very slightly, as far as its history is concerned, and who certainly know nothing of any other religions, except that they are the work of the devil, should be surprised at a number of more or less striking similarities which have been pointed out between Christianity and Buddhism.

Some people may still remember the charming volumes of Huc and Gabet, giving an account of their travels from China to Tibet. Nothing disturbed these excellent Roman Catholic priests so much as the Buddhist ritual in Tibet. When they visited the Buddhist temples, they could almost have imagined themselves in St. Peter's at Rome. The vestments were the same, the censers were the same, the hands of the priests were folded in the same way as at Rome, the very smell of the incense reminded them of more homely smells. What could they say? They saw but one way out of it. It was the devil who had counterfeited all this for his own vile purposes.

But if this way of escape is barred, if the similarities between Buddhism and Christianity must not be explained by the wiles of the Tempter, what remains? Two ways, and two ways only, are open. Either, one of these two religions borrowed from the other, or the similarities between them must be traced back to that common foundation which underlies all religions.

If any actual borrowing or imitation took place, it would seem to follow that it could have been Christianity only that was the borrower. Buddha died 477 B.C., and at the time of King Asoka, 259-222 B.C., his religion had been recognized as the state religion of his kingdom. Asoka was the grandson of King Chandragupta or Sandrocypus, who was the contemporary of Seleucus; and at his court at Patalibothra lived Megasthenes, the ambassador of Seleucus. These are historical facts, and the chronological priority of Buddhism cannot well be contested. It does not follow by necessity that a more recent religion must have borrowed from a more ancient one, yet it must be admitted that we know of no other instance where a more ancient borrowed from a more recent religion.

Mere ritual coincidences, such as disturbed the peace of mind of my excellent friend, the Abbé Huc, need not agitate us. Even the existence of monasteries, both for men and women, the use of rosaries for praying, the ringing of bells for calling the faithful together, the shaving of the head by priests, and the like, can hardly be considered as essential to any religion, and none of them has been proved to have been coeval with the rise of either Christianity or Buddhism. In several cases we know the independent antecedents of these customs and ecclesiastical institutions. If Buddhist friars shaved their heads and were called *Mundas*, or shavelings, there was a reason for it. In India different castes and even different families had each their peculiar way of wearing the hair. This custom can be traced back even to Vedic times. Buddhism, which lifted its priesthood out of and above all trammels of caste, naturally forbade the wearing of hair as a distinctive feature of caste or class, and introduced in consequence the complete shaving of the hair, not mere tonsure, among its clergy. Besides, there was the example of Buddha

himself, who, on renouncing his princely rank, cut off his flowing locks, and became a shaveling.

Whatever the origin of the tonsure may have been, it could never have been an imitation of the example set by the Prince of Kapilavastu cutting off his flowing locks. The Early Christians seem to have considered it a shame for any man to have long hair; but that again is very different from the tonsure. It may show great ignorance, but I must confess that I do not know the true origin of the tonsure in the history of the Christian Church.

Mr. Oswald Felix has been publishing a number of articles in American papers, which have attracted attention in England also. His object is to prove that Christianity must have taken over not only its doctrines, but many of the incidents also as related in the Gospels, from Buddhist sources. Mr. Oswald Felix is, I believe, one of the more conscientious and fair-minded students of Buddhism. He takes his authorities either from authentic texts, the canonical writings of Southern and Northern Buddhists, or from such works as Seydel's *Das Evangelium von Jesu*, and not from Madame Blavatsky's *Isis Unveiled*. When my friends asked me to answer his articles, I urged my old plea that it is useless to argue about Homer with a man who does not know Greek, and that it would be equally useless to argue about Buddha and Buddhism with antagonists, however clever, who do not know Sanskrit or Pali. But then I was reminded that Bishops have sometimes written about Moses without knowing Hebrew, and that it was confessedly my chief object in publishing a large collection of English translations of the "Sacred Books of the East" to enable those ignorant of Sanskrit, Pali, Zend, Pehlevi, Chinese, Arabic, and all the rest, to form their own opinion of the great religions of the world.

At last came urgent letters and appeals which admitted of no refusal, and here is the substance of one of my answers.

I am told that Mr. Felix Oswald has published the following statement: "According to the Lalita-Vistara, one of the sacred books of Northern Buddhism, Buddha converted his first disciples, half of them formerly followers of his precursor, Rudraka, while sitting under a fig-tree. The first disciples of Christ were seceders from the followers of John the

Baptist, the precursor of the world-renouncing Messiah. 'I have seen you under the fig-tree,' says Jesus, when His converts introduce Nathanael. Nathanael then at once recants his doubts. Sitting under the sacred fig-tree is one of the mystic tokens of Buddhist Messiahship."

So far Mr. Oswald Felix. Let us now examine the case more closely. That the founders of the Christian and Buddhist religions should both have had precursors, can hardly be called a very startling coincidence, particularly when we consider how different was the relation of John the Baptist to Christ from that of Rudraka to Buddha. But that the Buddhist and the Christian Messiah should both have converted their disciples under a fig-tree does sound strange, and, being without any apparent motives, would seem to require some explanation. If there was borrowing on this point between the two religions, one would naturally think of India as the original home of the story. In India it was perfectly natural that Buddha should be represented as sitting under a fig-tree. Hermits in India lived under the shelter of trees, and no tree in India gave better shelter than the Indian fig-tree. Different Buddhas were supposed to have been sitting under different trees, and were distinguished in consequence by the trees which they had chosen as their own.

The fig-tree in Palestine, however, has nothing in common with the fig-tree in India, nor do we ever hear of Jewish Rabbis sitting under trees while teaching.

But is there a child in a Sunday-school that could not at once tell Mr. Oswald Felix and his predecessor, Dr. Seydel, that Christ never sat under a fig-tree? We read: "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wert under the fig-tree, I saw thee." Of Christ Himself sitting and teaching under a fig-tree there is no trace anywhere.

No judge, I suppose, would hesitate to say after this, "There is no case." But Dr. Seydel, who seems to be Mr. Oswald Felix's chief authority, is not discouraged. He tells us that Abubekr recognized Mohammed as sent by God, because he sat under a tree, and because no one could sit under that tree *after Jesus*. This, he maintains, proves that Jesus also sat under a tree, and that this was a sign of His Messiahship. But, unfortunately, the tree thus mentioned in a Mohammedan legend

is not a fig-tree, but, as we are told distinctly, a Sisyphus-tree. Nor is it said that Mohammed was recognized as sent by God because he sat under a tree, under which no one could sit after Jesus had sat under it. The words are simply: "The prophet sat under the shadow of a tree, where he and Abubekr had before been sitting together. Abubekr then went to a hermit, and asked him for the true religion. The hermit asked: 'Who is the man under the shadow of the tree?' He answered: 'Mohammed, the son of Abd Allah.' The hermit said: 'By Allah, this is a prophet; no one but Mohammed, the messenger of God, sits after Jesus under that tree.'" Nowhere is it said that the hermit recognized Mohammed because he sat under a tree. Sitting under a tree never was a sign of prophethood with the Mohammedans. It simply means that he recognized him while sitting in the shadow of a tree, as the prophet who should come after Jesus.

It is not every case that breaks down so completely under the first critical examination. Still our case shows how eager certain writers are to discover Buddhist influences in Christianity, and how carefully every statement has to be tested before it can be accepted as trustworthy.

There are some similarities between Christianity and Buddhism which are much more difficult to explain. I do not mean such outward similarities as that a star stood over the palace in which the young prince who afterward became the Buddha, *i.e.*, the Awakened or the Enlightened, was born. We know that no auspicious event could happen in India without an auspicious star. At the birth of former Buddhas also the rising of certain stars is recorded. In fact, the record of these constellations does not mean much more than if we were to say that each Buddha was born under a fortunate star.

The same applies to the miraculous conception of Buddha. The greatest miracle of all, the conception and birth of a human being, was not considered sufficiently miraculous for a Buddha. Though in the early records his birth is natural enough, in the later writings he is represented as entering the right side of his mother in the shape of an elephant.

That Buddha should have been tempted by Māra before he began the preaching of the new law is again an element that is

found in the history of many religions, and does not necessitate by any means the admission of a loan either on the Buddhist or on the Christian side.

No doubt the visit paid by the old saint, Asita, to the palace, in order to worship the child that had just been born, and to prophesy his greatness, is startlingly like the visit of Simeon to the Temple, to greet the child Jesus and to prophesy the consolation of Israel. And yet the two are not alike. The hope for the coming of a Deliverer, or a Messiah, was a historical fact among the Jews, but it cannot be proved to have existed in India before the rise of historical Buddhism. We find it, indeed, in the Buddhist Scriptures, but the Buddhist Scriptures are later than Buddha, and no trace of such an expectation has been discovered anywhere in pre-Buddhist documents.

I must confess that I was myself startled when I came across for the first time the following lines in which the incarnation of Buddha is described: "A great light appeared, the blind received their sight, the deaf heard a noise, the dumb spake one with another, the crooked became straight, the lame walked." This sounded indeed so much like the message given to John that one wished that there might be a historical channel through which it could have travelled from East to West, or from West to East. But here again we have only to look for the antecedents on both sides, and we shall find that there is no necessity at all for such a channel. We know that the answer given to the messengers of John the Baptist was only meant to say that the Messiah had really appeared, such as Isaiah and others had prophesied. As Isaiah had prophesied that "in that day shall the deaf hear the words of the book, and the eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity, and out of darkness," therefore John, who wished to know whether the Messiah had really appeared, was told "that the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them."

In India, too, we can trace the same expression back to a time when there could be no idea of any intercourse between India and Judæa. As far back as the Vedic hymns we meet with the almost idiomatic expression: "The blind sees,

the lame walks." When the great works of Indra are described, we are told (Rigveda ii. 15, 7) that the lame stood, and the blind saw. Again, in another place (Rigveda vii. 79, 2), we read: "Soma covers all that is naked, he heals all that is weak, nay, the blind saw, and the lame came forth."

The Buddhists therefore need not have borrowed these expressions from Hebrew or Greek, supposing that they ever understood these languages. They borrowed them where they borrowed so much of their wisdom, namely, from the Brāhmins, only that they multiplied what they received tenfold and a hundredfold, till we can hardly recognize the simple stones in the gorgeous mosaic which they elaborated.

With all this I do not mean to deny that there are similarities between Buddhism and Christianity which are perplexing. Some of them, however, cease to perplex us, when we have traced Christianity on one side and Buddhism on the other back to their historical antecedents. Many things which seemed to be alike are then perceived to be totally different in their original intention, while others are simply due to our common human nature.

But I wonder that those who profess to be so much perplexed by certain coincidences that they feel constrained to admit a historical contact between these two religions should not feel far more perplexed by the differences that divide the two religions. If we are to suppose that Buddhism had reached Alexandria, and had filtered into Judæa, and had influenced the thoughts of the Essenes and other sects before the rise of Christianity, how are we to account for the diametrical opposition which exists between the fundamental doctrines of the two religions?

From a Christian point of view, Buddh-

ism is atheistic. It recognizes no gods in the Greek sense, no God in the Christian sense of the word. If we translated Buddhism into Christianity, it would be, to put it briefly, a belief in the Second Person, and a complete denial of the First. While Christianity is founded on a belief in revelation, such a belief would be entirely incongruous in Buddha's teaching. Buddha lived a long life and died a natural death, and nothing can be more different than Buddha's conception of Nirvāṇa from the words uttered on the Cross, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

It is in comparative theology as it is in comparative philology. Before we compare two religions or two languages, we must study each of them by itself, and trace each of them as far back as we can to its first beginnings. Many words which at first sight seemed so much alike that it sounded almost foolish to doubt their identity have, after a time, been recognized as entirely unrelated. *Care* has nothing to do with *cura*; *heart* cannot be derived from Sanskrit *hārid*; even *deus* has, for the time being, been divorced from the Greek *theós*. On the other hand, words which have hardly one letter in common have been traced back, in obedience to strict phonetic laws, to a common source. According to the newest lights, the Greek *parthénos* has been identified with Latin *virgo*; the Greek *prapides*, diaphragm, with German *Zwerchfell*, nay, even *flea* with *locust*. This should be a lesson to all who are interested in a comparative study of religions. Many things are alike, and yet different in origin; many things seem unlike, and yet spring from a common source.—*New Review*.

COST OF A LONDON FOG.

A London fog is not merely a cheerless and disagreeable, but also a very costly affair.

Some years ago, after a day of regular fog in the month of January, the following statement was issued by the "Gas Light and Coke Company":—"Ninety million cubic feet of gas were sent out during the twenty-four hours ending at

midnight. This quantity was an increase on that of the corresponding day in the previous year (which may be taken as an ordinary January day) of 37 per cent., or over thirty-five million cubic feet."

The price was at that time three shillings per thousand cubic feet, so that the public had to pay to this one company £5,250 extra on account of the fog. No

less than 9,500 tons of coal were carbonized during the twenty-four hours to produce 90,000,000 cubic feet of gas—the largest quantity ever sent out in one day by the Gas Light and Coke Company.

Let it be remembered that this was the quantity ascertained and declared by only one of the Companies supplying gas to the public; others having also an enormous production, such as the South Metropolitan Gas Company, the strike at the works of which at Lambeth last year caused so much difficulty and annoyance. What was the total amount over the average, due to that January day's fog, there are no statistics to show; but it is evident that the cost to the public for additional light must be very great.

Nor is it by gas-bills only that the cost of a fog is to be reckoned, in the matter of artificial light. Gas meters and the records of Gas Companies afford some approximate statistics, but how can we reckon the total expense to the multitudes who use candles and lamps of every kind?

Many readers will remember the famous "Economical Project," as he called it, of Benjamin Franklin. He thus introduced his plan to the people of Paris. "I was the other evening in a grand company, where the new lamp of M. Lange was exhibited, and much admired for its splendor. But inquiry was made, whether the oil it consumed was not in proportion to the light it afforded; in which case there would be no saving in the use of it. No one present could satisfy us in that point; but I was pleased to see the general concern for economy, for I love economy exceedingly." A few days after, Franklin published his project, which was no other than a recommendation to use sunlight more, and artificial light less. The paper is in Franklin's best style, full of sound sense and genial humor, but our reference to it is only on account of the calculation he makes as to the cost of candle-light. Suppose, he says, there are 100,000 families in Paris, and that these families consume in the night half a pound of bougies, or candles, per hour. Taking one family with another this, he thought, a moderate estimate. In the six months between March 20 and September 20 there are 183 nights, during 7 hours of which candles are burned; in all 1,281 hours. These hours multiplied by 100,000

give the total of 128,100,000 hours. At the current price of wax and tallow, he demonstrated that the city of Paris could save 96,075,000 livres, in the half year, by early rising and using sunlight! There would be also considerable saving in the other six months, though the days are shorter. It is pleasant to recall this *jeu d'esprit* of Franklin, as it sets us a-thinking what must be the actual cost of candle-light and lamp-light in the hundreds of thousands of houses and work-rooms, shops and offices, during a regular London fog.

There are many things besides the increased expense for light that must be counted in the cost of a fog. We wonder how much the railway companies have to pay for the detonating signals, heard on every line and near every station, on a foggy morning or evening, for the safety of the crowds of passengers, as well as of property. Inquiry at one of the chief stations failed to obtain any trustworthy estimate of this expense.

The largest and most serious loss due to fog is caused by the total cessation of labor and traffic on the river. Not the steamers only, but the barges and lighters and boats of every kind, have to be laid up, to avoid collision and other mishaps; and work has to be suspended at the riverside wharves and quays. On some occasions, when the fog has been dense and long-continued, the commercial loss has been enormous, and the poor laborers have also suffered from the enforced suspension of business on the river.

Shopkeepers detest fogs because customers avoid dark days for shopping, and "carriage people" stay at home. Cabmen dislike them, from the waste of time and the damage to which their vehicles are liable. Drivers of omnibuses, and of wheeled vehicles of every sort, know the danger, especially as it is almost impossible to discern the customary signal of raising the hand or the whip, which warns those behind to stop. The crash of broken panels is no infrequent sound amid the gloom. To some outdoor trades and occupations a fog puts a complete stop, and many an indoor industry is seriously hindered. One winter, not long ago, there was a loud complaint from painters, and color-printers, and artists, that the fogs interfered so much with their work that the loss to them was very great. In fact, to all sorts and conditions of men, except

to thieves and rogues, a London fog is an injury and a nuisance.

A far more serious thing is the loss of life inevitable during a fog. Some years ago there was an unusual visitation during the time of the Cattle Show at Islington, and not a few of the animals perished. At the Cattle Show of 1890 there were also many casualties from pulmonary disease caused by the fog, including the Queen's prize ox, which had to be slaughtered. It may be said that this was natural, as the fat, overfed pigs and oxen had difficulty enough in breathing even when the air was clear. But the fatal effect of the fog was much commented on at the time, and may now remind us how injurious it is to men as well as to animals. There may in ordinary fog be no remarkable or immediate increase in the rate of mortality, but the permanent mischief done to those of delicate lungs and feeble constitution tells afterward.

Then there is scarcely a fog in which fatal accidents are not reported, either in the streets or on the river. Every winter a certain number of persons are struck down and maimed or actually slain in the

confusion and darkness of a London fog. We may well wish success to all undertakings which give promise of lessening the evils of such visitations, whether by larger introduction of electric light, or draining the Essex marshes, or compelling chimneys to consume their own smoke.

A recent statement by Mr. Sowerby at a meeting of the Royal Botanic Society shows that the loss is large in the vegetable as well as in the animal world. In answer to a question by Professor Bentley, Vice-President of the Society, the Secretary said the destructive action of fog on plants was most felt by those tropical plants in the society's houses of which the natural habitat was one exposed to sunshine. Plants growing in forests or under tree shade did not so directly feel the want of light; but then, again, a London or town fog not only shaded the plants, but contained smoke, sulphur, and other deleterious agents, which were perhaps as deadly to vegetable vitality as absence of light. Soft, tender-leaved plants, and aquatics, such as the *Victoria regia*, suffered more from fog than any class of plants.—*Leisure Hour*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A WOMAN'S TALKS ON THE BIBLE.

A WASHINGTON BIBLE-CLASS. By Gail Hamilton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Miss Dodge, better known to the general world as "Gail Hamilton," is deservedly ranked among the most brilliant woman-writers in the country. She has turned her acute mind to a new field in biblical exegesis, if by this exact and technical phrase it is proper to designate bright and suggestive studies, in which she glances at the whole field of theology and ethics as well as a comprehensive survey of the Scriptures in themselves. We are told that the chapters before us embody the substance of a series of talks to a Bible class in Washington last winter, which assembled every week for discussion. These meetings were attended by many of the foremost people of the Capital, foremost in intellect and culture as well as in society. The impression made was so great that Miss Dodge was urged to put her parlor lectures into a permanent form. Hence the very interesting book be-

fore us, which has all the trenchant, masculine cleverness which has made the name of Gail Hamilton a household word, with a certain feminine reverence and devotional sense quite characteristic of the habitual attitude which women assume toward religious questions. The writer is so far from being bigoted or narrow-minded, that she may properly be called a follower of the new school of criticism, which is so strongly represented by Dr. Briggs in this country and by Dr. Robertson Smith in Scotland, criticism which weighs the Bible in the same scale which would be applied to measure other books, but which does not fail, however, to find in it something far more than merely human. Miss Dodge brings to the discussion the sharpest and brightest weapons from her well-furnished armory—wit, logic, humor, fancy, and a wide range of general scholarship, as well as a profound study of the Scriptures themselves and an adequate acquaintance with the whole range of biblical criticism. Those who have had this field to themselves have for the most

part in the past cultivated a certain bareness and austerity of style, not inviting to any but those intellectually interested in the subject. Such writers as Renan and Robertson Smith, however, have known how to invest the bare framework of logic and philosophy with all the graces of style and to vitalize it with fire of imagination. Miss Dodge does not lag far behind these great names in the charm and freshness of her treatment, and in the play of a certain delightful wit and humor, almost irrepressible in her as it was in the late Henry Ward Beecher, she is unique as a biblical critic.

From the outset she stands firm on the importance of reconstructed methods of estimating the credentials of revealed religion, believing that a more rational and scientific defence must be made of religious truth than heretofore deemed needful by Christian apologists and champions, and insisting that such a defence lies easily within the domain of logic and scholarship. Miss Dodge has a profound contempt for the sceptics of the Ingersoll School, whom she lashes as "the blatant and boastful agnostic, who never went ankle deep in scriptural or other investigation, but who makes more noise shouting and splashing in the shoals than the whole Squadron of Evolution makes in sailing the wide seas over." The genuine scholars are those who are "increasing the sum of the world's knowledge, studying, not scoffing at the Bible." Miss Dodge draws a fine distinction between the accretions of opinion which have gathered about the Bible and the truth itself. What many acclaim as a bitter assault on Christian truth is really an attack on a human excrecence.

In her examination of the Mosaic law and institutes, she closely follows the conclusions of Robertson Smith in his lectures on "The Religion of the Semites." This view regards sacrifice and the "altar" theory of divine worship as essentially a survival of paganism, a method allowed to the barbaric man by God and His prophets, out of pity for his blind weakness and gross materialism; but to be eliminated from all higher conception of religious truth. The fatal implication of the absurdity of the Romish theory of worship and of an order of priesthood follows at once as a corollary. Miss Dodge has much to say of election and free-will, and utterly scouts the notion that Paul, the philosopher and codifier, the law-maker of Christian theology, taught anything to justify Calvin's stern and

terrible creed. We think that Miss Dodge is quite as much muddled on this subject as anybody else, and that she by no means clears the great Apostle to the Gentiles; but we will let her speak for herself: "The doctrine of God's sovereignty as against man's free-will is never touched by Paul; as a doctrine never at all. Both are assumed as they have a right to be. Neither is susceptible of proof. Both are at the basis of reason. They underlie all Paul's argument, but he does not argue them. In practical affairs this is always done, and Paul was eminently practical. He gave his life to converting Gentiles and to convincing Jews that Gentiles had a right to be converted. He did not attempt to expound metaphysics. But he was not afraid of metaphysics. He never went out of his way either to explain or avoid it. But if a metaphysical theory promised to serve his purpose, he swung it around at full arm-sweep, with the heartiest goodwill, not caring though the whole thing went to pieces in the handling, if only he made his point. The carefully constructed 'system' of theology, with its elaborate and definite ramifications and interlacings and dovetailings between divine sovereignty and freedom of the will, was not made by the apostles, but by the later theologians—the Augustines, the Calvins, the Jonathan Edwardses. . . . It is surely a most curious twist of theological candor and ingenuity which makes Paul preach the opposite of his humane and liberal thought. He has passed through a looking-glass world. He taught that God would not confine Himself to the Jews, but was Father of the Gentiles also; and men have bejuggled it into a wicked doctrine that God would save or damn His creatures as He pleased. Paul taught that God would save as many as He wished to save, and we render it that He will damn as many as He wishes to damn. Paul preached that God would not pass by or reprobate the Gentiles, and we Gentiles turn upon Him and say that He shall."

Miss Dodge altogether rejects the idea of the literal inspiration of the Bible, while she strongly believes in its spiritual and substantial inspiration, though the pure light of truth is often colored and modified by the fallible vehicles through which it passed. The truth is there, however, for all those who seek it reverently. She is fully orthodox in her views of the divine incarnation as manifested in Christ, and in her theory of miracles (a subject discussed with great pungency and brightness); and she assails with doughty blows the old-

fashioned theologians of Andover, who recently took such a bigoted attitude in relation to the so-called heretical views of Professor Smyth. Miss Dodge is a right earnest champion, and keeps all the weapons of controversy sharp in edge and point. Contest is the very breath of her nostrils, and she dashes into the thick of the fight like a modern *Brodamant*. She loves to poke fun in a good-humored way at the dogmatic theologians, who would measure everything on the bed of Procrustes, and is alive to the finger-tips with sympathy for all progressive movements in religious philosophy. After all, however, it is not so much what she says, as how she says it, that gives special attraction to the book. She has revealed nothing new, but her vigor, dash, and brightness of treatment often give the piquancy of novelty to a threadbare theme. We wish more writers on serious topics had more of this lady's vivacity and freshness of style. It is eminently an interesting book, as well as one of great suggestiveness.

A FORECAST OF THE FUTURE.

THE FUTURE OF SCIENCE. By Ernest Renan.
Boston: Roberts Brothers.

M. Renan stands high among the great writers of France, perhaps we may say of the world. In delightfulness and finish of style, in lucidity of thought so transparent that one need never read a sentence twice, in power to separate and group the salient points of his subject under the most symmetrical arrangement, in absolute grasp of what he wishes to say and facility of saying it in a way that scarcely admits of a word being added or subtracted, he is almost without a peer among his contemporaries. He is in all this a typical Frenchman. One may say that he carries French literary genius, as applied to philosophy and its allied branches, to its highest special form. All his later books, beginning with the "*Life of Jesus*," which founded his great reputation, have the characteristics we have noted. Renan may miss the more profound spiritual depths of religion and philosophy by virtue of the limitations of his temperament. But what he does see he sees and states with the clearness of sunlight. It is on this account that we regard with some special interest his book, "*The Future of Science*," because it lacks the qualities so marked in his later books. We have Renan in his early stage of evolution and growth, the *élève* and not the master, and in the matter of his book

the somewhat crude raw material, out of which his later convictions were forged, oftentimes, too, on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*. The origin of this book dates back more than forty years, and the author thus describes the conditions under which it was written: "The year 1848 made an exceedingly keen impression on me. Until then I had never given a thought to Socialistic problems. Those problems starting from the earth, as it were, and frightening people, got hold of my mind and became an integral part of my philosophy. . . . I felt the need of summing up in a volume the new faith which with me had replaced shattered Catholicism. This took me the last two months of 1848 and the first four or five months of 1849. The beginner's naïve but ambitious dream was to publish that big volume then and there." The author then proceeds to tell us that his wiser friends dissuaded him from publishing it, except by piecemeal in the magazines and reviews. At last, however, now in the full ripeness of his fame he gives to the world this work of his immature youth, and he says of it:

"In fact the blemishes of this first work are enormous, and if I had the slightest literary pride, I should have suppressed it altogether. The way I introduced my ideas lack the commonest skill. It is a dinner in which the primary materials are good, but which have been cooked and served up anyhow, the parings of the various ingredients, even, not having been removed. I was too anxious not to lose anything. Lest I should not be understood, I insisted too much in order to drive home the nail I fancied myself bound to knock with all my might. The art of composing implying cutting away the tangled growths that might obstruct the light in the forest of thought was unknown to me. No one is brief at his first start." Renan in this criticises himself with too much severity, perhaps, but he certainly by his frankness disarms all other criticism, except such as is necessary to give some notion of the book to the general reader. However much of a confused jungle it may be, it is full of brilliant and eloquent passages and of acute observation. That it would be far more easy to read were it pruned, condensed, and rearranged is true. But it is no less true that one will find so much to awaken thought and fasten attention in these dissertations, that he will not regret the time and labor of perusal. M. Renan holds that the destiny of man, in spite of the advance of science and the growth of human knowledge

in material things, is no less obscure than ever, and that the perplexities offered to the philosophical mind are even more involved in many ways. He advances the pessimistic paradox that perhaps the ruin of idealistic beliefs will follow hard on the ruin of supernatural beliefs, and that the real abasement of humanity will date from the day it has seen the reality of things. Yet he sees in science, in spite of this possibility, the chance for the recreation of human energy and aspiration on a new basis, and in the theory that man by making the very most of the present in building himself up on the lines of spiritual and intellectual culture provides most surely for the future, no matter what that future may be. He arraigns Christianity, because while teaching the noblest lessons of morality, it points in the main to the future life as the only thing worth considering, instead of busy-ing itself specially with the affairs of this world as the heaven which man is reasonably sure of. It is not possible to sketch even in the briefest way the outlines of any philosophy in this book. It is so broken, scattered through myriad cross-roads of speculation and discussion, that the logic of the plan is lost in the wealth of discursive thought, "dark through excess of light. Well may Renan say that his book, the fruit of an earlier culture and a more tumultuous intellectual life, needs condensing and crystallizing. It has, however, one special virtue, the reader may open at almost any page regardless of the connection, and find ample food for reflection in its suggestion. It is not an epoch-making book in literature, like the "Life of Jesus," but it is such a work as the intellectual ferment of a young thinker of great gifts and enthusiasm, and passionate in his sympathies, would naturally produce in an age when men were beginning to awaken from the stagnation of a materialistic and self-satisfied society.

A STORY OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

ETECCLES: A TALE OF ANTIOCH. By Jessie Agnes Andrews. New York: *Lew Vanderpoole Publishing Company*.

Our attention has been called to a short historical romance written by a young girl of thirteen years of age. The story is so remarkable in its display of precocious talent, as to be worthy of more than careless comment. Written to beguile the tedium of a fashionable watering-place, and far away from the resources of libraries, which enable a juvenile

writer to eke out barrenness of thought and experience with undigested material obtained at second hand, this production shows wide and thoughtful reading in itself notable in one so youthful. The intelligent grasp of the social and political conditions of a remote period, in which the influences tending to augment or to lessen the flow of the rising tide of Christianity were so complex, gives the book an unmistakable stamp. The young author clearly shows the fruit of discriminating and careful study. That it lacks vigor and lifelikeness in its characters goes without saying. This is the fate of nearly all novels dealing with subjects of history, whether written by the old or young, tyros, or masters in the literary art. To project the imagination so vividly into the dead forms of a distant past as to make them pulsate with the life and intensity of the present, is almost a miracle of genius. Scott, the greatest of modern romancists, accomplished it in only a few of the Waverley novels. Dumas achieved it in some of his studies of the Valois and Bourbon periods. Thackeray succeeded *par excellence* in that marvellous picture of the Queen Anne epoch, "Henry Esmond" (for Thackeray was so saturated with study of that time as to know it almost better than his own). Charles Reade created a masterpiece in "The Cloister and the Hearth," and Charles Kingsley made the Elizabethan period live over again in "Westward Ho!" while he failed in this respect in his marvellously picturesque romance of "Hypatia." These and a few which might be added have living fire and heart-beat in them. Most others are little better than phantasmagoria, a procession of colorless shades summoned back from the Hades of history, a stage set with puppets though often made to dance with superb skill and ingenuity. Even Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii" and "Last of the Barons" are little better than museums of clever wax-works. To have failed, then, where people famous in literature have missed their mark, is hardly in the case of a young and untrained writer a failure. What we do observe in "Eteocles" is, that it has certain salient and well-defined qualities showing the artistic temperament in bud if not in flower. If the figures do not glow with life, they are well set against a background properly composed and adjusted to meet alike the demands of historic truth and the story-telling purpose. Here and there there are the faint beat of a genuine passion, the stroke of nature and truth, the flash of imagination in-

dicating strong primitive forces getting to work. But beyond all there is to be noticed an indication of the sense of symmetry and perspective in the historical picture. A striking feature of this little book is found in the directness and simplicity of language. Style is the surest mark of individuality. First, clearness, then strength, then grace. Without the first the others are but as "sounding brass" and "the tinkling cymbal." Expression should be as translucent as glass. The natural vice of the young writer is to be verbose, flowery, and falsely rhetorical. The language of this young writer is so simple and limpid as to show the earnest purpose, so strong as to absorb all other things in its aim, to grasp the substance, which inspires the sense of composition with perhaps no immediate conscious knowledge of the law of art on the part of the writer. This is a significant index of the future. When immaturity shall have mellowed into ripeness, we are justified in expecting a large measure of literary power and success on the part of one who, little more than a child in years, gives so eloquent a prophecy of possibilities.

A NEW "APPLETON" NOVEL.

A SENSITIVE PLANT. (Appleton's Town and Country Library.) By E. and D. Gerard, joint authors of "Reata," "Beggar My Neighbors," "The Waters of Hercules," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Gerard & Company, if it be proper to designate by such a title the joint authorship of these pleasant writers, have made themselves agreeably known to English and American readers. Some of the cleverest books they have done have been studies of foreign life chiefly in parts of Eastern Europe not very well known to the ordinary traveller. The book before us concerns English life and character, and is told with dramatic force and discrimination of character. The elements of the story are very simple, and the story moves with but little digression to its close. The main motive is the love of a young and timid girl, who naturally shrinks from all self-assertion, for a man who is tangled through his vanity in the nets of a beautiful coquette, the daughter of a French adventuress who artfully pulls the strings which entrap him. The earlier part of the novel is located in Scotland, the later portion in Venice, and the racial characteristics and surroundings of each are skilfully treated. As in all conventionally proper novels, of course craft and hypocrisy are ultimately defeated, and virtue and inno-

cence are rewarded. It is hardly worth while to show the mechanism of the story, which has nothing in it distinctly novel. As a story it is noticeably inferior to "The Waters of Hercules" and "Reata," by the same authors, books of great freshness and originality, partly owing, perhaps, to the untrodden ways in which the writers laid the scenery of the narrative. Nevertheless the new book has enough merit to justify reading and give an hour or two of genuine pleasure.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MICHAEL FIELD, the English poet, writes the following sonnet, entitled "The Grave of Schliemann, at Colonos," based on the earlier news that Schliemann had been interred at the above-named place, instead of at the new Athenian Cemetery, across the Ilissus:

Sleep at Colonos, sleep as to the hum
Of Homer's chaunting; with the golden beam
Of crocus on thy grave, lie down and dream;
And may the small, gray nightingale be dumb,

No cry from widely roving rannel come,
Cephissus tumble not in winter stream,
That unto thee the Muse, her mighty theme
Again unfolding, may rehearse the sum
Of great Achilles' wrongs,—to thee recall
That woven hymn of which a lovely fall
Caught on a comrade's voice so thrilled thine ears
One day in youth thou hadst no power to speak,
Except to pray to God with bitter tears
That by His grace thou sometime should'st learn Greek.

THE late I. Minayeff, Professor of Sanskrit in the University of St. Petersburg, left at the time of his death a number of revised texts and literary papers ready, or nearly ready, for the press. Of these his successor, Dr. Sergius von Oldenburg, has prepared the following for early publication: the index to the "Mahāvūtpatti," and critical editions of the "Rūpasiddhi" (a Pali grammar) and the "Śāsanavamsa;" also a history of Nepal, translated from two mss. which represent a different recension from the one followed by Dr. D. Wright, and an account of his last journey to Burmah. There are also materials toward a complete history of Buddhism, which only require arranging and editing. Lastly, a collected edition of his minor essays, which are scattered over various serials not easily accessible, is in contemplation.

THE materials left by the late Professor Thorold Rogers for the concluding volumes of his "History of Prices and Agriculture in England," will shortly be published by the

Clarendon Press, in a single volume, under the editorship of his son, Mr. Arthur G. L. Rogers. The tables of figures, which are almost complete, include, besides the usual lists of prices of grain, labor, and general native and imported produce, the daily quotations of bank stock, the Three per cent Stock, and the South Sea Stock. The previous volumes dealt with the years 1259-1702, and Volume VII. will bring the history down to 1793. Unfortunately, Professor Thorold Rogers had not been able to prepare his commentary on the figures tabulated in this volume; but many of his deductions are to be found in his writings of the last three years, and he has left ready for publication the ms. of five lectures in which some of his conclusions are summarized. These deal with the parliaments of 1710 and 1713; the South Sea scheme; the events of 1745; bimetalism and corn bounties in the eighteenth century.

DR. SMILES's most recent effort of biography, his memoir of the famous publisher, the late John Murray, is announced for publication by Mr. Murray. The title is "A Publisher and his Friends," and, besides a life of the publisher of Byron and Moore, it will contain selections from his correspondence. It is little over a hundred and twelve years since John Murray was born. Dr. Smiles will give an account, too, of the progress of the firm from its origin, in 1768, down to 1843.

THE Teachers' Guild, of Great Britain and Ireland, is beginning to organize an educational museum, at present confined to two departments—(1) a classified collection of textbooks of all kinds; (2) a collection of mechanical appliances of use in historical and geographical teaching. As the nucleus of the latter, the Royal Geographical Society have consented to lend their educational collection, selected from the exhibition held by the society a few years ago. This consists of textbooks, atlases, wall and other maps, globes, relief maps, models, geographical and historical pictures, and various other appliances of use in geographical teaching. The guild now consists of over 4000 members, with branches all over the kingdom. The council are promoting a bill for the compulsory registration of teachers.

MESSRS. A. & C. BLACK—formerly of Edinburgh, but now of Soho Square, London—have just issued the fourteenth and final volume of the new edition of the "Collected Writings of De Quincey," edited by Professor David Masson. It consists of *Miscellanea*, of consid-

erable bibliographical interest, for some of them are now claimed for De Quincey for the first time. Among these we may mention—three new translations from Kant; a review of the Hazlewood system of education, practised near Birmingham by Mr. T. W. Hill, the father of Sir Rowland and Commissioner Hill, and the grandfather of ladies well known to the present generation; a contemporary article on the Scotch "disruption" of 1843; and De Quincey's own account of the part he played in early days in the forgery of a pseudo-Waverley novel, translated from the German under the title of "Walladmor." After some minor waifs and strays, an appendix follows, giving a chronology of all De Quincey's known writings, and an epilogue, in which Professor Masson incidentally estimates the average of De Quincey's literary earnings at only £100 a year. Finally, we have an index to the whole set of fourteen volumes, compiled by Mr. H. B. Wheatley. Thus is worthily brought to conclusion a work of which the truest praise is that it has so stimulated the popularity of De Quincey that it has necessarily become incomplete before it was finished. As editor of Milton, and now of De Quincey, Professor Masson may be assured that his name will remain associated with two authors, who are both classics, though in a different measure.

In a volume published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, Mr. H. R. Fox Bourne reviews the whole history of "Stanley's Emin Relief Expedition." A chapter will be devoted to the lamentable affairs of the Rear Column, about which so many books and newspaper contributions have already appeared; but these will only be discussed as a subordinate part of the general enterprise. The intention of the forthcoming volume is to point out and trace what, in the author's opinion, were the deliberate faults and avoidable blunders of the entire expedition, and the causes of its failures, in so far as it failed. The book will be, in fact, an outspoken indictment of Mr. Stanley and his employers. Professor Henry Drummond, by the way, is going to reply to Mr. Stanley in the preface to a new edition of "Tropical Africa."

THE first instalment of the texts of the Petrie Papyri—the fragments of Euripides' "Antiope"—appeared on February 1st in the new number of *Hermathena*, which contained other articles of great interest. Professor Mahaffy is preparing a monograph on the other classical texts and legal documents in the collection for publication in the *Trans-*

actions of the Royal Irish Academy, with facsimiles.

ACCORDING to an official report recently published, the number of students at the twenty universities of Germany during the present winter amounts to 28,711. Berlin comes first, with 5527; Rostock last, with 371. Leipzig with 3458, and Munich with 3382, each maintain a good position. As compared with the previous year, the total shows a decrease of more than 600, distributed throughout all the faculties, though most conspicuous in philosophy and natural science. This decrease is the more notable, as every former year since 1872 had yielded an increase, sometimes of as much as 1000 students.

THE corporation of London have decided to place a brass commemorative tablet on the walls of the new council chamber at Guildhall, as nearly as may be on the site of a former chamber, in which, on January 5th, 1641, King Charles I. went to demand the surrender of the five members of Parliament, Hollis, Haselrig, Pym, Hampden, and Strode.

COUNT HENRY RUSSELL has just published at Pau a second and much improved edition of his "*Pau Biarritz, Pyrenees*." This is an excellent and thoroughly trustworthy guide for the winter visitor to these localities, and to all the excursions which can be made at that season. The author knows the Pyrenees better than any one living, and writes enthusiastically on his subject.

THE *Academy* makes the following estimate of the late Mr. Kinglake, the historian of the Crimean War: "Kinglake became famous by the publication of '*Eothen*,' in 1844; but the tour in the East, which that book commemorates, took place some ten years earlier, and it is said that the ms. was rejected by a series of publishers. Without anything extraordinary in the way of adventure or experience, '*Eothen*' owes its reputation (which has lasted for nearly half a century) partly to the author's alertness of observation, and still more to the pungency of his style. He belonged to that fortunate generation who grew up under the generous influence of the romantic movement, in days before the modern *Zeit-geist* of natural science, of introspection, and of newspapers. Like Disraeli, Bulwer-Lytton, and many another of that time, Kinglake dared to trust to himself and his own ideals. He has left a masterpiece in perhaps the most difficult department of literature, with which no other book can fitly be compared.

"Except for the brilliancy of both, it is hard to believe that '*Eothen*' and '*The History of the War in the Crimea*' were written by the same pen. The former is as easy to read as a novel of Scott or a poem of Byron, and seems to have gushed forth fresh from the fount of a youthful imagination. The latter, as all know, was the outcome of exhausting research, protracted over half a lifetime, and dominated by more than one deep-rooted prepossession, to give them no harsher term. In fact, when Kinglake received his commission from Lady Raglan, he appears to have formed the resolution to compose an epic, with the '*Iliad*' for his model. The general conception of the subject, the characters of the leading personages, even the exploits of individual warriors, are all treated on an heroic scale. The style, too, follows the mode of treatment, and rises to flights of impassioned description which pass the legitimate bounds of prose. Quite apart from the criticisms that have been made upon the prejudiced conception of the part assigned to Napoleon, and upon the handling of military questions, we feel (as we do not, after all, feel with Macaulay) that the author's vehement personality has so transmuted the facts that the truth of history is obscured. '*Eothen*' will always live, by force of its direct appeal to the perennial sources of wit and fancy. The ultimate fate of the '*History of the War in the Crimea*' is less certain. Possibly, like Tacitus, it may continue to be read as literature, without regard to its evidential value. More probably—when the contemporary interest has passed away—some of its purple patches will survive only in Collections of English Prose as 'by the author of '*Eothen*.'"

MESSRS. HENRY STEVENS & SON are going to bring out an elaborate account of "The discovery of North America; a Critical and Documentary Investigation; with an Essay on the Early Cartography of the New World, and Account of Two Hundred and Fifty Ancient Maps and Globes, Existing or Lost," by Mr. Henry Harrisse, the author of the "*Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima*." Besides notices of the two voyages of Cabot, of the Corte-Reals (1501-1502), of unknown navigators (before 1502), and the Portuguese in Nova Scotia, it will deal with the early cartography of the New World; discuss the chronology of the ninety-one authentic voyages westward, projected, attempted, or accomplished between 1431 and 1504; and supply biographical notes concerning two hundred Portuguese and Spanish

pilot-majors, pilots, cosmographers, and cartographers engaged in the discovery or description of the New World during the first half of the sixteenth century. An "Index Geographicus" will contain all the names of American regions, mountains, rivers, ports, and towns mentioned in maps constructed and historical accounts written before 1540. It will appear early in the spring of 1892, so as to coincide with the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America.

THE immense change that has taken place in London since 1850, when Cunningham's well-known "Handbook to London" was last published, has made it necessary for Mr. Wheatley to practically rewrite great part of it, and the library edition of three volumes, which will appear next month under the title of "London Past and Present," will contain abundance of matter relating to the recent transformation which London has undergone, new buildings, etc., besides copious information drawn from documents brought to light since 1850. The alphabetical arrangement has been retained as the most convenient for ready reference, and a full index has been added, by means of which the reader is enabled to find the various places of residence of the famous men and women who have been associated with London. The work will be published by Mr. Murray.

A WORK of some importance dealing with the Eastern Question is about to appear from the pen of a French diplomatist. M. René Millet, the Minister of France at Stockholm, has collected the articles which he wrote in his former post at Belgrade for the *Revue des Deux Mondes* under the title of "Du Danube à l'Adriatique," and is having them reprinted in a volume entitled "L'Orient et les Balkans." M. René Millet, who previous to his diplomatic career held several administrative appointments in the departments, is the author of a valuable monograph, "La France Provinciale."

MISCELLANY.

GENIUS AND WORK.—"Those," said the great painter Joshua Reynolds, "who have undertaken to write on our art, and have represented it as a kind of inspiration, as a gift bestowed upon peculiar favorites at their birth, seem to ensure a much more favorable disposition from their readers, and have a much more captivating and liberal air than he who attempts to examine coldly whether there are

any means by which this art may be acquired, how the mind may be strengthened and expanded, and what guides will show the way to eminence. It is very natural for those who are unacquainted with the cause of anything extraordinary, to be astonished at the effect, and to consider it as a kind of magic. They who have never observed the gradation by which art is acquired; who see only what is the full result of long labor and application of an infinite number and infinite variety of acts, are apt to conclude, from their entire inability to do the same at once, that it is not only inaccessible to themselves, but can be done by those only who have some gift of the nature of inspiration bestowed upon them."

One of the most decided and characteristic utterances on the subject of work is that of George Henry Lewes. It sounds like a veritable trumpet-blast to summon young dreamers from a too long straying in flowery paths and moonlit groves. "There is in the present day," he says, "an overplus of raving about genius, and its prescriptive rights of vagabondage, its irresponsibility, and its insubordination to all the laws of common-sense. Common-sense is so prosaic! Yet it appears from the history of art that the real men of genius did not rave about anything of the kind. They were resolute workers, not idle dreamers. They knew that their genius was not a frenzy, not a supernatural thing at all, but simply the colossal proportions of faculties which, in a lesser degree, the meanest of mankind shared with them. They knew that whatever it was, it would not enable them to accomplish with success the things they undertook unless they devoted their whole energies to the task. Would Michael Angelo have built St. Peter's, sculptured the Moses, and made the walls of the Vatican sacred with the presence of his gigantic pencil, had he awaited inspiration while his works were in progress? Would Rubens have dazzled all the galleries of Europe, had he allowed his brush to hesitate? would Beethoven and Mozart have poured out their souls into such abundant melodies? would Goethe have written the sixty volumes of his works—had they not often, very often, sat down like drudges to an unwilling task, and found themselves speedily engrossed with that to which they were so averse?"

"Use the pen," says a thoughtful and subtle author; 'there is no magic in it; but it keeps the mind from staggering about.' This is an aphorism which should be printed in letters of gold over the studio door of every

artist. Use the pen or the brush ; do not pause, do not trifle, have no misgivings ; but keep your mind from staggering about by fixing it resolutely on the matter before you, and then all that you *can* do you *will* do : inspiration will not enable you to do more. Write or paint : act, do not hesitate. If what you have written or painted should turn out imperfect, you can correct it, and the correction will be more efficient than that correction which takes place in the shifting thoughts of hesitation. You will learn from your failures infinitely more than from the vague wandering reflections of a mind loosened from its moorings ; because the failure is absolute, it is precise, it stands bodily before you ; your eyes and judgment cannot be juggled with ; you know whether a certain verse is harmonious, whether the rhyme is there or not there ; but in the other case you not only *can* juggle with yourself, but *do* so, the very indeterminateness of your thoughts makes you do so ; as long as the idea is not positively clothed in its artistic form, it is impossible accurately to say what it will be. The magic of the pen lies in the concentration of your thoughts upon one object. Let your pen fall, begin to trifle with blotting-paper, look at the ceiling, bite your nails, and otherwise dally with your purpose, and you waste your time, scatter your thoughts, and repress the nervous energy necessary for your task. Some men dally and dally, hesitate and trifle until the last possible moment, and when the printer's boy is knocking at the door, they begin ; necessity goading them, they write with singular rapidity, and with singular success ; they are astonished at themselves. What is the secret ? Simply this ; they have had no time to hesitate. Concentrating their powers upon the one object before them, they have done what they *could* do."

Of course Charles Lamb, with his sly and delightful humor, must needs look at this matter in another and altogether different light. "I wish," he says in a letter to Wordsworth, "that all the year were holiday ; I am sure that indolence—indefeasible indolence—is the true state of man, and business the invention of the old Teaser, whose interference doomed Adam to an apron and set him a-hoeing. Pen and ink, and clerks and desks, were the refinements of this old torturer some thousand years after, under pretence of 'Commerce allying distant shores, promoting and diffusing knowledge, good,' etc."—*Chambers's Journal*.

HOW CRIME MIGHT BE AEOLISHED—"I am certain," writes Dr. Anderson, the Chief of the Detective Police, in the *Contemporary Review*, "that organized and systematic crime might be stamped out in a single generation." Dr. Anderson is most indignant and sarcastic on the vagaries of judicial sentences such as Lord Herschell exposed last session. Why, he asks, perpetrate "the amazing waste of time and labor and money devoted to attain results which might be reached so easily and so cheaply ? Crimes of special gravity would always need the cumbersome and costly procedure of a trial ; but in all ordinary cases the accused, on admitting his guilt, might be allowed at once to draw his sentence out of a lottery bag !" The burglar, says Dr. Anderson, is as much a professional man as the doctor or the engineer, and as long as the sentence is a lottery the profession will flourish and abound. "A life sentence, like that imposed on the 'Muswell Hill burglars' last year, upsets all such reckoning. But that is regarded by the fraternity as a scandalous outrage, on fair play. They look on it as a soldier would regard the use of poisoned bullets or the massacre of wounded men. As a matter of fact, that sentence produced a profound impression on the criminals of London, and its effect continued until confidence was restored by public proofs that it might safely be regarded as an instance of judicial eccentricity." Sentences, then, should conform to some fixed principles—which, according to Dr. Anderson, should be severity for confirmed criminals, and leniency for beginners. "The weakness now shown to hardened and inveterate criminals tends to encourage crime and bring the administration of the criminal law into contempt. When a man who boasts of having committed 100 crimes escapes with a sentence which turns him loose on society again after a few years' imprisonment, is not the whole proceeding an utter farce ? Such a man is far more deserving of the gallows than is many a wretch whom we hang for murder ; and as hanging is no longer possible, and banishment beyond the seas is obsolete, a term should be put to his career in the way the existing law provides. Or, if public opinion be not yet ripe for life sentences in cases such as I have indicated, these outlaws ought at least to be placed permanently under police supervision ; and this not merely in the interests of the public, but in pity for the criminals themselves. If, by persisting in a career of

crime, a man gives proof that his liberty is incompatible with the public weal, he should be placed in a state of social tutelage, for his own good, as well as for the welfare of the community."

But equally important with severity toward old criminals is mercy toward beginners. "Mr. Howard Vincent's Probation of First Offenders' Bill was a natural result of his experience as head of the detective police of the metropolis. No one could hold such a position without being impressed by the need of legislation in that direction. Imprisonment should be the exception rather than, as it is at present, the rule, in the case of first offenders. But the Act of 1887 is too little used, even in cases to which it applies, and there are numberless cases which do not come within its provisions, which might with propriety and advantage be dealt with on similar lines. Even under the existing law a court sometimes allows a convicted prisoner to enter into his own recognisances to come up for judgment if called upon, opportunity being given him to compensate the person aggrieved by his crime. Why should not such an arrangement be recognized by law?" In the case of beginners in crime, not only should sentences be short, but they should be served in separate prisons. "Certain prisons should be set aside in the principal centres of population, where offenders who are novices in crime should be treated mainly, if not altogether, with a view to their reformation. Workshops should be provided in connection with such prisons, to which prisoners might pass at once on their discharge, there to find employment until they can be again merged in the wage-earning classes of the community. The success of efforts in this direction by one earnest and practical philanthropist in London, with whose work I am specially acquainted, gives proof how much more might be done for the help and reclamation of offenders than has yet been seriously attempted. I refer to the work of Mr. Wheatley, of the St. Giles' Christian Mission."

But the nursery of crime is the criminal home; and Dr. Anderson is very indignant at the length to which parental rights are allowed to go by the law of England. "Surely, the conscience of the nation cannot slumber much longer over this great question. We are, nowadays, too enlightened to recognize 'the right divine of kings to govern wrong,' but the divine right of vicious and brutal

parents to make their children brutal and vicious like themselves is still guarded with scrupulous care. It is a shameful admission to have to make, that the State does nothing to help, and something to hinder, philanthropic efforts for the rescue of poor hapless waifs like Harry Gossage. It recognizes no asylums for them save the workhouse and the reformatory, and the result is the production of an amount of 'statutory immorality' which is likely to become a great social danger. If some share of the money spent on judges and jails were devoted to promoting institutions which really rescue and reform such children, fewer judges would be necessary. The Act of 1889 [Mr. Waugh's 'Children's Charter'] for the protection of children was a bold step in the right direction, and it affords an answer to any objection on doctrinaire lines to further interference with parental rights. But that measure, while it goes very far indeed in some respects, avails little or nothing in cases such as I have indicated. It would be an insufferable check upon philanthropic effort on behalf of the young to require that no child shall be rescued unless its parent or guardian has been prosecuted to conviction for cruelty or neglect."

The above-mentioned points cover the main part of what Dr. Anderson calls "a crusade against crime." But there are two subsidiary measures to which he attaches great importance. "First, the facility with which stolen goods can be disposed of in London and the chief provincial towns is a principal incentive to offences against property. The problem this suggests is too large and too difficult for incidental treatment. I will dismiss it with the remark that while the pawnbrokers as a body are the best allies the police possess in detecting thieves and recovering their plunder, and without their co-operation police action would be ineffectual in cases too numerous to mention, on the other hand, there is a dishonest minority in the trade who are no better than licensed receivers of stolen property." Lastly, "the haphazard system on which the criminal law is administered in England encourages law-breakers by affording them immunity from punishment. The duty of prosecuting, which in Scotland and in Ireland is undertaken by the State, rests in this country upon the unfortunate citizen who is aggrieved by crime, with the result that systematic crime goes unpunished year by year."